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THE THEATRE

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THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS.

THE THEATRE





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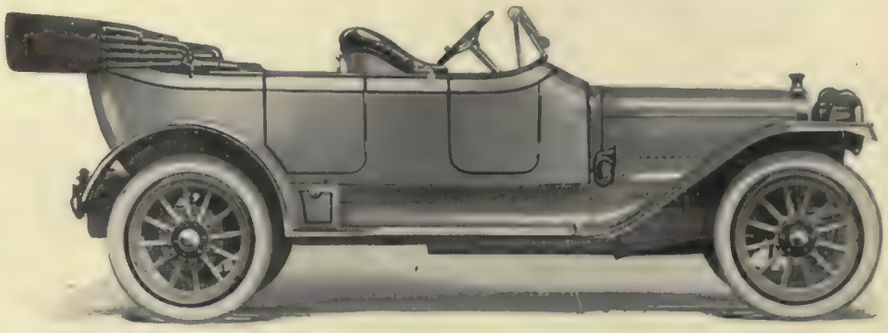
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Up to a certain point, and *no further*, the quality put into a car by its maker forces up the car's price.

There is a *limit* to the actual quality any maker can put into his car. But price *never* can and *never* does stop there. Price climbs and climbs, often far beyond the cost of car quality.

Consider the records shown on this page. These facts and figures are *not* secret. You can get them, as we did, from commercial sources. Some of them, were printed in automobile trade journals.

We simply take known figures and analyze them for you. But to make sure of having an absolutely reliable basis of calculation, we had a statement prepared by Haskins & Sells, certified public accountants. (See table No. 1.)



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That's only part of it. To pay off funded debts, notes, and mortgages, these makers must set aside money every year for a sinking fund. If we allow ten years for the whole debt, the annual charge for this item is $645,794.79. Making a grand total charge of $3,081,481.57 per year.

NOT AN ATOM OF QUALITY IN IT

You need not be a banker or a broker to know that dividends, interest, principal, and depreciation do *not* add a single atom of quality to any automobile. The quality of cars has *nothing* whatever to do with this three million dollar charge.

But this charge *does* affect the *price* of every car made by these makers. Legitimately so. Stockholders are entitled to dividends. Holders of bonds, gold notes and mortgages are entitled to both interest and principal. And, to keep from wasting his business, every maker must provide for depreciation.

BURDEN COSTS YOU $342.38 PER CAR

Makers who carry this three million dollar burden are forced to *charge enough more* than their cars cost in labor, materials, and quality, in order to get into their cash drawers *a sum of money* (over and above what they pay out for manufacturing) to discharge this burden.

Divide this total charge by 9000 (the total car output*) and the answer is *$342.38 per car.*

So that, when you buy a car made under this burden, you pay $342.38 as your portion of an expense that does *not* in the remotest degree enter into car quality.

*Estimated by editors of prominent automobile trade journals.

AND HERE IS THE POINT

We maintain that it is not possible to put into an automobile more or better car quality than you will find in the Winton Six.

The Winton Six sells at $3000. Salesmen selling cars at higher prices will tell you that it lacks in quality what it lacks in price.

That statement is completely false.

The only thing the Winton Six lacks is *super-price.* It lacks that because the Winton Company, being wholly free from debt and from over-capitalization, is *not* forced to inflate the Winton Six price.

COMPARE $80 AGAINST $342.38

Here is what we are *forced* to charge you for the same items shown in tables 1 and 2, and at the same or higher rates:

Stock dividends (6% on $1,000,000)	$60,000
Plant depreciation at 5%	60,000
Interest on bonds, mortgages, and gold notes	Nothing
Sinking fund	Nothing
Total per year	$120,000
Averaging per car (1500 output)	$80

This $80 is $262.38 *less* than must be charged per car under the three million dollar burden. And in neither car is quality involved at all.

AGAIN MORE PRICE, NOT QUALITY

There's still more to add. Consider dealer's discount. The average price of the six cars is $1700 *higher* than the price of the Winton Six. The dealer gets 20 per cent discount. Twenty per cent of $1700 is $340. And so you pay $340 *more* in dealer's discount on one of these cars than you do on the Winton Six.

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WHY WE PRINT THESE FIGURES

The Winton Company is practically the only one in America selling high grade Sixes at $3000 or more that can publish these facts and figures. Because the Winton Company is practically (if not actually) the only one wholly free from any tremendous burden not connected with car quality. We own our plant scot free, and we owe nothing on bonds, mortgages, or gold notes.

We publish these facts to set you thinking.

Making, as we do, the highest grade car that our long specialized experience and the best of facilities can produce, we want you to find out that a high-quality, up-to-the-minute six-cylinder car of 48 H. P. *need not* cost you more than $3000.

Table No. 1

FINANCIAL OBLIGATIONS THAT BOOST CAR PRICE

These figures, covering six representative automobile manufacturers, were compiled by Haskins & Sells, certified public accountants, from information supplied by the Winton Company:

Interest on funded debts calculated at the rates of interest which the bonds carry.

Interest on notes and mortgages payable, where not specified in the information, calculated at the rate of 6% per annum.

Dividends on preferred stock, where not fixed, calculated at the rate of 7% per annum.

Dividends on common stock, where not established, calculated at the rate of 4% per annum.

Depreciation of buildings and equipment calculated at the rate of 5% per annum.

	Amount	Annual Requirements (Estimated)
Capital stock, preferred	$12,300,600.00	$ 838,060.00
Capital stock, common	13,590,800.00	469,816.00
Funded debts	2,350,000.00	141,000.00
Notes and mortgages payable	4,107,947.93	226,476.87
Total	$32,349,347.93	$1,675,352.87
Depreciation of Building and Equipment Items—5% of $15,206,678.46		$760,333.91
Total Annual Requirements for Interest, Dividends, and Depreciation of Buildings and Equipment		$2,435,686.78

Table No. 2

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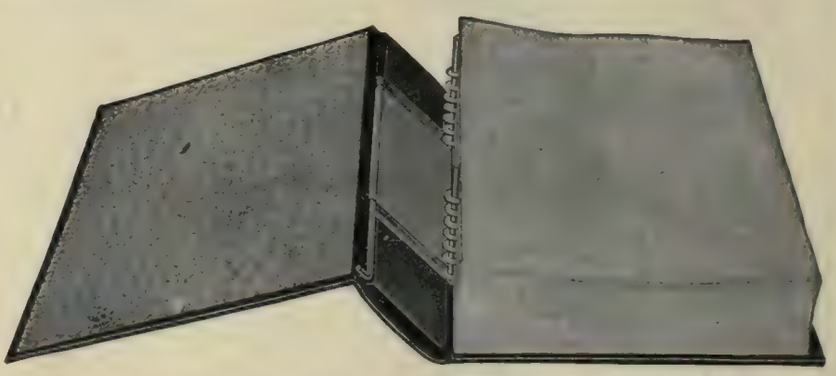
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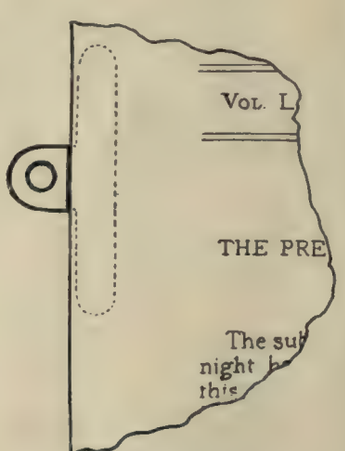
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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE THEATRE

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White

DE WOLF HOPPER

As the Sergeant of Police in the revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Casino

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

CASINO THEATRE. "PIRATES OF PENZANCE." Comic opera in two acts by Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Produced June 3 with the following cast:

Frederic .....Arthur Aldridge
Maj.-Gen. Stanley...Geo. J. MacFarlane
Edward .....DeWolf Hopper
Mabel .....Blanche Duffield
Richard .....Eugene Cowles
Samuel .....Richard W. Temple
Kate .....Alice Brady
Edith .....Viola Gillette
Isabel .....Louise Barthel
Ruth .....Josephine Jacoby

The more than agreeable pleasure which the star revival of "Patience" gave to local theatre-goers has been equalled, if not exceeded, by the admirable production Messrs. Shubert and Brady have given to their renascence of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Casino. If, in a way, this combination of the genius of Gilbert and Sullivan has never been as generally popular as some of their other joint efforts, it must be ranked as among the very best of their labors. The book is one of those keen analytical satires which the late Sir William was wont to dash off with such literary virtuosity, but as it was not based on the foible or fad of any particular time, its humor is as pregnant and potent to-day as it was when it first saw the footlights nearly thirty-two years ago. The fallacy of sham sentimentality; the glorification of picturesque and paradoxical piracy, the veneer of imported caste, all go to make up a series of comic contrasts deliciously titillating to the literary senses. As to the score, it is a gem of beauty and sincerity. The long service which Sir Arthur rendered to the cause of church music is, in a measure, responsible for a certain canonical tone which runs throughout the work, but there is splendid volume to the mixed choruses and the skill utilized in certain antiphonal effects conduces to several cumulative results of rare beauty and power.

Good music requires good singing, and the Sullivan score certainly gets it at the hands of this musical organization. Miss Blanche Duffield, a soprano of finish and resource, sings the florid rôle of Mabel with flexibility, grace and much beauty of tone, while her opposite, Arthur Aldridge as Frederic, the pirate apprentice, if not fluent as an actor, renders her in their duos valuable vocal aid. Eugene Cowles is a ponderous pirate chief, and Josephine Jacoby, with all her Metropolitan Opera House experience, is musically splendid in the picture as Ruth, the piratical maid of all work.

The scenic and sartorial accessories are eminently satisfying, while two impersonations of sterling value stand forth with artistic vividness and humorous restraint. These are the Major-General Stanley of George J. MacFarlane, and the Sergeant-of-Police of DeWolf Hopper. They are creations which seen will be enjoyed to the limit. Their diction is a delight.



Moffett

HENRY B. WARNER
A popular actor who will be seen next season in a new play

BROADWAY THEATRE. "MAMA'S BABY BOY." Musical farce in three acts. Adaptation and lyrics by Junie McCree. Music by Hans S. Linne, with additional numbers by Will H. Becker. Produced May 25 with the following cast:

Spaff Hyman.....Will J. Kennedy
Celia West.....Anna Laughlin
Carrie Beverly.....Louise Mink
Fred West.....Arthur McWatters
Helen West.....Grace Tyson
Ann .....Sallie Stembler
Professor Ivory.....Albert Hart
Lawrence McManus...Junie McCree
Jack North.....Bobby Barry
Athletic Girls and the Little Fawns

It was certainly a case of sadly misplaced confidence that brought "Mama's Baby Boy" into the metropolitan glare. It tarried for just a week plus a day. Even that run was longer than its merits, if it had any, deserved.

Described as a musical farce, the piece had its basis on the old formula of a widow who endeavored, with resulting complications, to minimize the age of her son. The mother was enacted with untiring energy by Grace Tyson, while Anna Laughlin, Sallie Stembler, Albert Hart and Junie McCree struggled with alleged comedy rôles with an enthusiasm that justified better results. In a so-called Kitchen Cabaret scene, Lew Dockstader, Elizabeth Murray and Howard & Howard appeared, and that for "Mama's Baby Boy" will be about all.

It was one of those theatrical productions one likes to forget.



Photos White

Frederic
(Arthur Aldridge)

Ruth
(Josephine Jacoby)

Richard
(Eugene Cowles)

Frederic—"Oh, false one, you have deceived me and Ruth"

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" AT THE CASINO



Kate
(Alice Brady)

Edith
(Viola Gillette)

Mabel
(Blanche Duffield)

Isabel
(Louise Barthel)

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" AT THE CASINO

Fishing for Lines



Photo Gould & Marsden

AGNES MARC

Lately seen with Rose Stahl in Charles Klein's play, "Maggie Pepper"

AS the stage director dismissed the rehearsal on Saturday afternoon, he sent a chill into the collective heart of the company by saying in a matter-of-fact way: "Everybody must be letter-perfect on Monday. No parts after to-day."

For six days the cast had been stumbling and stammering through the new three-act drama, with their typewritten "parts" in their hands. A person unfamiliar with the mystery of putting on a play would have said that little or no progress had been made. The actors had acquired a general idea of entrances, exits and "business," and they recognized their cues because it is a rehearsal habit to emphasize the last few words of each speech as a warning that it is another character's turn to say or do something. But beyond this the sentiments of the author—that he had labored over and polished so carefully—were a mere jumble in the minds of most of the tired men and women who were required to speak them.

Now came the abrupt order that on Monday they must be able to deliver their lines from memory, for that was what "No parts" meant. A very easy thing to say, but no more expected by the experienced stage director than by the people themselves. Well he knew that, while they might study desperately all day Sunday, as probably some of them would, there would be a heart-breaking time of it for him and them on Monday, when they essayed to carry on the dialogue of the play without constantly referring to the written "part." Why, at least twelve out of the fifteen members of the company would be "fishing for lines," more or less, for weeks to come.

Letter-perfect? Many stage directors will tell you that they never knew an actor to reach absolute accuracy in the rendering of a long part—or even of one of moderate length—though the play might run a whole season. Some of the most distinguished men and women on the stage never can learn a part word for word. The few who do reach exactitude, giving each word as it appears in the text, are generally in the "legitimate" drama, and they do it because the essence of success in Shakespearian and other classical works is to give every line its full value. Another reason is that many in the audience would know it if they made a slip. But in modern plays the average actor is content to express the author's meaning—or something near it—in the actor's own words, when he cannot recall those of the dramatist.

The memory of a competent and experienced player is a peculiar and valuable possession, nevertheless. He may fail to get every word of a new part as it is set down for him, and occasionally make a weird substitution of his own, but he will keep the rôle, as a whole, in the back of his head as long as he lives. Perhaps the lines he retains will not all be those of the man—or woman—who wrote the play, but they will serve the purpose, and if, after a lapse of ten, fifteen or twenty years, he is called on to play the same part again, he has only to make a slight effort, and there they are, at his tongue's end, with the "business" that goes with them, complete as when he used them in the original production.

There are actors—especially those who have had long experience in "stock"—who can repeat offhand thousands of lines they have learned in various plays. Yet these actors may have been always what are known as "slow studies," who cannot make a new part "stick" without days and nights of agonized endeavor.

There is a popular leading man, who for a long time played Nortier with James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo," to whom a new part is a positive calamity. A few years ago he was cast for the "leading heavy" in a melodrama which is still on the road. It was a part of average length, with plenty of "fat" lines that an actor can easily remember. But work at it as he would, this leading man, who could repeat every line of Iago, Othello, Brutus, Richmond, Macduff and other Shakespearian rôles he had often played, found it impossible to remember the speeches in this modern melodrama. On the opening night he had only a confused recollection of what he was to say, and had almost broken down under the strain of study. He got through the performance somehow—as actors usually do—until he was supposedly shot dead at the end of the play. The reaction was so terrible when it was all over, however, that, after the final curtain, as he lay stretched out where he had fallen, it was feared he really was dead. It was not so bad as that, but it took ten minutes of solicitous attention and the applying of powerful restoratives to get him back to his senses.

This was an extreme case, but it seems to be a fact that villain parts are more difficult to memorize than those in which the sentiments are virtuous and heroic. Another well-known actor, now dead—he last played in a Broadway theatre in support of the late Stuart Robson—once told me that it was easier for him to learn fifty "sides" of an ordinary "straight" part than ten of a "heavy" rôle. He did not know why, but was sure it was so. While a member of a stock company in Pittsburg, he was once cast for the vengeful old Corsican, in "Mr. Barnes of New York," and for the first two or three performances let most of his speeches go altogether, filling in by flourishing a stiletto and snorting "Maladetta!" whenever the leading man

(*Continued on page xiii*)



HERMAN SUDERMANN



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER



GERHART HAUPTMANN

Giants of the German Drama

By AMELIA VON ENDE

THE announcement that Mr. Winthrop Ames will present here next season at the Little Theatre, a new comedy by Arthur Schnitzler, the Vienna physician-playwright, is of paramount interest. Among the dramatists who to-day are supplying the stage of the world with plays, those of Germany tower over all others by reason of their intellectual force. The modern English and American playwright, concerned only with entertaining his audience, makes little or no impression on the literary output of his time. The Frenchman, obsessed by only one thought —the eternal triangle, is merely brilliant, clever, superficial. The German writer alone, by the philosophical teachings in his plays, may be considered seriously as a writer with a purpose.

The German drama, as we see it to-day, is the mature fruit of a people who have passed through the throes of great political, social and intellectual upheavals. Germany, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, was the scene of great changes. The beautiful idealism of the revolutionary period of 1848 had flickered away and, as the reaction set in and a materialistic wave swept before it and drowned the dreams of a fatherland united under the banner of liberty, those that still cherished the ideal of a German republic, emigrated to other countries. The United States owe to this immigration the best elements of their German population. Those that remained in the fatherland grew old and oblivious of their youth, and when the war of 1870 brought the longed-for unity, the glamor of victory deluded them into believing that the new German empire was the consummation of their old ideal, and the whilom champions of German Republicanism became admirers of German imperialism, and waxed fat and fatuous, as the millions wrung from France brought to the country a material prosperity it had never known.

When a new generation grew up, one that had heard only the last remote echoes of the Franco-German War, and was no longer under the spell of its artificial patriotism, another reaction took place. This generation was not immediately interested in political problems, since the political ideal of their fathers, the unity of Germany, had been attained. It was more concerned with social problems, since the flood of prosperity had not done away with the old conflict between capital and labor. But most profoundly was this generation stirred with vague longings for a new ideal of life, a new reading of the old text. There was only one man in Germany who, in a measure, answered the questions that tortured the souls of young Germany. This poet-philosopher had himself felt keenly the decline of the nation's ideals and in rhythms of irresistible power and word music of exquisite beauty gave expression to the unsatisfied longing of his generation. Thus Nietzsche became the spiritual father of young Germany, revealing to them the sham idealism of the past and the present, and pointing to the future as holding the possible consummation of his logically evolved, and their own unconsciously cherished, dream of the Overman, the ideal product of artificial conscious selection.

There was no lack of foreign influence to set the young minds thinking and make them deviate from the course of their fathers. The theory of evolution gave support to the growing tendency of the individual to assert itself and to develop to the full extent of its possibilities. Zola had taught his generation to see in every human individual a specimen of a certain type, and to study the life of humanity from the viewpoint of a physiologist. In Russia, a poet who had run the whole gamut of worldly life suddenly became conscious of the meaning which only death can give it, and in the terms of an implacable moralist denounced the kingdom of the flesh. Zola had accepted the bête humaine as a fact;



MAX HALBE



FRANK WEDEKIND



HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL



Sarony

ALICE BRADY
Appearing as Kate in the revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Casino

Tolstoy revolted against it. In the north a third poet arose, who probed into the soul of society and the soul of the individual, and found them both entangled in a mesh of lies and both enslaved by dead ideals, until in his plays he visualized the abstract rhapsodies of Nietzsche. Like Nietzsche, Ibsen turns to the future and announces the third kingdom, which is to be of the flesh and of the spirit. Thus Darwin, Zola, Tolstoy and Ibsen became the intellectual guides of Young Germany, and out of the diversity of these influences, not only opposed to the forces then determining German life, but contradicting each other, was born the new German literature.

The drama being the most direct medium whereby to reach the masses, out of the many groups and circles of young literati that had flocked to the capital of the new empire as the natural center of stage and the press, there arose the need for a theatre which would produce the works of foreign authors barred from the more or less official playhouses and the products of the young generation itself. The "Freie Bühne" was founded and successively directed by Otto Brahm and Paul Schlenther, became the arena on which was fought a fierce war between the old and the new school in German drama. Arno Holz, a young writer of verse, formulated his esthetic theory, which read, mathematically expressed, "Art equals nature minus X," and persuaded his friend, Johannes Schlaf, into a scheme of collaboration to put this theory into practice. After a severe winter in a suburban garret near Berlin, where they fought cold and starvation, they published a volume of prose sketches entitled "Papa Hamlet," and for a pseudonym they had chosen a fictitious Scandinavian name, knowing that Scandinavia was at that moment dominating the German book-market. The stories in that book were the first specimen of the new style, naturalistic in spirit, impressionistic in form. For the minute little traits, the brief sentences, sometimes condensed into a single word, or even into inarticulate stammerings, and alternating with dashes to visualize the pauses in a conversation —all these bear a curious resemblance to the little daubs and specks of paint, by which a certain school of modern painters attempts to produce the effect of a canvas vibrating with color and light. The success of the book exceeded their expectations. Only a few months after its publication there appeared the first play from the pen of Gerhart Hauptmann: "Before Sunrise," with this dedication: "To Bjarne P. Holmsen, the consistent realist, author of 'Papa Hamlet,' in joyful recognition of the decisive inspiration received from that work."

The matinée of the "Freie Bühne," October 20, 1889, when this first work of Gerhart Hauptmann had its initial performance, has become a landmark in the history of modern German drama. More directly than any other does this author reflect the various phases in which the spirit of the period found expression. The play is typical of the trend of thought and the drift of dramatic expression in that memorable decade of the eighties, when a more thoroughgoing revolution took place in the literature of Germany than that country had ever witnessed. Evolution had contributed to the work the principles of heredity; physiology, the effects of alcohol upon body and mind; psychology, the working of human souls under the stress of inner and outer conflicts; sociology, the economic and ethical changes following the development of an agricultural district into a mining and industrial region; and the demand for truth, the application of the "consistent realism" of

"Bjarne P. Holmsen" had given the work its form. The effect upon the audience it is easy to imagine; the clash between the fanatical adherents of the new, and the equally fanatical guardians of the old, dramatic ideal culminated in an uproar which added an interesting chapter to the history of theatre rows. Such was the tumultuous début of the modern German drama, the joint product of Nietzsche, Darwin, Ibsen, Zola, Tolstoy and Karl Marx, plus the genius of Gerhart Hauptmann, who ever since has held his own as the foremost dramatist of the modern school.

The success of their firstling encouraged Arno Holz and Johannes Schlaf to publish their second work under their own names. It was a volume of stories, containing the drama "Familie Selicke," which has become typical of a numerous class of modern plays treating the every-day life of the lower classes. There was in it a drunkard father, a forever whining mother, a daughter whose only hope in life is the love of a poor student whom she cannot marry, and a child which dies as victim of this tenement misery. The play was performed by the Freie Bühne a few months after the appearance of the book, and roused hardly less sensation than the work of Hauptmann had done. Hauptmann himself now wrote "The Peace Festival," which was performed by the Freie Bühne in 1890, and "Lonely Lives," which had its initial presentation at the same theatre the following year, works which show as distinctly the influence of Ibsen as his first work was evidently related to Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness."



Mishkin

BETTY CHAPMAN

Recently seen with Robert Edeson in William C. De Mille's play, "Strongheart"

The primary object of the new dramatic movement was to break away from French theatricals, and to build up conflicts and lead to a crisis without the obvious external mechanism of the French drama. In revolting against that established standard the youthful hotspurs rushed into the other extreme, and most of the plays produced in the early storm and stress of the literary revolution were wofully lacking in construction. But the technical mastery of the French was a valuable asset, and it was unwise to ignore it. Hermann Sudermann, who, by his attitude towards the conventional lies of society and his strong portrayal of moral depravity, has earned for himself a place among the dramatists of the modern school, attempted a compromise between the old and the new ethics of his generation, as between the dramatic lawlessness of Young Germany and the theatrical formalism of France. Furthermore, instead of suggesting the message of his work, he undertook to point it out to his audiences and to interpolate moralizing reflections which, though they pleased the average audience, grated upon the nerves of one that applied a superior esthetic standard. "Ehre" (Honor) and "Sodom's Ende" (The End of Sodom) had rapidly followed Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise," and in their naturalistic treatment of metropolitan depravity, presented not a few parallels to scenes in the Silesian village drama. The atmosphere which hangs over the home of the Scholz family in the Peace Festival on that momentous Christmas eve when the prodigal son seeks the parental roof, seems to be transferred to the home of the Schwarz family in "Heimat," when a music festival brings back the prodigal now famous daughter, Magda. But though related in spirit to the works of Young Germany, these plays of Sudermann differed little in form from the plays fashioned upon the models of the great French masters. Sudermann is a modernized and teutonized Dumas. But Hauptmann is the greater poet. This was established beyond doubt when his tragedy of the artist idealist, "The Sunken Bell," was followed by Sudermann's tragedy of the royal idealist, "The Three Heron Feathers," and when, like Hauptmann in his "Hannele,"



White HAZEL LEWIS
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"



White JULIAN BEAUBIEN
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"



White MILDRED BARRETT
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"

Sudermann tried in his "Johannes" to write a drama of the love which embraces all, and is all-merciful.

Of the sentiments at work in the soul of the young generation none found more frequent expression than this love, this awakening of the social conscience, and Hauptmann became its most powerful embodiment. Sympathy with the suffering masses guided his pen in "The Weavers," which is the strongest play yet founded upon the conflict of capital and labor. Sympathy with the suffering and struggling individual prompted his tragedy of "Teamster Henschel." Though the same sentiment has entered into other works, as "Poor Henry" and "Rose Bernd," in those earlier works it makes the strongest appeal. "The Weavers" and "Teamster Henschel" mark a climax in the career of Gerhart Hauptmann. His subsequent work shows a steady decline of that spontaneity which characterized his earlier production, and his quest of unusual subjects, preferably pathological in character, is almost pathetic to behold. But Sudermann, too, has lost the art of convincing his audiences; he, too, has lost his grip. In their attempts to repeat the achievements of their earlier period, they remind one of Henry the bell-founder's futile efforts to re-cast the bell which was to be his life's work and crowning triumph.

Considering that these two men still stand at the head in the ranks of contemporary German dramatists, the situation is not very encouraging. For though the impetus given to dramatic production by a relaxation of the iron rules that determine construction, and by the introduction of a bewildering wealth of new motives, the result has not been commensurate with the effort. The young men who in the heat of the literary revolution were heralded as forerunners of a new and glorious epoch of the drama, failed to fulfill the promises of their youth. Taking their cue from Hauptmann or Sudermann, or directly from Ibsen, who inspired them all, they produced an amazing number of problem plays of widely varying merit. Georg Hirschfeld, whose "Mothers," when he was barely twenty, gave him a rank quite out of proportion to his effort, is gradually courting fiction instead of the drama. Max Halbe, too, who at about the same time produced in rapid succession three plays of youthful strength and audacity: "Youth," "Mother Earth" and "Free Love" seems with them to have exhausted his resources. A woman of remarkable dramatic gifts, Elsa Bernstein, known under her pseudonym Ernst Rosmer, after making her début with an unusually forceful domestic drama, "Dammerung," and becoming even more prominent through her poetic drama, "Children of the King," which was acted in English by Martin Harvey, has stopped short of a really great success. Another young German, Ernst von Wolzogen, who in his brilliant comedy, "Lumpengesindel," had given us a work in its way as charming as Murger's "Bohème," was side-tracked into that curious offshoot of higher vaudeville called "Uberbrettl," and never recovered from the shock of its failure.

A generation so absorbed by the serious problems of existence is not likely to be possessed of that light-hearted humor which is the essence of comedy. Hence the majority of comedies produced by the writers of Young Germany has been distinctly satirical in tone. As a writer of such plays, Otto Erich Hartleben first came into prominence, though he acquired more popularity by his powerful arraignment of army conventions in the drama "Rosenmontag," which anticipated the anti-militaristic drama culminating some time later in Beyerlein's "Zapfenstreich-Taps." With a comedy of the pedagogue's life, "Flachsmann als Erzieher," Otto Ernst inaugurated a long procession of plays, illustrating either in a serious or a humorous vein the life of teachers and students under petty official tyranny. But more typical of the skepticism and the cynicism of his generation than any other is the actor-author, Frank Wedekind, one of the most puzzling personalities in the ranks of Young Germany. At once a moralist deeply concerned with vital problems, and a poseur delighting in cynical comments upon the tragedies of real life, he is



White THEODORE FRIEBUS
Leading man at the Academy of Music Stock Company. Formerly seen with Henry Miller in "The Faith Healer"

(Continued on page xi)



Photos Botto & Hughes

WATCHING AN OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" BY BEN GREET'S WOODLAND PLAYERS

A Woodland Theatre

A NEW playhouse was opened in New York on May 23d last, and while it is situated three-quarters of an hour from Broadway, it has no equal in this city for the charm of its coloring and the originality of its scenic effect. It is called "Woodland Theatre," and is situated in Fieldston Woods, the property of the Delafield Estate at Riverdale-on-Hudson. This very unusual tract of land has belonged to the Delafields for several generations, but only lately has been opened up for private residences.

The charming amphitheatre was only recently discovered, and the entertainment given there by Ben Greet and his Woodland Players was for the benefit of the Pike Street Industrial School. This school was founded seventy years ago, and many of the families of the founders were actively interested in the entertainment. The purpose of the work is the care and education of the children of emigrants, who, on account of lack of knowledge of the English language and poor physical condition, are not fit to attend the public schools.

Mr. Greet and his company gave excellent performances of "As You Like It" on May 23d and 24th, and of the "Comedy of Errors" on May 25th. The freedom and grace of their movements, the sound of the laughter and singing among the trees, together with the fresh air, the surrounding quiet and the sunshine filtering through the leaves, made a symphony of sight and sound which delighted the visitors. A score or more of young society women in fancy peasant costume contributed vividly to the brightness of the scene, and served refreshments between the acts from tables placed under the trees.



SCENE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"—A BEAUTIFUL SETTING OF NATURAL SCENERY WITH REAL WATER IN THE BACKROUND



White

From left to right: Thomas A. Wise, Raymond Hubbell, De Wolf Hopper, Riley Hatch, George Backus, Digby Bell, Paul Everton, Jefferson d'Angelis, Regan Hughston, Frank Craven, Wallace Eddinger, Richie Ling, Reginald Mason, Frank Doane, E. J. Connelly and Augustus Thomas

AUGUSTUS THOMAS DIRECTING A REHEARSAL IN THE THEATRE OF THE LAMBS' CLUB

The Frolicsome Lambs

WITH the advent of summer, the traditional season for all self-respecting lambs to gambol, the members of that famous theatrical organization, The Lambs' Club, flock together for their usual annual dramatic entertainment known as an All-Star Gambol. Every spring the Lambs gambol, but these events ordinarily are strictly within the folds, and the public does not get a peep. But, wishing to raise money with which to build an addition to their clubhouse, the Lambs this year invited the general public to their frolics, and at the Manhattan Opera House, on May 27th last, gave an entertainment which is still the talk of Broadway, and was later applauded in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities.

The Lambs, being a club composed principally of actors, with a generous sprinkling of well-seasoned playwrights, are in the habit of entertaining each other once a month during the winter in the clubhouse theatre with skits, short plays, and travesties on current events, which they style "gambols." Each gambol has a master of ceremonies, known as "Collie," who assists the Shepherd — in other words, the president of the club—in rounding up the Lambs for their sheepish frolics. It has been the custom of The Lambs to engage a large theatre at the end of each season and give a "Ladies' gambol," to which the members are permitted to invite guests. Last year it was decided to make the ladies' gambol a public affair, and through the courtesy of the founders of The New Theatre that big playhouse was used. This gambol served to bring together, after seven years' estrangement, Weber and Fields, who gave their original song and dance, "The Deutscher Pair." Shortly after this, as everyone knows, these Kings of Mirth let bygones be bygones, and got together again with their "All-Star Jubilee Company."

Something always happens at a Lambs' Gambol, whether in the fold or without. Sometimes the germ of a new and popular play is sown, and often an actor, through a chance portrayal at a gambol, gets out of the rut into which he has been driven by managers imbued only with acting as a commercial product. As Augustus Thomas, the playwright and former Shepherd of The Lambs, said to the writer at the dress rehearsal, which he was conducting, of this year's Gambol:

"Many an actor, condemned by precedent and habit to one line of character, finds his emancipation through some bold essay before this generous and keenly appreciative audience. It is this side of the old club's activity that comes somewhat near justifying the claim of its members that the Lambs' Club is, and always will be, the real national theatre of America, no matter what palatial playhouses may be built with that intent.

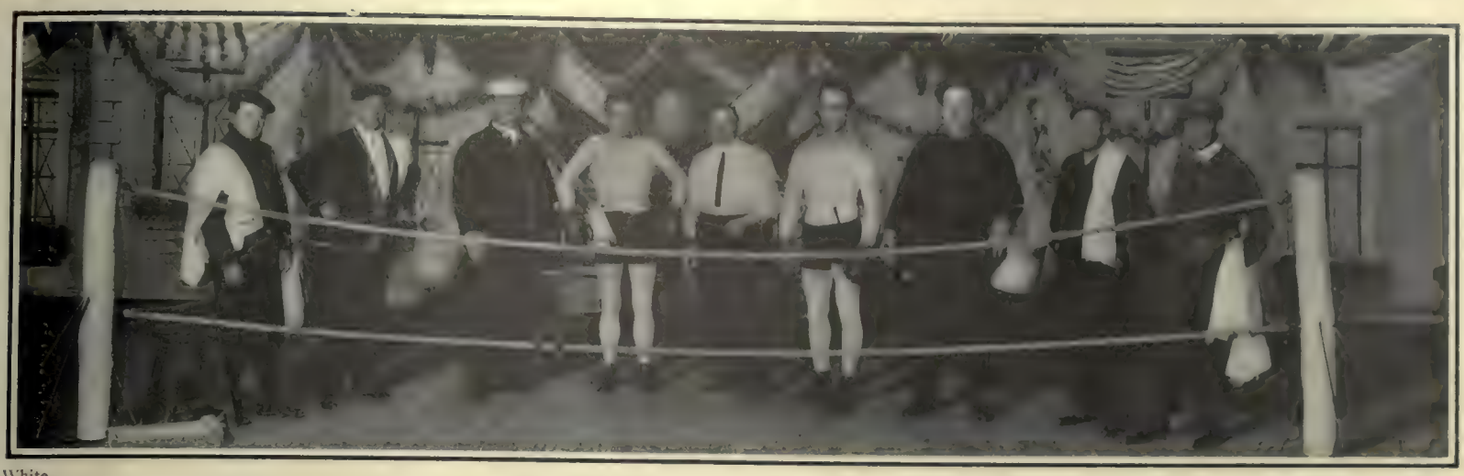
At the regular monthly entertainments of the club, in addition to some excellent foolery, there is generally a dramatic skit which is too much of an innovation or too problematic for a production by the regular theatres. Many of our greatest dramatic novelties have their tentative presentations at The Lambs. "The Squaw Man" was an afterthought



White

From left to right: E. J. Connelly, Frank Gillmore, William Riley Hatch, E. B. Jack (standing), Frank Doane, Thomas A. Wise, Augustus Thomas (chairman), De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, George Backus, Richie Ling

COUNCIL MEETING IN THE LIBRARY OF THE LAMBS' CLUB



White

From left to right: Harry Williams, Charles J. Ross, Thomas A. Wise, Dave Montgomery, Jefferson d'Angelis, Fred Stone, Frank McIntyre, Charles Hopper, and Joe Kauffman

THE PRIZE FIGHT BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND STONE AS PRESENTED BY THE LAMBS' CLUB



White

From left to right: Robert Edeson, William Muldoon, James O'Neill, Harry Everall, William Riley Hatch and William Courtleigh

SCENE FROM "THE ASSASSINATION OF CAESAR," AS PRESENTED BY THE LAMBS' CLUB



White

From left to right: Thomas Jackson, Francis Carlyle, Brandon Tynan (as David Belasco), Ernest Truax, Jefferson d'Angelis (as Charles Frohman) and Fred Niblo

SCENE FROM GEORGE V. HOBART'S "THE ACTOR'S FUND FAIR—A COMEDY WITH ERRORS," AS PRESENTED BY THE LAMBS' CLUB

of a one-act sketch done at one of its gambols, and when managers thought "The Witching Hour," Mr. Thomas' mind-over-matter play, too wide a departure from the accepted subjects of the playhouse, a performance of one act in The Lambs, and the quick seizure of it by that diversified audience, proved its right to a wider hearing.

Some of the most audacious musical experiments that our stage has seen were first tried at the Lambs' Club, and many clever skits, such as, for instance, Montgomery and Stone's "The Main Bout," of this year's Gambol. But do not think for a moment that in showing something off at The Lambs it is trying it on the dog, for, besides the actors, big and little, serious and light-hearted, that belong to the club, its membership contains the leading dramatic writers, theatrical managers, scenic artists, and musicians in the land, all keen to what is good and bad in the drama and on the stage. There is no American dramatist of prominence, and hardly one of successful record, who is not a member of the club. A roll-call of its playwrights sounds like a theatrical Hall of Fame.

Ever since The Lambs' Club was organized, in Christmas week, 1874, at the instigation of Henry J. Montague, an English actor, at that time leading man of the old Wallack's Theatre, at Broadway and Thirteenth Street, who was lonesome far away from a dining club called "The Lambs" in London, of which he was a member, it has been steadily outgrowing its quarters. First, the club was located at No. 848 Broadway, in a tiny building next door to the old Wallack's. In 1880 it rented a house at No. 34 West Twenty-sixth Street, where began the true history of The Lambs as a club proper. Here was held the first gambol, with Lester Wallack as Shepherd, and E. M. Holland as Collie. In 1891 the first public Gambol was given, and, as the proceeds enabled the club to weather a serious financial storm that was hovering about it, The Lambs were encouraged to continue along that line. All-Star Gambols were first introduced in 1898. The next home of The Lambs was at No. 70 West Thirty-sixth Street, just back of the Garrick Theatre, in what is now Keene's English Chop House, and these quarters proving too small, on account of increased membership, in 1905 the flock rambled up Broadway to its present fine clubhouse at No. 130 West Forty-fourth Street.

Again, The Lambs have outgrown their fold, and recently lots on either side of the clubhouse were purchased from the proceeds from past gambols. It was to obtain money for the building fund, to enable them to erect an addition to their home, that The Lambs got up the All-Star Gambol of 1912.



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LUNCHEON HOUR IN THE GRILL ROOM OF THE LAMBS' CLUB

Presided over by Shepherd Joseph R. Grismer, the directors, consisting of Maclyn Arbuckle, Digby Bell, William Courtleigh, Samuel B. Hamburger, Walter W. Price, Paul N. Turner, J. Fred. Zimmerman, Jr., Morton W. Smith, and John L. Golden, met in the library of the club some months ago and discussed the plans and organization for the Gambol, and selected the various committees. There was no sailing under false colors as regards the all-star part of it. The most prominent men in the theatrical world were called upon. Victor Herbert was appointed general musical director; Thomas A. Wise, general stage manager; Augustus Thomas as general stage director, rehearsing the Lambs from start to finish. David Belasco had been named honorary general stage director, but he had to leave town, and could not take charge of the rehearsals.

With such funny Lambs as Eddie Foy, Jefferson d'Angelis, Charles E. Evans, Raymond Hitchcock, Nat. M. Wills, and hosts of others, in the "Old Time Minstrel," arranged by William Collier; together with Lamb DeWolf Hopper, who, when not appearing in the revival of "Patience" at the Lyric, was always on



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De Wolf Hopper and Digby Bell finishing a pool tournament
THE BILLIARD ROOM OF THE LAMBS' CLUB

hand at rehearsals, one might well believe that there was some lively retorts and clever asides at these rehearsals. Merely to watch Tom Wise running things on the stage was a circus in itself. There he was as big as life in blue-jeans and slouch hat, wabbling in and about the "props" in a frantic endeavor to keep things straight.

The more serious element included Robert B. Mantell, James O'Neill, Frederick Warde, and groups composed of Wilton Lackaye, a former Shepherd of The Lambs; David Warfield, and Brandon Tynan, who, made up as Belasco, was not only a splendid imitation of that great manager, but was a living characterization —giving a true-to-life performance that one could hardly expect it would be possible for an actor to give of a living person. In voice, in gesture — all, Brandon Tynan was Belasco incarnate. Seeing this fine young actor and Mr. Warfield on the same stage again recalled to mind the remarkably clever work he did under Mr. Belasco's direction in "The Auctioneer," with Mr. Warfield. It was then that Mr. Tynan was able to study Mr. Belasco in an intimate way, and he showed that he had learned his lessons.

With Victor Herbert trying to make his baton seen by his orchestra of fifty pieces, he being in the pit in darkness, and they being behind the minstrels on the stage under a flood of light from the borders; George V. Hobart, the author of "The Actors' Fund Fair—A Comedy with Errors." (*Continued on page x*)



White

From left to right: William Courtleigh, Augustus Thomas, Francis Carlyle, Eugene Cowles, Maclyn Arbuckle, E. J. Connelly, William Samson, Thomas A. Wise, Digby Bell and De Wolf Hopper

DE WOLF HOPPER TELLING A BASEBALL STORY IN THE DINING ROOM OF THE LAMBS' CLUB

A Rage for Revivals



Moffett

GLADYS HANSON

Leading woman in David Belasco's new production, "The Governor's Lady"

THE persistent failure of plays by foreign and native authors often forces American producers to look to revivals of old-time successes in the hope of recuperating their losses and prolonging the theatrical season. The revivals of "Robin Hood" and "Patience" and other old operettas at a period of the year when the play-going public is generally indifferent, have been so successful that the producers of these two comic operas are already preparing other popular works of a generation ago. Mr. Brady has announced a revival of "Rosedale," with an all-star cast for the regular season, and other revivals are to follow.

The activity in these parts of Lewis Waller, and the advent in the East of Oliver Morosco, of Los Angeles, means a long period of revivals, and it would not be surprising if the next theatrical season became notable for the reproduction of at least a dozen plays and comic operas of other days. Liebler and Company already announce a revival of dear old "Humpty Dumpty," another theatrical firm is about to present "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in operatic form, and at least three of New York's playhouses are to house stock companies for the revival of successes of the 70's and the 80's. Every city of fifty thousand inhabitants now has one of these stock companies, for which we have to thank the motion picture, for in such cities thousands who had never been inside of a playhouse or, at most, at rare intervals, have formed the theatre habit through the low prices of admission to see photo-plays. In due course this tremendous public wished to see plays with real actors, and the result is now to be seen in the prosperous vogue of the stock companies. There are a dozen of these organizations within fifty miles of New York, and the movement is still in its infancy.

But sometimes managers are induced to make revivals through reasons other than lack of good new plays. When W. A. Brady brought forth "Jim the Penman" years ago, his incentive was the opportunity the play gave for gathering a galaxy of well-known players for whom this manager found great difficulty in providing any stage material of a compelling sort. The results at the box office could not possibly be misunderstood, for the receipts of any one of the four weeks of the run were more than double those which the same play drew at the Madison Square Theatre during the height of its original production. Almost immediately afterward the Messrs. Shubert, in a desire to place a number of their stars, conceived the idea of an all-star revival of "The Mikado." In four weeks at the Casino this operatic satire played to $80,000, a total larger than was achieved for ten weeks, when the Gilbert and Sullivan craze was in its zenith, and when the work was new and sensationally successful. About the same time Charles Frohman revived the Robertson comedy "Caste" at the Empire. There is no record where this play, with its cast of nine characters, ever profited any manager to a greater extent. Even when Lester Wallack appeared in it with his superb stock company, a run of two or three weeks would suffice to meet the public desire, yet in the heat of mid-summer the capacity of the Empire was tested for six weeks.

Mr. Frohman, as a stop gap, in lieu of any other available attraction to keep the Lyceum Theatre open after one new play after another had been sent to the storehouse, resorted to a revival of the Oscar Wilde play, "The Importance of Being Earnest." The idea was to keep this vehicle on the boards a week, or at most two, till something new could be got ready, but the praise from press and public was so pronounced that the largest business of the year at the Lyceum Theatre was recorded. The run was extended three times, and only previous engagements for the theatre prevented an all season vogue; the play has since been sent on tour with excellent results.

The success of "Jim the Penman" gave Mr. Brady encouragement, so that when it was announced that this enterprising director would revive the old Union Square Theatre success, "The Lights o' London," even the optimists shook their heads, for here was a play along lines wholly out of fashion in modern times, but the box office results were even larger than the previous Brady revival, and the poorest week of the four showed gross takings more than double the largest recorded at the Union Square in the height of its original production, yet the cast at the Lyric Theatre was by no means as distinguished or as satisfying as the one given the great play by Messrs. Shook and Palmer thirty years ago.

Then the Shuberts revived the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "H. M. S. Pinafore," at the Casino, in the intense heat of mid-summer. Instead of four weeks, six weeks was necessary to ac-



Photo Moffett

BLANCHE BATES

This popular actress, who has just closed her Western tour in "Nobody's Widow," will be seen next year in a new Belasco production

commodate the crowds desirous of hearing again the delicious work of the two English collaborators, and the great "Mikado" revival was completely eclipsed, but the most interesting feature of the "Pinafore" revival is the fact that its melodious score and delicious satire have been so potent that practically the same large organization which packed the Casino last summer has just concluded a prosperous season on tour.

There you have it! The vogue of this revival was not simply a summer fad, but was sustained throughout what has been the most disastrous theatrical season in twenty years, and now the Messrs. Shubert have revived "Patience" profitably, though the esthetic character of the story carried a greater appeal a generation ago than now, still "Patience" draws crowds, and is followed by what many believe to be Gilbert and Sullivan's best work, "The Pirates of Penzance," after which we are to have "Iolanthe" and "The Gondoliers."

What does it all signify? We hear you ask. It signifies that the present theatrical season, while it has recorded several substantial successes, has been the most disastrous in many years. More plays have come a cropper, and their paraphernalia shipped to the storehouses, than in any year in the history of the theatre. It also does signify that the modern crop of playwrights are unable to supply sufficient meritorious material to avail the increased number of theatres, and little can be expected from abroad.

But why not more revivals? If "Caste" was found prolific, why not "Home" by the same author? And who can deny that "Ours" and "School," also delicious Robertsonian plays, will repay the manager who is intrepid enough to tempt fate by producing them?

If "Jim the Penman" and "The Lights o' London" scored a quarter of a century after their first vogue, why not "Captain Swift," and would not "A Celebrated Case" prove a revelation to modern theatre-goers? If the tendency is to conciliate a large number of well-known players, what better opportunity can a manager have than to revive Boucicault's "Led Astray"?

But it is the success which came to "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" revivals that suggest a plethora of comic operas cast into oblivion, such as "The Beggar Student," "The Black Hussar," "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "The Merry War," "Falka," "Nanon," and what will happen if some manager were to have the courage to bring forth again those dear old works of Offenbach, "La Grande Duchesse" and "Barbe Bleu," and please, may the writer ask, are we getting anything nowadays to compare with von Suppé's "Boccaccio"?

ROBERT GRAU.

America's First Theatre

ANNALS of the American stage of a century and a half ago have been revived by the news from Philadelphia that the first building occupied regularly as a theatre in this country is now being demolished. This is the famous Southwark Theatre, also known at various times as the South Street Theatre, and later as the American Theatre, which was built in 1766 at South and Leithgow Streets, Philadelphia, and resounded for decades to the applause of the playgoers.

Philadelphia was in those days the chief city in the country—most populous, richest, most active—and was, therefore, naturally the point at which the players from England first started out on their journeys. The playhouse does not seem to have been recognized as a proper place of resort for fashionable people until after the building of the Southwark Theatre. In 1754, Hallam's Company" arrived from London, and played for a while in Plumstead's store on Water Street, and later in a hall at Vernon and South Streets, but there was a good deal of opposition to their efforts at amusement of the public, and at one time the Presbyterian Synod brought a remonstrance against them in court. The judge, William Allen, declined to interfere, saying he had gotten more moral virtue from plays than from sermons.

David Douglass, who married Mrs. Hallam, opened the Southwark Theatre November 21, 1766, and it was the only theatre in the city until the erection of the Northern Liberties Theatre by Kenna in 1791, at Front and Noble Streets. To evade the law against charging for public performances, the bills used to read "For a Concert of Music," after which will be presented gratis a lecture or dialogue on the vice of scandal, etc., giving a few lines of the play. There was, however, a considerable element in Philadelphia that regarded the establishment of the drama with satisfaction, and theatre parties were frequent as early as 1769. It is even stated that on some occasions theatre parties, flushed with wine, deliberately organized to express disapprobation of the players, and dominated both the stage and the audience.

While the British occupied Philadelphia, they held regular plays in the Southwark Theatre, the performers being officers in Howe's army. Box tickets were sold for one dollar, and the proceeds were used for the benefit of widows and orphans of soldiers. Major André, the gallant officer who later figured in the treason of Benedict Arnold, was one of the chief scene painters, and it is related that the waterfall scene painted by him was used until the entire equipment of the theatre was destroyed by fire in 1821.

The stage in those days was lighted by plain oil lamps without glasses. The view from the boxes was intercepted by large square wooden pillars supporting the upper tier and roof. Many persons consequently preferred the first bench in the gallery, which commanded a fair view of the whole stage. The stage box on the east side was decorated with suitable emblems for the reception of President Washington whenever he delighted the audience with his presence.

Of late years the old building, partially rebuilt to cover up the ravages of the fire of 1821, had been used as a distillery, as shown in the accompanying picture, the last ever taken of the famous old structure.



DISTILLERY IN PHILADELPHIA, ONCE THE FAMOUS SOUTHWARK THEATRE



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A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARY GARDEN

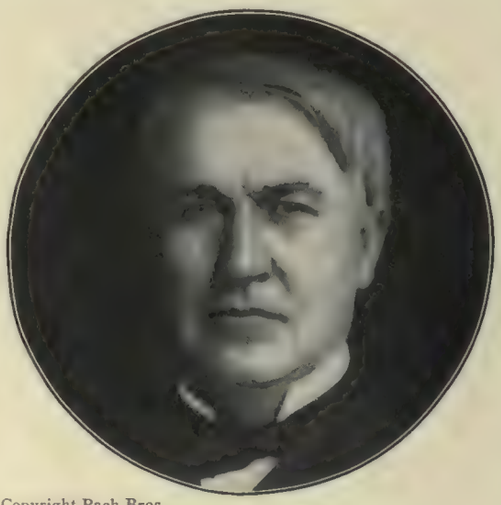


Where the players pose for the moving pictures. A busy day at the Lubin Studio, Philadelphia. Seven plays may be rehearsed in this studio at one time.

THE MOVIES

IT had to come. Everything in our daily life is "slanged." It is always difficult to say just how slang originated. Usually it is the result of some haphazard remark. The man who condensed "motion pictures" into "movies" was certainly a genius—in slang.

Pictures have occupied an important place in the affections of the human race from the earliest days. There has always been a demand for pictorial representations of familiar scenes, which at once evidenced and satisfied this natural human instinct. These were the first indications of refinement. The Egyptians, perhaps the greatest of all picture lovers, very early learned to depict in vivid strokes and lavish hand the daily life of their people. These pictorial representations, as may be readily seen by reference to Egyptian antiquities, were by no means equal to those we have today; but, such as they were, they represented the natural craving for pictures, and without a doubt the Egyptians would have been the first to appreciate our filmic representations of life. The motion picture may, furthermore, be considered as a brain stimulant, and, if employed in our schools, would develop the brain in a natural manner, and sooner than by the text-book method. The cinematograph is the modern instance of the magic carpet of "The Arabian Nights" transporting us to the uttermost parts of the earth, and showing us the wonders of the world.



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THOMAS A. EDISON

To whose inventive genius the world owes the perfection of the moving picture

Some forty years ago, those children who were fortunately placed had among their toys a little cardboard box on a spindle, called a zoetrope. This appeared to be nothing except an oldtime bonnet box without a lid, and having a regular row of slits cut in the upper half of the wall of the box. Inside the box they placed a row of pictures of men and animals in a series of awkward positions. Then the box was rotated on a base by hand, and the spectator gazed at the picture through the openings. The result was that the awkward attitudes began to assume importance, and there was a rough kind of action given to the figures, as the human figures walked or ran, or as the animals were chased or jumped. It was only a toy, yet from this rather crude attempt to turn the known persistency of vision to popular account, has grown one of the most important inventions —the cinematograph, which produces the so-called moving picture. But what is more remarkable, there has been built up an industry, which in the United States alone has a capital of $23,000,000, and employs 70,000 persons.

The zoetrope is mentioned, not because it was the first result of the discovery of the persistency of vision, but because it was the apparatus most generally known, and was, to some extent, a fairly popular toy. There were among other scientific apparatus devoted to demonstrating the persistency of vision—and that was about all they did—the stroboscope, the invention of Stampfer and Plateau; the tachyscope, invented by Anchutz; the thaumatrope and the phenakistoscope. These were all more or less variations of the same thing. Anchutz's tachyscope was similar to the phenakistoscope, and reproduced motion obtained by revolving some transparent pictures on a drum, which was illuminated by a spark from an induction coil through a Geissler tube. Edison tried this later.

All of these inventions came into being at least half a century ago. Yet the moving picture, as we have it, is of very modern origin, not yet quite seventeen years old. Why was it so late in development? The answer is that the theory of persistence of

vision, although amply verified by the toys and scientific apparatus mentioned, had to wait for photography to catch up.

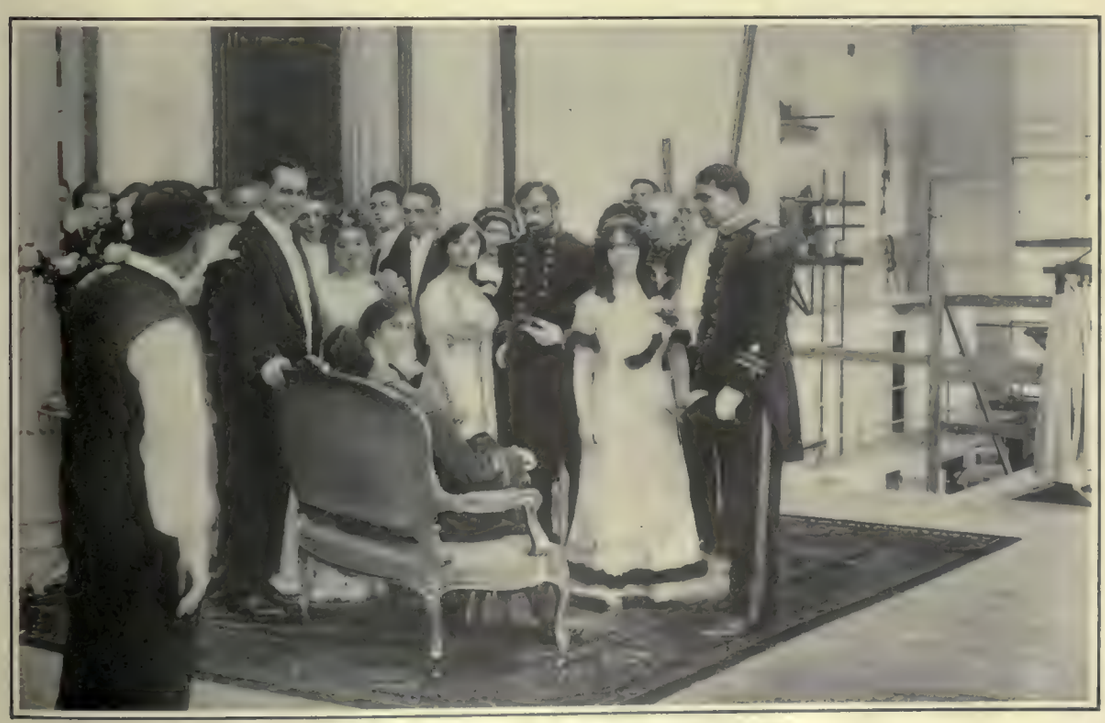
The first step in this direction was made when the emulsion for the dry plate was introduced. That may be said to have been almost as important a step in photography as was the discovery of movable types in the art of printing. They are analogous, for neither art could have advanced under original conditions. But even the perfected dry plate, which did not come at once, was not the solution; there had to be devised a substitute for glass, and the gelatine film, invented in 1895, was the force that actually vitalized all dreams of what has become the moving picture.



A MOVING PICTURE IN THE MAKING

There were gaps between these inventions, and it would be untrue to assert that the invention of the dry plate and of the celluloid film were all that was necessary to take the zoetrope and make actual moving pictures of life with life-like motions, and even in the actual natural colors. When the zoetrope was entertaining nurseries, the photographer was doing his work on wet plates, and had only occasionally, on favorable opportunities, attempted what he called instantaneous photography. It was discovered that the bath for the wet plate could be made so sensitive to light that a more rapid impression could be made than had been customary, but the photographer had first to devise an apparatus for taking this instantaneous exposure. The rapid lifting off of the cap from the lens and replacing it was tried, but it was found that the movement was not rapid enough to rid the plate of movement. All action was shown as blurred. Then came the shutter. It is almost impossible to even estimate the number of shutters that were made for this purpose. Of course, some of them were patented, and they were numerous, at least 1,000 types in all. Greater attention was paid to the instantaneous shutter after the advent of the dry plate, and the advance between the plate and the shutter seemed to keep abreast for some years.

The first motion photography was made in this country on wet plates by Eadweard Muybridge. Yet these photographs which Muybridge took in California in 1872 were not strictly what might be called moving pictures. They were views of a horse in action, and were intended to show the actual position of the animal's legs when in locomotion. In Philadelphia, somewhat later, Thomas Eakins, the artist, then the director of the schools of the Academy of Fine Arts, devised a shutter and succeeded in taking a series of pictures on a single plate, intended to show the action of a model in action, and intended primarily to be of use to artists in arriving at the right pose for figures in motion. These, interesting as they were, were not intended to be a step in the direction of moving pictures, but rather as studies of animal locomotion, a subject then receiving a great deal of attention in this country and in Europe. Inventions move in a world-wide cycle of thought.



LUBIN STOCK COMPANY REHEARSING A PICTURE

Muybridge soon conceived a plan for making a great advance in this work. He found he could not proceed in California, but the University of Pennsylvania invited him to pursue his studies, and there, on the University grounds back of the hospital, and in the Zoölogical Gardens, Muybridge worked for three years, turning out a monumental series of photographs. The experiment cost $30,000, and the result was given to the world in a weighty folio volume. The scientific results were embodied in a report less ponderous in size but of great interest. These pictures by Muybridge were made between the years 1884 and 1887. He had a battery of 24 lenses, and each lens was

set off by electrical contact from a contact breaker. The apparatus was of the most complicated character, and in great contrast with the simple moving-picture camera in use to-day to take thousands of pictures in almost the same time.

The work done by Muybridge set Edison to thinking how the idea could be applied to giving something more than a scientific series of animal locomotion, so, in 1887, he began to ponder over it. At the same time the same idea was being thought about in Europe. Edison, however, appears to have been the first to have seen the light in reducing this idea to something popular and commercial, which Muybridge did not attempt to do. The Wizard of Menlo Park, as he was then called, at first took a series of diminutive photographs on a single plate. They had to be viewed by a microscope to make them visible to the average eye. This was a step toward achievement, but even Edison knew it was not the thing he hoped to obtain. Then the celluloid film came into being, and half the fight was won. At first the pictures were taken by Edison on a revolving drum, and they were illuminated from within just as the tachyscope had been thirty years before. That did not give the desired result either. Edison at the time was really working on a double problem. He was trying to work in tandem, or rather in pair, the phonograph and the kinetoscope. He attempted to give speaking moving pictures, and, in a measure, he succeeded



A TYPICAL PICTURE FILM, "IN AFTER YEARS"

But work on the camera to take and on the projector to show the pictures had to be invented before the moving-picture business really began in earnest. At first the Edison pictures were exhibited in slot machines, but it was the picture exhibition in a hall of its own that was the full development of the idea. It moved toward the moving-picture theatre almost of its own volition. It was its natural path and destiny, and the improvements made in the apparatus and in the general character of the moving picture by the Lumières in France gave the world the cinematograph, as it still is called in Europe, and to some extent in this country, brought the moving-picture business rapidly into the dignity of a new industry. This, in brief, is the story of the rise from the little child's toy of forty years ago. But it is by no means all of the story.



ANOTHER SCENE FROM "IN AFTER YEARS"

The moving-picture business is at once a business and an industry that already is far larger in the capital invested and in the receipts, and certainly in the number of persons interested, than many a trade or industry that is centuries old. In the first place, the moving picture speaks a universal tongue. It is the Esperanto of the common people all over the world. The globe trotter has seen moving pictures in Ceylon, he has seen them in South Africa, in Java, in Buenos Ayres, probably its farthest south, and he has seen them in the northern towns of Siberia. They have become educators as well as entertainment features. They have done more than any other device to contract the world and to bring the whole globe to one's home town. It might be said that it realizes Puck's girdle around the globe in forty minutes.

There need be no hesitation in accepting the moving picture, for while it is an amusement, it is also, at the same time, a medium of instruction that has no equal. By its intelligent use, the whole world may be viewed without traveling outside one's own town. Recent improvements and inventions have added the color, the same color, and consequently, atmosphere, which was present when the scene was photographed. Up to the present time, however, the color pictures have not been very extensively exploited, but there appears to be no impediment to its general acceptation and use. In the near future there will be no moving pictures that are not in color, for the color is not applied to the individual photographs, but is applied automatically at the time of projection. The principle is in line with the color achievements of Ives, of Philadelphia, but it has been carried much farther than ever its original discoverer believed possible. In exposing for the color pictures, the film has rotated before it, or rather before lens of the camera, color screens which select the tints. This does not appear on the negative film itself, neither is it apparent on the positive film, but, when the latter is exhibited on the projecting screen, the same method is again used, only now it is reversed, and the different colors are thrown so rapidly on the screen that the eye does not perceive that it is looking in turn at a greenish yellow, a deep violet blue, and a reddish picture in turn. These impressions follow each other in such rapid succession that the picture appears as one single colored view. It is understood that patent rights and royalties are all that stand in the way of the more general use of the colored moving pictures. The first colored moving pictures were really colored by hand. The work was tedious and costly, although most of the coloring was done in Japan, where this kind of intelligent labor is cheap. It was not satisfactory, in spite of its novelty, and now has been virtually abandoned.

While there is a natural tendency to avoid figures, it is necessary to quote a few totals to give an impression of the immense size of this new industry. There are about thirty manufacturers of films in this country, a dozen of them being more or less combined under agreements, and popularly alluded to as "the Trust."

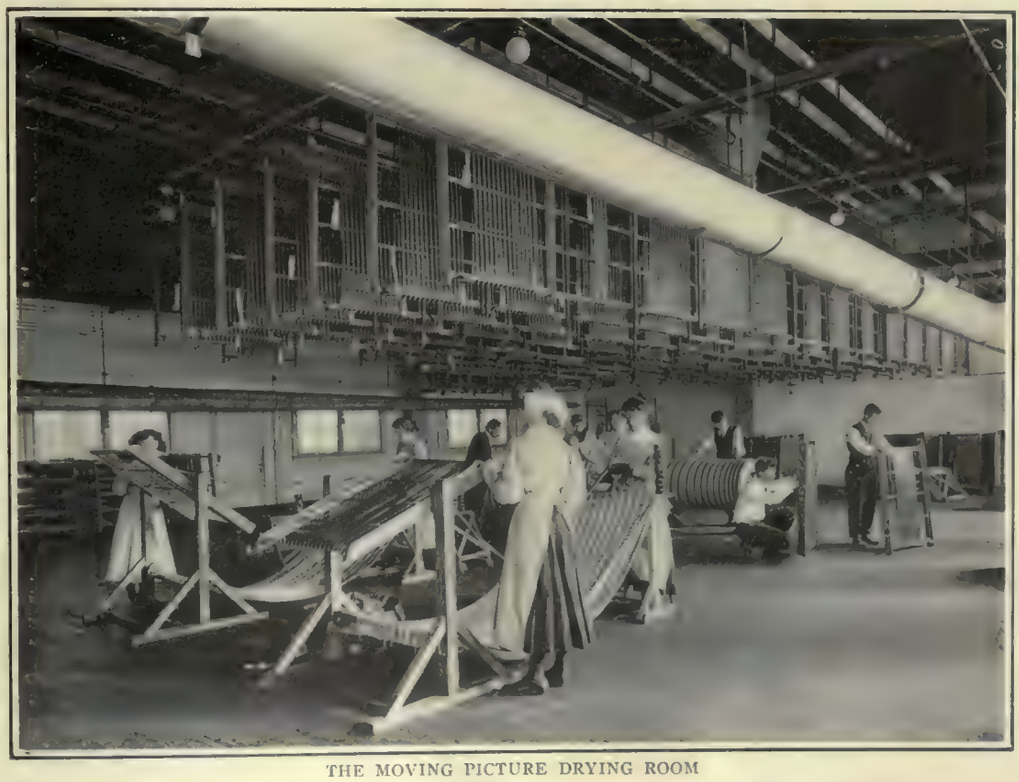
This dozen are said to represent a total capitalization of $12,000,000, and the so-called independents, which are more numerous, are said to have a capital, or to represent a capitalization of probably $8,000,000. There are about 10,000 theatres confined to exhibiting the pictures, and while some of them are fitted up at considerable cost, the majority are more showy than costly; however, they represent a capital of at least $3,500,000. Thus, there is a total capital of $23,500,000 invested in the industry in the United States. If that investment were doubled it probably would not be far from the correct capitalization of the industry in all parts of the world. And it may be said with confidence that throughout the world, and including the 75 manufacturers of film everywhere, there is represented an investment of more than $50,000,000.



THE MOVING PICTURE WARDROBE ROOM

The 30 manufacturers in the United States have a yearly output that is worth $11,500,000.

Employed in the industry in this country are, from time to time, more than 70,000 persons. There are about 350 stock actors employed by the various manufacturers, and in addition there are almost constantly engaged 100 more, who are employed as they are needed. The factories employ probably 1,000 more persons, and in the theatres are more than 50,000 employees, to say nothing of the 10,000 others who are more or less identified with the business.



THE MOVING PICTURE DRYING ROOM

While there is no certain means of gauging the amount of money the American people spend each year for the moving pictures, it may be calculated that the average amount taken in by the theatres daily is about $1,000,000. Multiply this by 313 and the yearly total is found to be the impressive one of $313,000,000. As virtually all of this is paid in nickels, if we multiply the amount by 20, we have the staggering figures represented by 6,260,000,000, which are the number of admissions for a year. The only comment to this must be that a large part of our population must be frequent visitors to the moving-picture theatres, for this figure would allow nearly 100 admissions a year to each inhabitant of the United States, and would indicate that each one spends nearly $5 a year on this one amusement.

The Lubin Manufacturers of Philadelphia have spent six hundred thousand dollars for their new studio building, and pay out annually over half a million in salaries.

A play a day is the record aimed at by the manufacturers in the so-called trust. That means six plays a week. Taking all the American manufacturers together, this means that there are turned out about 90 plays a week. At first glance that figure may not mean a great deal, but translate it into feet of films made and rented, and in a short time we have so many feet that it becomes far more handy to treat of the amount in miles, for the total, say, for a year, is astounding.

The average number of positive films printed from the original negatives is 25. The reel has an average length of 1,000 feet, so the arithmetic is easy. In one week there are 2,250 original reels made, or in feet — 2,250,000 feet. In a year this becomes 117,000,000 feet, or 22,159 miles. A reel is about as wide as one's thumb, about the size of a small tangerine. That which produces the picture the size we see it, is the tremendous magnifying power of the lens. This means that the year's output in the United States alone is almost sufficient in length, were it cemented together to encircle the earth.

Now the value of these reels average $100 each, and that means that the year's production is valued at $11,480,000. The reels are

sold to the middlemen, or the film exchanges, as they are called.

Any theatre wishing to lease a film must pay a license of $2 a week, and as there are over 10,000 of these theatres in the United States, here is over $20,000 a week, or over a million a year, divided between 30 film makers, so that no matter what happens to the film producer or the scenario writer at $15 per, the film maker seems to have three square meals a day in sight the year round. A new reel is rented for $10 a day, but its value decreases as its age increases, and at the end of sixty days the reel is regarded as "commercial," and rents for as little as $1 a day.



How moving pictures were made twelve years ago. Actors in the open air on a roof top. This operator was one of the first in this country to make cinematograph films

In the large cities some of the larger picture theatres are glad to pay the premium of exhibiting a film first. After they have been used in the cities they start on their tour through the country towns, and finally to the villages, some of which, in some mysterious manner, manage to support three theatres of this class. In this case, it is usual for the theatres to be open only three nights a week, for the population is not sufficient to support them every night. Everybody connected with the moving-picture business is not making money, but there is a fascination about the business that holds the smaller theatre proprietors long after prudence would dictate abdication.

An amusement which entices the nickels from more than six billion persons annually in the United States alone must be of wide popularity.

Things are just as seldom what they seem in the moving picture as they are on the theatrical stage. The manufacturers, however, try to convince the picture theatre clientèle that the Wild West scenes really are enacted in the western part of the United States. There is some delightful and characteristic wild scenery in Pennsylvania not far from Reading that more than once has answered the call of the wild. So, too, scenes supposedly acted in other parts of the world, as in Egypt or other parts of Africa, for instance, also are acted much nearer home than the patron imagines. However, the effects are good; they answer the purpose and no one is damaged.

In its infancy the Lubin Company acted its plays on the roof of a photographic establishment in Philadelphia. Here was played one of the most popular of the early plays, "The Pillow Fight." At that time the full scope of the business was not realized, and the scenic effects were most primitive. But now "real" deers, "real" houses are erected only to be set on fire and burned to the ground. There is a display of wealth that at first sight appears most prodigal, yet fortunes are made in the industry, and almost every person identified with the industry is prospering, and all from the insignificant nickel, which, as has been shown, pours into the business to the number of more than 20,000,000 a day.

This motion picture business brought into existence an entirely new order of authors, who call themselves "scenario writers," who have actually formed a "union" in order to raise prices and generally protect themselves against the trust. This seems to be the first "writers' union" on record. And, no wonder, when one considers that the usual price paid for a scenario is fifteen dollars, and when one contrasts the price paid to the writers and the huge fortunes made out of the business, it would seem that a "union" is timely to jack up something. The futility of it, however, lies in the fact that "scenarios" are

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THOSE WHO MAKE THE MOVING PICTURES
Siegmund Lubin, players and employees of the Lubin Company, at the laboratories in Philadelphia



A NEW PORTRAIT OF FAY TEMPLETON

Before the Matinee with Fay Templeton

"FIRST, you must have a fair knowledge of all branches of acting. Second, you must be able to play legitimately the parts you are going to burlesque. Third, you must have a sense of humor, so that you will see what is funny in serious rôles. Fourth, you must have a sense of the difference between buffoonery and burlesque."

There it is, a summary of the requisites of burlesque by the queen of burlesque in this country, probably in all countries. She had asked for time to reflect, resolutely withdrawing her attention from the white cat curled in a ball at her feet, and the tall vase of pink carnations that flung a wholesome sweetness from the corner of her dressing-room. The cat was graceful and affectionate. The carnations were fresh, and ruddy, and inviting. But Miss Templeton made the effort at concentration away from these playthings, and succeeded.

I had asked her to imagine a seventeen-year-old telling her she wanted to become a burlesque artist, and asking her what she must be, and do, to become one.

"It wouldn't be any use to tell her," Miss Templeton had returned quickly, with a dimpling of cheeks and sparkle of handsome dark eyes. "What there is in us of talent works its way out, finds expression. We can't express what isn't there."

"But she might have talent," I persisted.

Desiring to be just to the hypothetical maiden, Miss Templeton said: "Let me think it out." It is a habit of hers to think things out, which is a reason for her strangely true denotements of the saliencies of character. The cat purred and rolled over to attract her attention. It captured the toe of her patent leather pump between its snowy paws. It looked blinkingly into her face with its green eyes. In vain. Miss Templeton was a person of decision. The cat recognized this and, turning on its side, went to sleep. The carnations continued their unconscious blooming. Through the closed door came dragging sounds punctuated with picturesque profanity. The stage was being set for an afternoon performance of the Weber-Fields jubilee.

The queen of burlesque left off regarding her black taffeta silk lap. She lifted her eyes and one would have been blind, indeed, not to have seen that they were of starlike brilliance. "I wanted to be careful of my list of requisites," she said, "for I don't want to give snap judgment and invite criticism. I should say to the girl who wanted to be a burlesque artist: First, you must have a fair knowledge of all branches of acting. Burlesque isn't the first stage of acting. It is the last, the crowning achievement, in a way. To imitate anyone, you must know how to act her parts as seriously as she plays them herself. The sense of humor must be there, of course, for every serious rôle has funny possibilities, and if you can't see them you can't burlesque them. It is easier to tell what burlesque isn't than to say what it is. You may be perfectly sure of one thing—it isn't horseplay. A man puts on a big false nose and thinks he is a burlesque artist. If he were, he wouldn't need the false nose. I think there should be little make-up, and the acting should be allowed to speak for itself.

"Tumbling about the stage and making faces at the audience isn't burlesque. Original antics are not burlesque. You can't have burlesque without having something to imitate. Burlesque is caricature. Like the best caricatures the best burlesques have a likeness to the subject, and emphasize one of his or her peculiarities. I have never offended anyone by my burlesques, so far as



Photo Moffett LOUISE DRESSER
At present appearing in vaudeville



MYRTLE TANNEHILL
Seen with Frank McIntyre in "Snobs"



Photo White CHAPINE
Recently seen as Jacinta in "The Rose of Panama" at Daly's

I knew, and I am quite sure I haven't, just as I have never been offended by any caricature of myself. If any one is clever enough to ferret out my peculiarities and display them, I am amused.

"But why talk to a person at the beginning of life about how to do anything, or what are the requisites for success in any artistic field? The truth is that we must know all kinds of life and all sorts of people. For success as an artist one must have a great heart or must be a degenerate. Have I shocked you?"

"Not at all. But will you explain?"

"The big-hearted person understands. There must be understanding before representation. As for the other class, look at the good work, the great work that has been done while persons are in some stage of drunkenness. A composer who drank himself to death composed some of the most heart-searching melodies ever written."

"Their work is short," objected the interviewer.

"But magnificent while it lasts."

I led Miss Templeton back to burlesque, by a question as to when she adopted it.

"When I joined Weber-Fields," she said. "But I had unconsciously been preparing for it all my life. I was of a theatrical family, and went on the stage at four years. I was a little Indian in 'Pocahontas' at that age. I played Eva and Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and I've sung Carmen. I was with Lydia Thompson's so-called burlesque company, but that wasn't burlesque. Tights and funny songs are not burlesque. There was 'The Black Crook,' called burlesque, but it wasn't. I lived for thirteen years in Paris and studied the artists there. I gave a great deal of time to watching Réjane, whom I admire very much."

"Mr. J. E. Dodson, who told me that you are the greatest actress in America, says that burlesque is a sincere imitation of a person's serious work, flinging in a funny flourish at the end."

"He is right." Miss Templeton's face was grave. Again I was reminded how serious are comediennes when off the stage.

"I was always ambitious, and always wanted to do better work than I've ever done," she went on. "But the public is our stage director. When the public and the press want you in one thing it's better to give them that, instead of something you want but they don't. I told David Warfield the other day of my ambitions, and said: 'I have very little to do.' He said: 'But there are good small pictures.' When I came back to the theatre I thought of what he said and realized how true it is.

"I thought 'I am only one of many.' Take the artists surrounding me here. I fancy most of them would rather be doing something else, but they do what the public wants from them.



Photo White DOROTHY BRENNER
Formerly with Lew Fields—now appearing in vaudeville

"I might have held to my determination to do serious work, but my size prevented. Audiences won't cry with a woman as stout as I am. They laugh at her. But there's compensation in my size. It saves work. For instance, in my burlesque of Bunty I don't need do much else than appear in her costumes and read her lines. The size does the burlesquing. Miss Pearson was most kind about helping me. Everyone whom I have burlesqued has been. I can't see them often as I should like at the theatres, because I am playing myself. So I have emptied my pocketbook buying flowers and my desk of writing paper, appealing to them. They let me come to see them, and talk to them, and they make suggestions about costumes and make-up. I want to burlesque Al Jolson. He's difficult, because he's full of intense movement, like this." She stretched forth tense arms and clenched her hands in taut fists. "I like it, but it doesn't make him an easy study. He has helped me, as much as he could, but he has been playing every night and three matinées."

"Don't you think you are a better actress for having been away from the

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Sarony

RITA JOLIVET, RECENTLY SEEN AS MARSINAH IN "KISMET"

Miss Jolivet was born in Paris, of French parents. She prepared for the stage in London with the celebrated actress, Mrs. Crowe (Kate Bateman), and in Paris with Mme. Thenard and Mme. Kolb, both of the Comédie-Française, while she studied dancing and pantomime with Mme. Maraquita of the Opéra Comique. Her professional début was made as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," with William Poel's company. In his performances of Shakespeare in the Elizabethan fashion she also acted Juliet; Proteus in "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and Celia in "As You Like It." Although Miss Jolivet has been but a few years on the stage she has played leading parts in London at the Haymarket Theatre, St. James's, The Playhouse, the New Theatre, the Little Theatre and Terry's. In Paris she appeared at the Théâtre Michel and also with the celebrated comedian Gallipaux

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 3 Charlotte Corday

THE late Kyrle Bellew, prince among actors and one of the most cultured men in his profession, was the last of the playwrights to put into dramatic form the terribly episodes in the career of the French heroine Marie Anne Charlotte Corday d'Armand, who as her name indicates, was descended from the nobility, and whose exploits entitle her to a place on the tablet of fame with Joanne d'Arc and other women who have been inspired by a noble aim to sacrifice life and all that they hold dear in life, for what they considered their duty.

Unlike Joanne, she who has come to be known simply as Charlotte Corday did not spend her early years as a shepherdess, but, according to the record, she was placed in a convent at an early age and although she did not bear "voices" and claimed no heavenly guidance in the tragedy in which she enacted a leading role there is reason to believe that she was intensely religious and that her early training lifted her to the indelible impression made upon her mind by the tales of cruelty and suffering that were the every of her time as being inflicted by the political leaders without necessary cause, except to satisfy their own wicked designs and bloodthirsty whims. It is easy to think of the French Revolution without recalling the person for that was her entire theory her aim and despite the fact that among the leaders in the cause of many nobles and statesmen who had done loyal service for France and who had been rewarded for their loyalty. The name of Charlotte Corday and her exploit weave the wealth of romance into the story of fire and blood. There has been nothing more tragic in modern times than the events in which she played a part, not even the most skilful technician of modern times, Victorien Sardou, would care to make the plot of his drama of the Revolution because he was writing a play to order for Sir Henry Irving, it is likely he would have selected Charlotte Corday for his heroine if he had been giving his mind to subject-discussion to the interest of a specific cast. Her life is a drama, and it is little wonder that she had always appealed strongly to the writers of plays who attempted to invite good characters of history and give them the artificial existence of the footlights.

Charlotte Corday has always been considered what the actress calls a "fat" part. Underlying her tragic importance, resulting in a murder under strangely dramatic circumstances, there was the opportunity to show an innocent character who believed that she had a mission, which is the chief delight of an actress. She will consent to go to any limit on the stage if she has the chance to make it plain to the audience that she is impelled by some lofty purpose. It was in conveying this motive of the crime that Jean Margaret Davenport believed that she triumphed, and she was willing on the strength of it to challenge the artistry of Charlotte Cushman, who at the time not only stood in a certain supremacy as Charlotte Corday, but dared to attempt to do so in various and varied roles, including even masculine parts of well-established tradition.



MRS. BROWN POTTER AS CHARLOTTE CORDAY

There is little doubt that it was the eagerness of Kyrle Bellew to write a great part for Mrs. Brown Potter that prompted him to write a four-act drama called "Charlotte Corday," which he signed "J. C. Montesquieu," and which was first produced at Calcutta, India, in 1884, when the pair were making a joint starring tour of the world instead of thinking of his own part as Marat, although the latter gave him strong "character bits" as Marat, the victim of her fatal blow. Bellew and Mrs. Potter played the piece with success in America, having first produced it at San Francisco, and later took it to London, where it became an established favorite in their repertory.

It is difficult at this time to say whether or not Bellew used any of the earlier versions of the play as the basis for his own work. He could have done so, but the life of Charlotte seems to have been strangely reckoned in historical sequence—even in scenes and acts—for the future playwright. It was witnessed on the stage in America as early as 1853, when Mrs. Johnson appeared in a play as Charlotte, in which Marat, Robespierre and Marie Antoinette were introduced among the principals. Mrs. Lander appeared in New York in 1858 as the star in "Charlotte Corday or the Reign of Terror." Bella Pateman was the Charlotte in a poetic drama written by James Mortimer and produced for the first time at the Theatre Royal at Dublin in 1876.

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Forgotten Theatres

PART II.

NO other playhouse in New York rose so often upon its own ruins as the Bowery Theatre, which was destroyed by fire four times. It was situated on the site of the old Tavern and Cattle Market, known as Bull's Head, and its outward structure was made to represent white marble. Under the management of Gilfert, in 1826, with prices from 75 cents to 37½ cents, it housed such stars as Forrest, Hamblin, George Holland and Cooper. During the spring season of 1828, it was destroyed, but, nothing daunted, the management set to work to rebuild, and in ninety days a white stucco structure was in its place, adorned with six columns. As a manager, Gilfert was distinguished as being the first to employ a "press agent," and to organize a theatre orchestra.

The house next passed under the direction of Hamblin and Hackett. It was here that George Farren made his début in 1829, and that same year occurred the famous association of George Jones (Count Joannes) with J. B. Booth. The audiences did not know that throughout the scenes of "Richard III," Booth once was after Richmond in earnest, and it was only the superior defense of Jones that saved his life. For Booth was fully determined to take the life of the man he was playing with. James Sheridan Knowles was seen at this theatre in June, 1830, and in September the building was once more razed to the ground.

On January 3, 1837, a new building was ready for business, but the god of fire was persistent, and the next year the house was again destroyed, only to be rebuilt with the customary promptness. In 1842, "London Assurance" was presented with great scenic realism, real furniture being carefully selected, and doors and carpets used. When the fourth fire occurred in 1846, E. L. Davenport was one of the chief figures of the Bowery, and he remained so after the new building was in readiness, the same building that in 1892 was given over to Hebrew performances.

But the Bowery in those days was accustomed to the best in theatric art. Julia Dean, Murdoch, Eddy, Mark Smith, and Fanny Wallack found favor. The building is still standing.

On May 10, 1806, Vauxhall Garden Theatre was opened on the west side of Fourth Avenue, opposite Cooper Institute Park. As Col. Brown states, "It ran through to Broadway, as far up as Astor Place, including Astor Library and Lafayette Place." Here it was that Poe's father and mother acted, but Miss Arnold was also seen at the John Street Theatre. With its trees, its lamps and its avenue of paintings, the place was a favorite resort, and continued to be so, for, burned down in 1807, it was immediately rebuilt, and remained until 1855.

Niblo's Garden, on part of the Bayard Farm, was situated on the northeast corner of Broadway and Prince Street. In 1800, it was a training ground for race horses, and a favorite place for the circus, and here, around 1812, the soldiers used to drill. In the summer of 1823, the site was used for entertainments of an evening, and then Niblo, erecting a temple of music in the centre of the property, turned it into a public garden. In 1827, while the Bowery Theatre was being rebuilt, Gilfert came to Broadway, and on this site erected a theatre in fifteen days.

The prices were increased to one dollar, but that sum bought a ticket admitting a lady and gentleman. Burton, Buckstone and Hackett were the stars in the years to follow. In 1840, the place was burned, and was not rebuilt until 1849. Brougham then undertook the management, and Cushman, Wallack and Mrs. Mowatt appeared there. So did Adelina Patti, Dion Boucicault, the Barney Williams, McCullough, Matilda Heron and Lucille Western. People of our own time remember Mrs. Langtry, James O'Neill, Rose Coghlan, and Lawrence Barrett, who were later additions to the honor roll of the theatre. On March 23, 1895, the audience assembled for the last time, some of them eager to secure a memento of the place doomed to disappear. On the fall of the final curtain, *Auld Lang Syne* was sung lustily by the devotees of the drama. Perhaps the most distinctive success of Niblo's was the production of "The Black Crook" in 1866.



Otto Sarony Co.

MARTA WITKOWSKA

Polish contralto seen recently with the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Co. in "Aida"

The Richmond Hill Theatre deserves passing mention, because it had once been the home of Aaron Burr. It was opened in 1831, with a yellow front, and a white portico flaunting four pillars. It was situated at the southeast corner of Varick and Charlton Streets.

The National Theatre, on the southeast corner of Leonard and Church Streets, opened in 1833 with opera. Many managers ventured to run the house, but because of its poor situation, it never brought much success, even though Cushman, Forrest, Hackett, Hamblin, Burton, Jefferson, and Rice of "Jim Crow" fame, were to be seen there. In 1841, the theatre was set on fire. Perhaps one of the heaviest losers in the enterprise was W. E. Burton. On some evenings, under the régime of Hacketts, the Bonapartes might be seen occupying a box.

The Franklin Theatre, at 175 Chatham Street, between James and Oliver, was opened in 1835, with Jefferson as scenic artist. Here it was that Mary Duff won distinction as the "Siddons of America," and John Gilbert came to the fore. After being under the direction of Blake, and after diverse changes of name, the theatre fell into bad ways, and finally, in 1848, was turned into a cheap museum.



Photo Sykes

FLORENCE E. MOORE

Who made a recent hit as Clorinda Scribblem, the typewriter with literary aspirations in "Hanky Panky," now being played on the road

Mitchell's Olympic, at 442 Broadway, between Howard and Grand Streets, was built for Blake, and was, for a time, a most popular place of amusement. It boasted of a pit for gentlemen, the ladies being set aside in the boxes. There was a bar. Opened at the beginning of the year 1838, with the curtain rising at seven, the theatre finally proved a poor financial venture because Blake insisted upon being too lavish. Under the control finally of Mitchell, the prices were reduced to twenty-five and twelve and a half cents. The house was patronized on Saturday nights by newsboys and butcher boys, who made such noise that often the manager would have to appear before the curtain and threaten to raise the prices if they were not quiet. Those were the days of Charles Walcot, W. R. Blake, George Holland, and William Warren. Strange to say that the theatre was killed by the success of Burton's; yet in 1850, Burton himself came over as manager and tried to revive the popularity of the place, but with no success. The theatres had begun to move rapidly up the avenue.

The Chatham Theatre, on the west side of the street, between Roosevelt and James, was opened by Tom Flynn in 1839, the character of the plays being high and the actors excellent. The playbills contained such names as Booth, John Sefton, Placide, Forrest, Charles Thorne, Wallack, Celeste, and others.

Here, some historians aver, Edwin Booth was suddenly thrust upon the stage to take his father's part on an evening when the sire was too drunk to go upon the stage. There was a fire in the house in 1859, and thereafter the place was abandoned to a lower class of drama. One of the successes of the theatre was a version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but it was no distinction in those days to have an "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for the piece was given all over the city; in fact, wherever there was a theatre.

Burton's Theatre, on the site of Palmo's Opera House, was situated at 39-41 Chambers Street. It was first opened in 1844, but the sheriffs were soon in possession because of a disastrous season. The management was assumed by Burton in 1848, with John Brougham as stage manager, and during their régime many Dickens dramatizations were attempted. In 1876, the American News Company passed into the building.

The old Broadway Theatre, on the east side of the avenue, between Pearl and Anthony (Worth) Streets, in fact, 326-28 Broadway, was modelled after the London Haymarket. It was opened in 1847, and a long list of notable actors forms its roster: Henry Wallack, Lester Wallack, Murdock, Brougham, Forrest, Coffdock, Davidge, Brooke, and Cushman. These names were to remain on Broadway for nearly half a century.

One of the chief distinctions of the Astor Place Opera House was the riot, which has been considered in a previous issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. It was opened in 1847, and theatrical politics killed its chances as a home for music. Tripler Hall was built on property owned by John Lafarge, on the west side of Broadway, nearly opposite Bond Street. Built originally for the appearance of Jenny Lind, it was also used for balls and lectures. Here it was that some of the most heated abolitionist meetings were conducted. Opened in 1850 as a playhouse, Hackett was its one-time manager. Rachel appeared on its stage in 1855. That same year the place passed under the management of Laura Keene, much to the bitter denouncement of the press and her associates. On the opening, "Prince Charming" was announced, but someone slashed the scenery as rehearsals were nearing completion.



INA CLAIRE

Recently seen as Prudence, the title rôle in "The Quaker Girl"

The house was known as the Laura Keene's Varieties, and here, in 1856, Miss Keene herself appeared in a garbled version of "Camille," the original version of which was played by Matilda Heron. The theatre had a brilliant career under various managers, in 1864, Edwin Booth, with others, undertaking his first business venture in the managerial line. This same year the three sons of the elder Booth were seen in a production of "Julius Cæsar." The house was burned to the ground, and on its site was erected the Grand Central Hotel.

In passing, we must mention Fellows Opera House at 444 Broadway, opened in 1850, and burned three times. From its stage emanated the fame of Wood's and Christy's minstrels.

Brougham's Lyceum, on the west side of Broadway, two doors below Broome Street,

met with great success during its first season of 1851. The Wallacks and the Davenports, Cushman and Maeder appeared here, and here also there came very near being a riot, due to public feeling over the Forrest divorce suit, which formed the chief topic in the papers. In 1852, the house passed under the management of J. W. Wallack. For many years to follow, the name of Wallack was to represent the best in theatrical management. In fact, Wallack's Lyceum was noted for its excellent Shakespearian productions; the actor manager, if anything, was English in his tastes, and he became a firm believer in the old comedy. Old-timers probably remember the appearance of E. A. Sothern as Armand Duval, quite a different rôle from Dundreary. When Wallack moved to the Thirteenth Street Theatre, the old playhouse he left went through diverse changes, and its history has to be followed under the various names of Music Hall, the New York Athenaeum, Mary Provost's Theatre, the German Opera House, and the New York Theatre. In 1865, John E. Owens was the chief attraction.

From now on we may look for the amusement centre around Fourteenth Street. Many of Daly's New York comedies give the society atmosphere of that time, and as the Metropolitan Opera House is now the centre of the whirl of social things, so the Academy of Music, opened in 1854, was the centre then. It is useless to enter minutely into the career of that famous house, now given over to cheap stock and moving pictures. We are familiar with the occasional appearances of well-known stars there to-day, and Mr. Daniel Frohman is still of the belief that here a People's Theatre would be an excellent financial venture. In those days, Grisi, Clara Louise Kellogg, Janauschek, Nilsson, Salvini, Rossi, Patti, Theodore Thomas, and a coterie of other stars were featured there.



White BLANCHE YURKA
Recently seen as Vice in "Everywoman"

The real Laura Keene's Varieties, situated at 624 Broadway, above Houston Street, was opened in 1856. An excellent company was maintained, and though Miss Keene was inclined to be exacting, many successes were achieved. Perhaps the most surprising one was "Our American Cousin," in which the laurels were quite taken away from the other actors by the eccentricities of Sothern as Dundreary. Joseph Jefferson was in the cast.

Mrs. Wood's Olympic flourished on the same site in 1863. Davidge, Stoddart and Clarke appeared there, as did also Charles Wyndham, fresh from the Union Army at Gettysburg. Augustin Daly assumed the management in 1877.

The People's Theatre, near Spring Street, at 199 Bowery, was managed by Tony Pastor in 1868. It has now been turned into a Hebrew Theatre, but then it produced such plays as "East Lynne," "Davy Crockett," "The Two Orphans," "The Shaughraun," and "The Silver King." In 1889, E. H. Sothern appeared there in "The Highest Bidder."

We are now sufficiently "up town" to give the theatres only a passing notice, for they are no longer forgotten; they have simply been replaced. As the theatres moved farther up Broadway, the theatrical district became more concentrated. This may be bad for business, since congestion is never a good phase of any enterprise.

The New Bowery, two blocks from the Old Bowery and near Hester Street, existed from 1859 to 1866. The Irving Place Theatre began in 1860 as Irving Hall, but its use was superfluous as a ballroom after the erection of Steinway Hall. The new building erected on its site was at first called the Amberg Theatre (1888), and in 1893 Conreid assumed the management, raising its standard as a home for German drama.

Wallack's Thirteenth Street Theatre was opened in 1861, and its brilliant career has become part of the history of the Wallack family. After Wallack deserted it, the name was changed to The Star. From 1883 to 1899, a long list of brilliant stars accumulated. The familiar brick structure was torn down in 1901, the audience on the final curtain singing *Auld Lang Syne*.

Wood's Minstrel Hall was situated at 514 Broadway, on the east side, just below Spring Street. It had once been used as a synagogue, but in 1862 was given over to cheap amusement of the spectacular sort. In 1867, it was known as Wood's Theatre Comique.

The Athenaeum, at 728 Broadway, opposite Waverly Place, was once a church. In 1873, Daly assumed the management for a short while, but its history stretches as far back as 1838. He also managed the Fifth Avenue Opera House in 1869, after John Brougham had tried the management. In 1870 Clara Morris appeared there. The house burned down in 1873, and Daly took his company to the Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre on Broadway at Eighth Street.

The site of Daly's Fifth Avenue became the site for the Madison Square Theatre, whose brilliant history, beginning with Steele Mackaye's ownership in 1879, has been partly sketched by Daniel Frohman. Holland, Mansfield, Hoyt, and all the well-known stars, too well known to be forgotten even by a new generation, began to gain ascendency in that small playhouse. The theatre has only recently been obliterated by a huge office building—a huge

(Continued on page viii)



White MARGUERITE CLARK



White LOUISE CLOSSER HALE



Mr. Jahoda and Mrs. A. Smidt in "Mademoiselle Tourbillon"



Josephine Kaspar in 'The Doll's Fairy"



Mr. K. Hrbek and Miss T. Černá in "Na Kozlanském Klepáci"

Real Bohemia in New York

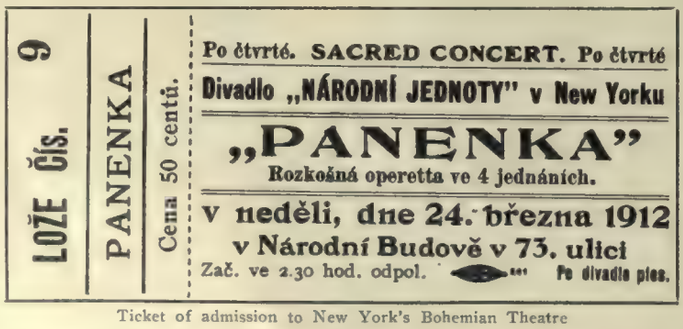
EVEN though the number of playhouses in America may not be a sign of popular response to the drama (for the American people are apt to be passive rather than active in art), there is a rather extensive colony very near the heart of New York where the stage represents a really serious part of the daily life of the people. Here, in the Bohemian section of the city, between, say, Sixtieth Street and Ninetieth Street, on the East Side, the butchers, the bakers and the candlestick-makers have for twenty years been actively engaged in producing all sorts of drama, the profits of which are devoted to charity and to the perpetuation of the dramatic work itself. On the stage of the three theatres that this interesting people have established, the saloon-keeper becomes a priest, the grocer a baron, the real estate operator a begger, and all his friends and customers, his debtors and creditors, come to see him on Sunday afternoons, playing his part with the other volunteer actors and actresses—and most of them playing remarkably well.

The Bohemians seem really to play for pleasure, but they take their pleasure seriously. At the native jingoistic melodrama, and at the ultra modern musical comedy alike, the whole of some very large families are to be seen. Sometimes the baby is taken along, and the entire pit (there is nothing but pit) is nearly always crowded. The audiences are attentive, and the smoking of the *pater familias,* which is universal, does not appear to annoy.

The first theatre established by the fifty thousand Bohemians in New York was in Fifth Street, and was little more than a huge hall with a small stage at one end of it and weird, tall pictures on the walls, huge wooden, or imitation wooden, rafters across the ceiling, with flaring gas lamps hanging here and there upon them. Later on a theatre of something of the same sort was built in Seventy-first Street, and then the large national Bohemian hall in Seventy-third Street, but the best company at present gives its performances in Sokol Hall, which was established by the Sokols, a large Bohemian society, a kind of national guard of Bohemia, which has schools and gymnasiums and hospitals and is very wealthy, and some day aims to bring about the rehabitation of Bohemia on an independent basis. Sokol, we are told, means falcon, and the falcon is the national bird of Bohemia. Every five years this society meets in Prague, and this year, which happens to be the time of meeting, the American branch of the society has chartered an entire steamer from the Holland-American Line, and for the first time in many decades a ship on the high seas will fly the Bohemian flag. Toward all these patriotic demonstrations the Austrian government is using the wisest kind of policy: that of giving many concessions and tolerating all things. Except for this, the Bohemians declare, she could not retain her control.

Realizing the feeling at work in the spirits of this people, we can easily understand the quivering enthusiasm and the tearful tremors under which the audiences view performances of "Psohlavci," the national Bohemian tragedy, whenever these are given. This title is the name of a tribe, and means "the head of a dog," and it deals with the story of the war against Germany just before 1621, when Bohemia lost its independence. From that time until about 1848 the country was completely dominated by Germany and its language was entirely lost, except in a few of the outer provinces. The heroes of the play are the Chods, who, according to legend, possessed a charter from the King of Bohemia to walk the borderland between their country and Germany and to defend their people from German invasion. Of course, these patriots occasionally crossed the border, and about 1845 the Emperor of Austria heard of their assaults on the Germans. So he revoked the charter, and their hero (who is the hero of the play) was hanged.

When this scene takes place in the drama there is universal weeping all over the house, and even *blasé* New Yorkers cannot help being thrilled by the nationalistic spirit that has come down through so many generations of oppression. As the curtain descends on the final act the applause is simply terrific; applause such as one never sees equalled in



Ticket of admission to New York's Bohemian Theatre

New York, except, perhaps, at the performances of Orleneff in Russian, when, with a tortured wriggle and the accents of a little child, he finally gives way to a softening grain in the last scene of Ibsen's drama, "Ghosts."

Tragic moments are not, however, the only ones that are enjoyed by the Bohemian theatregoers, for during the past month they have given several performances of the "Lustige Bauer," a new musical comedy by the author of "The Merry Widow," of which Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have the American rights, and which will appear on Broadway in more expensive accoutrement next year. This play has been translated from German into Bohemian by Mrs. Prusa, who was herself an actress in Bohemia, but with whose figure American life seems to have agreed too well to permit her continuing to take any serious rôles. The particular delight of the audiences in this piece was a little child of ten years of age, named Bertha Kauders, whose mother was an actress in Bohemia and whose father is a bookkeeper in a beer-bottling business. She played the part of a young boy in such farcically adequate fashion as to convulse at least three audiences in three successive weeks. The primadonna rôle was played and sung by Josephine Lier, who has graduated from an American dramatic school and has an exceptional voice. Miss Lier, we learn, is a bookkeeper in a factory in Seventy-second Street, and Albert Tvrdy, who takes one of the chief men's parts, is a bank clerk on First Avenue.



Miss Masopust as the Doll's Fairy

Other plays that have been given by the performers at Sokol Hall are "Puppenfee" ("The Doll's Fairy"), "Mademoiselle Tourbillon" (which was translated from the French), "The Two Orphans," "The Clouds" (by the most popular native dramatist, Kvapil), which last year was produced in an English translation by Charles Recht at the Bijou Theatre under the direction of Julius Hopp; "The Iron Master," by Ohnet, and a great many performances of "Alma, Wo Wohnst Du?" which Mrs. Prusa translated from the original French. This great variety of repertory has all been given during the present season, and the variety of outside activity in which the various members of the casts engaged was quite equal to that of the plays which they produced. In the Sokol Hall company alone one part was taken by a butcher, one by a button manufacturer, one by a fern dealer, one by a piano salesman, another by a barber, and still another by a candy chef. All the rehearsals are held after business hours, many of them not starting until half-past nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and all of them directed by fellow workmen of especial talent.

Most of us know practically nothing about the real Bohemians. We imagine that they are some outgrowth of the gypsy tribes that invaded Paris generations ago, and that were called Bohemians as a term of reproach. As a matter of fact the real Bohemians ought to be called Czechs, and not Bohemians at all. They are an important element in New York, Chicago and many other parts of the United States. They have, among other things, two daily newspapers, one socialist weekly, one free-thought monthly, one anarchist paper, a free school in New York of eight hundred attendants, and a large press association, with its main office in Chicago, which sends out news on Bohemia and Bohemianism to the other newspapers of the country. The Bohemians are an unusually "radical" people, but not in the way in which they are generally supposed to be. They are interested in thought of all sorts and in art of many kinds, and they are lacking in much of our American prudery. To that extent our usually prejudiced conception of "Bohemia" justly applies to them.

B. Russell Herts.



A group of New York Bohemian players. The entire cast of the Sokol Hall Company

Playhouses in Shakespeare's Day

WHAT were the London theatres like in Shakespeare's day? This is a question of necessary interest, which many scholars and historians have asked and sought to answer. The evidence, as in most matters regarding the poet who is at the same time the world's greatest, and in many ways most mysterious, is fragmentary and unsatisfying. Everybody has seen the pictures of tower-like, circular or octagonal buildings, taken from old maps of London and variously labeled the Rose, the Swan, the Hope, or the Globe Theatre. Nearly all of these pictures show the figures of men and women standing about, close to the wall; and, if their stature be taken as a scale, it would seem that the edifice was, in each case, ridiculously small. Indeed, if the manager could have crowded twenty such spectators into any one of these playhouses, he would have had to presume very boldly upon corporeal elasticity.

We have some data, however, regarding several Elizabethan theatres, and our conviction that these old drawings are absurdly disproportionate is thereby confirmed. Nevertheless, estimates of the seating—or, more usually, standing—capacities have greatly varied, ranging, in fact, from three hundred to twelve hundred. One investigator has even gone so far as to conclude that the Fortune Theatre had room in it for nearly three thousand people, but the evidence upon which he bases this hasty opinion is most untrustworthy.



From a painting by Edgar Bundy
THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

At all events, there were more than a dozen of these playhouses in London, at or near Shakespeare's time, including, in addition to those already mentioned, the Theatre, the Curtain, the Blackfriars, the Whitefriars, Paris Garden, Newington Butts, the Red Bull, and the Cockpit. The Globe, of course, is the most famous of them all, for it is most closely associated with the Bard of Avon. We know about when it was erected, through a bond dated December 22, 1593, given by Richard Burbage, the celebrated actor, to one Peter Streete. The building was of wood, hexagonal without, circular within, and open to the weather, except for the "upper" part of the stage, which was covered with a thatched roof. The aforesaid Peter Streete, having satisfactorily demonstrated his theatre-building capacities, was given the contract five years later, in 1599, to erect another playhouse on the same plan. This was the Fortune, in Golding Lane. It was constructed for Messieurs Henslowe and Alleyn, the one a manager, the other an actor; and it was somewhat more ornamental than the Globe. The latter was indeed a primitive structure, having but two doors, one each to the auditorium and to the dressing-room. It has been thought that it got its name from a possible sign representing Hercules or Atlas supporting the globe, with the motto: *Totus mundus agit histrionem*, which surely is something like saying, "All the world's a stage."

At all events, the first Globe Theatre had a brief, if glorious career, and certainly a brilliant end. This latter occurred on St. Peter's Day, June 29, 1613, and good Sir Henry Wotton may be allowed to tell the story in his own picturesque words: "Now to let matters of state sleep," he wrote to his nephew three days after the event, "I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Bank-side. The King's players had a new play called 'All Is True,' representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like: sufficient, in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

Another writer of the time gives a similar account, adding, "It was a great marvel and fair grace of God, that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out." The following spring the Globe Theatre was rebuilt, and a poetaster of the period burst into verse:

"For where before it had a thatched hide,
Now to a stately theatre 'tis turned."

Tile, instead of straw, was doubtless employed for the roofing; but the walls were still of wood. It was in use for thirty years, and then, much out of repair, was probably torn down. After the Restoration, when the theatres were all re-opened, nothing more is heard of the Globe.

Meanwhile, there was the Fortune, in Golding Lane, built by the same carpenter and on the same plan, but square inside and out and of a cross-timbered plaster construction. Its dimensions were eighty by eighty feet without, and fifty-five within. Its foundation, of piles, brick, lime, and sand, was to extend at least one foot above ground. Each side of the quadrangle, then, gave twelve and a half feet of space for the "rooms" or boxes, galleries, and staircases in front and for the "tiring-house" behind. There were three tiers of these boxes and galleries, respectively, twelve, eleven, and nine feet high. The total altitude of the structure, therefore, was thirty-three feet above ground. To picture a building of such dimensions, or one like it in plan, even if circular in form, as if it were a tower, the height of which was equal to, or greater than its diameter, is manifestly absurd. The "gentlemen's rooms" and the "two-penny rooms" were to have four divisions, and, together with the staircases and passages, were to be plastered and ceiled. Other "rooms," furnished with seats and floored with deal boards, and the "stairs, conveyances and divisions," were to be the

(Continued on page ix)



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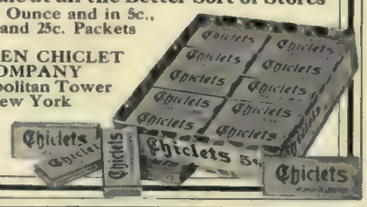
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FAY TEMPLETON

(*Continued from page 24*)

stage for a time? Hasn't it given you a new perspective?"

Miss Templeton nodded in her serious way—when off the stage. "I don't believe I have lost anything. I think I can do the best work of my life now. I have an idea for a play, and a playwright is interested in it and may develop it for me. It is a comedy, but has tears in it. And that is what wins, because that is life. When I sang 'Rosie' people asked me why I sang two or three of the lines as though I were going to burst into tears. 'Because,' I answered, 'that is the way Rosie would have felt.'

"My coming back to the stage was the result of a joke. I heard that they were reviving 'Pinafore.' I said 'I should like to play Buttercup.' The friend said, 'Why not?' and I dismissed the idea with a laugh. But it had started interest in the matter, and an offer came. I hesitated—and accepted, as one usually does. Then this offer came with all its sentiment—and money," she said with earnest candor.

"But how strangely people talk about it. They say to me, 'Why, you haven't changed,' and of Miss Russell, 'She looks just the same!' Why shouldn't we be the same? Did audiences expect us to come on with a crutch?"

The cat rolled over and yawned. The dragging sounds and the noise grew louder, and the profanity more picturesque. I arose, and Miss Templeton rose also, and with an air of relief. I had heard she didn't like interviews. Now I knew it.

"Did you get that list?" she asked anxiously. "First you must have a fair knowledge of all branches of acting. Second——"

"Yes, thank you. I have it all."

Her head, crowned by a fashionable mauve hat, leaned to one side. She eyed me quizzically. The brilliant, half mocking eyes flashed their signal of the Fay Templeton audiences see. For a half hour I had been seeing another Fay Templeton unknown of the public, the woman who, the night before, when begged to take a chance, a dollar apiece, on a pearl necklace that was being raffled for a sister player who had fallen upon lean, anguished times, had sent out a hundred dollars and a "God bless you." The first is worthy all admiration. The second tugs at your heartstrings and impresses the value of the big realities of life.

ADA PATTERSON.

FAMOUS WOMEN

(*Continued from page 26*)

The killing of Marat provides one of the most dramatic stage entrances that were transpired in reality to be re-enacted by women of the stage in a later century. The scene could not have been set in a more tragic manner. The audience knows that the old dog is nearing his end. It looks intently upon the little girl who has concealed a carving knife in her chemise. They have an interview, consisting of crisp, sharp words, every one weighed with fatality. Endeavoring to draw near him, she shows that she has knowledge of things as they are transpiring by telling him that the Girondists are plotting at Caen. Perhaps she gives him a moment to prepare for the end—perhaps she accuses him of his crimes, as she approaches the tub. Then quick as a flash she flourishes the knife above his head and plants it deeply in his body. He wails and cries for help. Charlotte stands erect and defiant, waiting to be led off to her punishment. Men will wreck their vengeance, but she believes that Heaven will bless her, and the people of France will know that she gave herself to them.

So she was led away to the knife and beheaded amid the clamor of the mob. It was a more thrilling scene than that similar episode in the same city when Dubarry went to the same death. One had squandered money from the royal treasury and was a licentious panderer to a king's whims and passions. The other was a pure and radiant maiden, whose brain was fired with a desire to do something to relieve the suffering of her countrymen—an innocent convent girl, whose feverish ambition to lessen the burden of others caused her own destruction. There could be no greater "acting part," and if the day of romantic and historical drama returns, there is no doubt that even greater interest than any previous time in history, the story of Charlotte Corday will be acceptable to theatre-goers and most welcome to the actress who has the opportunity to characterize the heroine, and to the actors playing the principal male parts surrounding her tragic history.

ARCHIE BELL.

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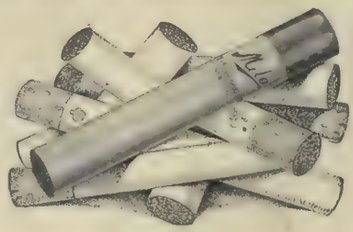
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—MILO.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York

THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 22)

written by Tom, Dick and Harry, street-car conductors, salesladies, so that a "union" to be effective should embrace practically the entire population. It is claimed that the motion pictures have added sixteen million people to the regular theatre-going population.

Each company receives about 100 scenarios a week, and about 5 per cent. pass muster, and are accepted—those rejected being too criminal in character or inexpert in their form for motion picture use.

Some of the film makers also have many of the principal magazines under a yearly subsidy, which gives them first call on the materials for plays of anything printed in these magazines.

There is in New York a censor committee to keep in check such film makers whose conscience is not above earning a penny by pandering to the criminal instincts of a certain class of patrons of these shows. That they do an immense amount of harm in the child life of the nation is not open to argument—infinitely more than in the individual cases where the children act under proper supervision upon the stage. Statistics also show that these theatres are such a fascination to children that it is almost impossible to keep them in to study their lessons.

But the makers of these films and their clients the managers of the motion picture houses, have discovered that their patrons are demanding more complete plays than may be developed from a mere scenario. So they are offering all kinds of prices for the developed plays of the regular theatres. Some of these figures are astonishing: $50,000 for the rights to "The Garden of Allah;" $25,000 for the rights to the Liebler & Co.'s centenary production of Comyns Carr's version of Charles Dicken's "Oliver Twist," with Nat Goodwin, Marie Doro, Constance Collier, Lyn Harding, Fuller Mellish and other distinguished players in the cast, and other prices like $5,000 for "Trilby;" and sometimes the best plays are boldly "pirated" by the motion picture makers, resulting in great loss to the producing manager and author.

To the actor the motion pictures have been a God-send, because many hundreds of the profession have found lucrative employment in these bad seasons in this new stage-work, acting without words—in a way a return to the pantomimic form. And also men and women who were on general principles misfits in their profession have drifted into this work. Some of the producing managers are now making their contracts with their actors forbidding them to "act" for motion pictures, and also refusing to engage any who may have previously engaged in this class of work. They are less particular in this respect in Paris, where Pathé Frères have had some of the most important people on the French stage acting out their motion picture dramas, and that is the one prime reason why our motion pictures of photo-plays are inferior in the "acting" to the foreigners. Our film makers won't pay our best people the salaries they are entitled to, *i. e.*, they want it all for themselves.

The most prominent managers who have made great fortunes, and very quickly, too, out of the game, are Wm. Fox, Martin Beck, and Marcus Loew. Of these it is said Beck was a bartender in Chicago and Loew a furrier in a small way in New York. It is said that David Belasco and David Warfield are heavily interested in some of these motion picture houses. Wm. A. Brady is also deeply interested.

These motion picture houses, combined with vaudeville, have proven the fiercest competion the regular theatres have ever experienced. The managers have not known how to meet it. In building new playhouses, their one thought has been to build for the rich, not realizing that those with 25 and 50 cents to spend for an evening's entertainment have increased in the ratio of 100 to the one who has $2 to pay for his theatre seat. Prices should be reduced, not where the rich seat themselves, but galleries should be reduced to 25 cents, Wednesday matinées to 15 cents, and then put up the $2 seats to $2.50, say, for the first rows in the orchestra, reduce the first balcony seats and so on. This would perhaps strike a lower average for the seating capacity of each theatre, but it would stimulate business and meet the motion picture houses on debatable ground.

My thanks are due for much valuable information to Joseph Jackson and Howard Kingsmore, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and H. A. D'Arcy, of the Publicity Department of the Lubin Mfg. Co., of Philadelphia.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

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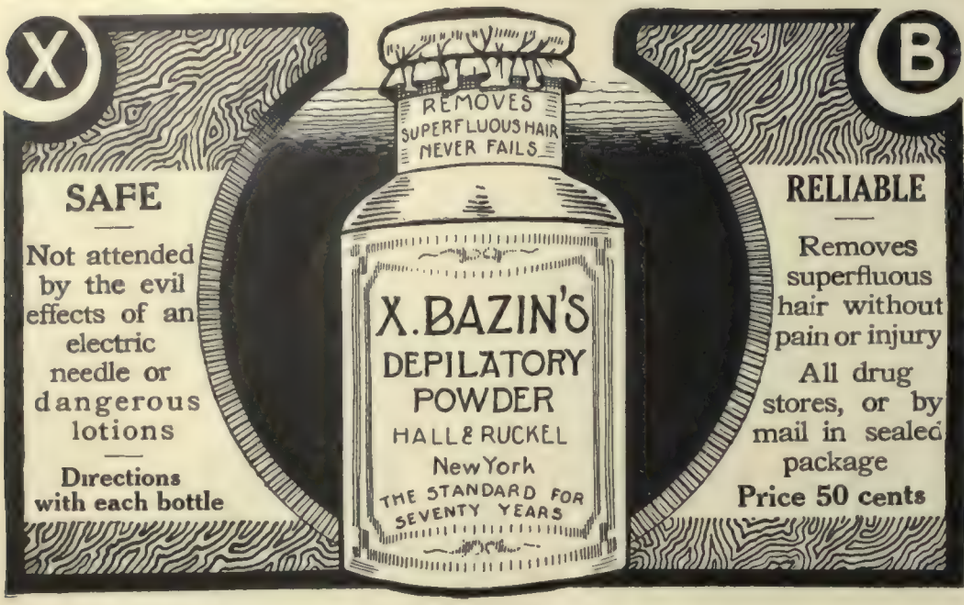
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FORGOTTEN THEATRES

(Continued from page 29)

structure which totally destroyed the last vestige of the old looking appearance of Twenty-third Street and Broadway.

The Fourteenth Street Theatre was first called the Theatre Française, when it was opened in 1866. Here Ristori and French opera flourished. Here Fechter and Clara Morris and others graced the boards. Here Forrest made his last appearance, well-nigh forgotten by a fickle public. In 1879, the name of the house was changed to Haverly's Theatre, and in 1886 it entered upon its more recent career, though its last phase is motion pictures.

Wood's Museum afterwards became Daly's Theatre, and was opened in 1867. In 1879, Daly began his brilliant régime, succeeded by Frohman and then by the Shuberts. The Grand Opera House was erected in 1864, and in 1872 was managed by Daly. The New Fifth Avenue, now Proctor's, was leased by Daly in 1873, and there Fanny Davenport, Duse and Sara Jewett won applause.

In 1853, the present site of the Madison Square Garden, soon doomed to disappear, was the terminal for the Harlem railroad. In 1889 the new building was erected. Booth's Theatre was at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Here Cushman made her farewell bow to the public. To-day the place is marked by a bust of Shakespeare, which hardly any of the busy shoppers notice outside the second story of McCreery's store.

The Union Square Theatre, on the south side of Union Square, erected in 1871, had a brilliant record under Palmer's management. In 1893, the place passed under the régime of Keith.

The Park Theatre was on the east side of Broadway, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second Streets. Opened in 1874, it was burned to the ground in 1882. In 1876, it introduced Abbey as a theatrical manager. Sothern, Robson and Crane, Lotta, John T. Raymond, and Frank Mayo, appeared on that stage.

The Eagle Theatre, on Sixth Avenue, between Thirty-third and Thirty-second Streets, was opened in 1875. It sheltered Mansfield, Robson and Crane, Bernhardt and Lotta. In 1901, it passed under the excellent management of Mrs. Fiske with her Manhattan Theatre Company. Thereafter it was sacrificed to moving pictures until Gimbel's store swept it away.

The Bijou Theatre, inaugurated in 1884, was opened in 1878 as the Brighton Theatre. The present Wallack's began in 1882, and has maintained an average standard, though its brilliant days were under the régime of Wallack and Palmer. Strange to say there are not many plays of the present that can live so far downtown as Thirtieth Street. But who would not go there even now to see such stars as Mary Anderson, Jane Harding, Bellew and Potter, Coquelin and Wallack. Surely any big actor can draw to any locality.

There used to be a colosseum in 1873 on the site of the present Herald Square Theatre. An aquarium, a circus, and a panorama attracted the crowds. In 1883, a new building was erected and called the New Park Theatre. Minnie Maddern was then attracting notice. In 1885, Harrigan assumed management. In 1895 it began its recent career, Mansfield, "The Heart of Maryland," "Pudd'n Head Wilson," "The Only Way," and other successes being presented.

The Broadway Theatre opened in 1888, and though old-fashioned in its architecture, is right in the heart of the theatre district. The old Lyceum, erected in 1885 by Steele Mackaye, had a brilliant record, recently set forth in Daniel Frohman's published reminiscences. The last performance was on March 22, 1902.

The Metropolitan Opera House was erected in 1883, and began under the management of Abbey and Grau. The Casino was built in 1882; the Garden Theatre opened in 1890; the Empire in 1893; the Harlem Opera House in 1882; the Garrick Theatre under Harrigan in 1890, under Mansfield in 1895. Abbey's Theatre opened in 1893, and its name was changed to the Knickerbocker in 1897.

Bear in mind that these are now considered old theatres. Times Square is dotted with new playhouses, and the cry is still they come. The pity of it is that the history of any one of the forgotten theatres is difficult to trace, and it is hoped that the manager of the present will keep a yearly record of his house for whatever tradition our stage may have in the future.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

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SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

(Continued from page 32)

same as in "the late erected playhouse on the Bank" called the Globe. The stage was forty-three feet wide, and it projected into the middle of the "yard" or pit some twenty-seven feet.

Pains were taken to avoid a repetition of the Globe conflagration: tiling was used for all roofs. Yet a similar fate ultimately overtook the Fortune Theatre, for it was burned in December, 1621. John Chamberlain wrote about it to Sir Dudley Carleton: "On Sunday night here was a great fire at the Fortune, the first (foremost) playhouse in this town. It was quite burnt down in two hours, and all their apparel and play-books lost, whereby these poor companions are quite undone." Doubtless the fanatics of the time saw in both catastrophes a direct manifestation of heaven's wrath upon an evil and ungodly business!

Following the usage of its forerunner, the Globe, the Fortune Theatre was equipped with a sign illustrative of its name. This may have been either a picture or a statue; at any rate, one reads in Heywood's "English Traveler":

"I'll rather stand here
Like a statue in the forefront of your house
Forever—like the picture of Dame Fortune
Before the Fortune Playhouse."

It was the Lord Admiral's Company that tenanted this theatre, from its opening in July, 1601. Previously they had acted at the Rose, on the Bankside, and had been successful enough to warrant the erection of a new playhouse. Edward Alleyn, the "star," was in this venture evidently in partnership with his father-in-law, Philip Henslowe, the manager.

Little more is known of the other theatres in Shakespeare's day. The Red Bull, built about 1608, was less fashionable and complete than the Fortune. An old drawing, dated 1672, gives us an idea of its stage, a narrow platform lighted with two chandeliers and a half-dozen footlights, with a curtained entrance at the rear and a gallery above from which the spectators looked down at the backs of the players. As the pit extended above the two sides and the front of the platform, it is apparent that the stage was almost as fully surrounded by onlookers as were the movable pageant-cars of earlier days.

When the first Globe was burned, in 1813, enterprising promoters hastily erected another playhouse, called the Hope, perhaps in the hope of profiting by their neighbors' misfortune. It prospered for seven or eight years, until the theatrical region had shifted some distance from its vicinity; thereafter it descended to bull-baiting and prize fights. Whatever playhouse existed at Newington Butts was probably one of the old bear-baiting ampitheatres remodeled. It came into theatrical use as a result of the plague, which drove My Lord Strange's men away from the Rose, through an order of the Privy Council, and kept them at Newington from June till December, 1592. The Newington Butts playhouse is mentioned in 1598 as built "in former times."

Curious, simple, barn-like structures all these Elizabethan theatres were, with primitive equipment, slight decoration and few conveniences. And yet on their bare stages were produced the most splendid dramas, with probably far greater effectiveness than they were given to-day. There was nothing to appeal to the eye, save the strutting players and their gorgeous costumes, inappropriate often to the times and places represented, but the sole concession to spectacularity. After all, men have ever preferred decorating themselves before adorning their surroundings. The stage effects would be to our realistic generation most laughable; but we have every reason to believe that nobody even smiled when Venus was let down in a chair from the top of the stage—a male Venus, at that!—and later thus drawn up again.

If it was a loss to realism, it was a gain to literature, this childlike simplicity of the Elizabethan theatre; for, as J. Payne Collier declares, "We owe to the absence of painted canvas many of the finest descriptive passages in Shakespeare, his contemporaries and his immediate followers. The introduction of scenery gives the date to the commencement of the decline of our dramatic poetry."

CHARLTON ANDREWS.

The management of the De Koven Opera Company has announced a prize of $1,000 for the best libretto of a light opera along the lines of "Robin Hood." Details of the conditions of the competition will be announced later, but it has been decided that the award of the prize will give the De Koven Opera Company the first option to produce the piece, subject to the usual royalties and the right to select the composer.

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THE FROLICSOME LAMBS

(*Continued from page* 13)

that wound up the Gambol; and "Gus" Thomas, with a megaphone in one hand, giving directions; and the score of the show in his other hand; and a sprinkling of comedians and tragedians, and wielders of the pen, sitting as an impromptu audience, this account of the rehearsal is far from complete.

While all this was going on, another "rehearsal" was going on in the Hudson Theatre, where the auction sale of seats was being held, with actors and managers acting as the auctioneers. The auction was not for the boxes or seats themselves, but for the privilege of buying them, the highest bidder then having to go to the box office and pay for the seats at the regular box office prices, in addition to what he bid for them.

Charles W. Gates bid $750 for a box, and then paid, in addition, the price of the box. On the opening night, Shepherd Joseph R. Grismer auctioned off a souvenir program, in which all of the performers and others connected with the Gambol had written their names, for $675 to Mr. Gates. The bidding started at $50, and was raised by fifties and hundreds until it reached that mark.

The first performance of the Gambol at the Manhattan Opera House realized $35,000, and on the week's tour, embracing two performances a day from Monday to Saturday night, one each in the following cities: New York, Washington, Baltimore, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Newark, Springfield, Boston, and back to New York, at the Century Theatre, for two performances, matinée and evening on Saturday, they realized $50,000.

If the actors and others engaged in presenting the Gambol had not volunteered their services, it would have cost The Lambs a large fortune. The combined salaries for one week of the stars in the Gambol would approximate $35,000, and add to these figures the salaries of Victor Herbert and his orchestra of fifty pieces, which can fill any theatre by itself at any time; and the salaries of one hundred prominent Lambs who command weekly salaries of $100 to $500; together with what it would cost to have a man like Augustus Thomas conduct the rehearsals, and Abraham L. Erlanger as the general business director, Frank McKee for a master of transportation, and a high-salaried press agent in each of the nine cities to which they flocked, all this coupled with transportation charges—the Lambs had a special ten-car train, containing two baggage cars filled with scenery, props and trunks, and a club car—and the cost of advertising! A conservative estimate of the total salary list and other expenses connected with the Gambol in its swing around the eastern theatrical pasture for the week would approximate considerably over $200,000, to say nothing of the cost of production.

To take part in the Gambol, and give their services free, many of the actors were obliged to make great personal sacrifices. Some of them closed their season ahead of time, and others broke engagements, vaudeville and otherwise. Robert B. Mantell closed his Shakespearian tour two weeks ahead of time in order to take part in the scene from Shakespeare, with music, "The Body of Caesar," and appear as Hamlet in "The Actor's Fund Fair" at the end; Wilton Lackaye cut an important vaudeville engagement, and many others made great personal sacrifices. Think, too, what any vaudeville manager in the country would pay David Warfield to do a "two-a-day" in his famous creation, "The Hat Peddler," which he did for The Lambs for nothing! He could get $10,000 a week if he would but say the word! And that knockout skit of Montgomery and Stone, "The Main Bout," what a winner that would be on the variety boards!

One of the most remarkable sights that this or any other country has ever witnessed was the old-time minstrel parade previous to the performance, in which all of the Lambs, headed by Victor Herbert and his orchestra, marched from the Lambs' Club down Broadway to Thirty-fourth Street and over to the Manhattan Opera House, each wearing a duster and minstrel parade hat. Think of it, with America's greatest tragedians as well as comedians, playwrights of the first order, astute theatrical managers, and Victor Herbert and his orchestra, parading through the streets to the theatre! As Wilton Lackaye remarked, "You could not get actors to do this in any other country. They would think it would hurt their dignity."

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

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Giants of the German Drama

(*Continued from page 8*)

exalted and condemned in turn, but unheeding the contradictory voices of his critics goes about his solitary way. Nor is this way a straight and unbroken one towards any one goal, but a rather devious and tortuous path full of surprises to those who would follow its course. Wedekind is considered the embodiment of "world-irony"; he has been called the Mephistopheles of modern German drama. He is the chronicler of animal instincts; he traces eroticism from its first awakening in the period of adolescence to its decline in senility; upon this theme he has built an amazing wealth of variations. But it is difficult to believe his serious intent, if at the height of a dramatic conflict he suddenly turns upon his audience with the grin of a gargoyle. Thus in "Frühlings Erwachen" he spoils the tragic effect by dragging into the end a hardened old cynic, who gives us his view of the tragedy witnessed. There is in the spiritual make-up of Wedekind something of the mountebank who loves to do stunts that startle his audience. With an almost perverse preference he loves to dwell upon the seamy side of life and to limn shady characters. His choice collection of adventurers, crooks and degenerates, male and female, is quite a remarkable literary Rogues' Gallery. When he turns the flashlight of his erratic humor on himself and attempts to reflect his own personality and experiences, he indulges in flights of fancy so capricious as to become grotesque. By these qualities he has come to be regarded as a modern romanticist of the type of E. T. W. Hoffmann.

Austria is represented in the German drama to-day by a group of writers standing apart from their northern colleagues in spirit and form. The Austrian temperament, with its curious blend of light-heartedness and world-weariness, of flippant pessimism and decadent elegance, determines the personalities and the work of Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Schnitzler, the physician, has had an extraordinary opportunity to study humanity in its abnormal conditions, and naturally leans towards the pathological. His plays of modern society depict the life of the cultured classes of Vienna from the viewpoint of his medical profession and his esthetic creed. He is a critic of the conventional lies that enter into the moral code, and the prejudices of caste that disturb the most intimate relations of our social life. But he has also written some fanciful dramolets, and a play of the renaissance, showing remarkable imaginative and poetic qualities. Hofmannsthal, whose career has been recently briefly sketched in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, is an even more typical product of an effete hyper-culture. His range of theme is small, his types can be easily reduced to one model—himself. He cares for truth, the great criterion of modern art, only as means to an end, not as an end in itself. The effect of the work, be it pleasant or unpleasant, is more to him than its essence. But he is a consummate artist, a master of form and of wordcraft.

Hofmannsthal stands at the opposite pole of the revolution which German drama has gone through within the past twenty-five years. A comparison of his work with that of "Bjarne P. Holmsen" makes one aware of the large distance which it has traveled in that period. The partnership of the two men who, under that Scandinavian pseudonym, earned for themselves a permanent place in the literary history of Germany, if not in literature itself, was dissolved immediately after their first success on the stage. Holz has since written a play on almost conventional lines. Schlaf has turned from the naturalistic milieu-drama to the intimately psychological, in which action is merely suggested between the lines. All the late successes on the German stage have been in the nature of attempts to return to old standards, to vary the old manner, the limitations of which seem, after all, to work for firmness and strength of construction, a feature sadly lacking in the works of the young generation that had set out to revolutionize German drama. In a measure, this purpose has been accomplished. Never before has German drama presented such a variety of vital, absorbingly human themes, such a variety of convincingly real, living types. Never before has it been so distinctly of that suggestive, stimulating quality, which makes one think. While this may be a feature characteristic of any transition period, it is especially pronounced in the German drama to-day, and is not to be under-rated. With all its morbid excrescences and vague deviations into by-paths esthetical and pathological, this drama as an entity reflects the philosophy of modern Germany.



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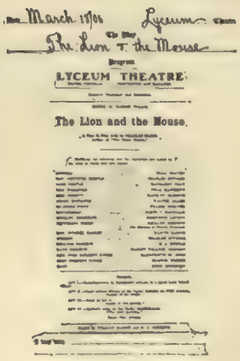
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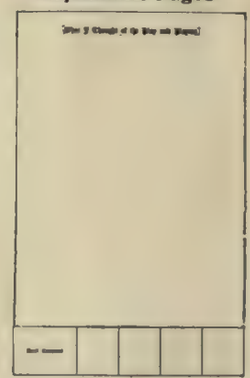
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Specimen Pages



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York

FISHING FOR LINES

(Continued from page 4)

(it was Walter Edwards) came near him. Of course, his "cues" went by the board. Mr. Edwards said the effect seemed to be just as good from the front, but it was decidedly embarrassing to others on the stage.

In many musical comedies the speeches written by the librettist do not seem to be essential to a proper understanding and enjoyment of the entertainment. This was curiously shown, not long ago, when a comedian who was called suddenly to the stage from his dressing-room—where he had been talking to a friend, and forgotten that he was due to appear on the scene—rushed on and delivered a rather long speech in the first act that belonged to the second, and which had no earthly connection with anything said or done in the scene where he placed it. But the audience seemed satisfied, and when the comedian had got his bearings he took up his part properly and the scene went through without a hitch.

Why it is that women are nearly always quicker than men to commit "lines" to memory has never been conclusively explained. That it is a fact, however, is generally admitted. The harassed stage director, trying to lick a new play into shape, knows, to his sorrow, that it is the men who halt and stumble, and "Beg pardon!" and intersperse exasperating "Ums!" "Ahs!" and "Ers!" in the text they are trying to deliver, and who are responsible for most of the mix-ups that disturb the rehearsal day after day. It is the hero, the villain, the "character" man, the "comic" and the "juvenile" who are to be found in the wings, when not required on the stage, hopelessly struggling with their defective memories over their dog's-eared "parts," and wondering why they cannot get their lines.

Standing serenely near them are the women—cool and calm—watching the work on the stage, and ready on the instant to take up their cues intelligently. No bothering with the book for them! They know *their* lines, bless you! Most of them have conquered not only their own parts, but have a pretty fair recollection of all the words in the others, from hearing them repeated day after day. That's the average actress for you. She may not have been letter-perfect at the first few rehearsals, but it is safe to say she has been far ahead of the men from the beginning.

GEO. C. JENKS.

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Victor Records

Freischütz—"Neou, yu il me m'eschappe pas" (Caspar's Air)—Weber. This fine air, the only one allotted to the character of Caspar, occurs in Act I. Caspar, who is under the spell of Zamiel, the arch fiend, is plotting to bring his friend Max (a fellow forest ranger, who has just lost a shooting contest, and is therefore despondent) under the same influence, that his own life may be prolonged. He finally induces Max to meet him in the Wolf's Glen in order to receive the Magic Bullets, which he declares will always hit the mark. Max departs and Caspar gives vent to a fierce joy in this florid and dramatic number.

McCormack Sings a Famous Old Ballad—"Silver Threads Among the Gold"—Danks. The vitality of this old song is really astonishing. Written fifty-four years ago by the late Hart Pease Danks (1834-1903).

A New Zimbalist Solo—"Orientale"—César Cui. This young Russian virtuoso, who has just returned to Europe after a highly successful tour of America, found time before his departure to give the Victor some new numbers.

Hymn of Praise—"I Waited for the Lord"—Mendelssohn. The second of the Gluck-Homer duets is a fine example of that clear and melodious writing which has made Mendelssohn's oratorios rank next to those of Handel. The "Hymn of Praise" (German title, "Lobgesang") was composed for the Guttenberg festival of 1840, the present revised version being given in London some months later.

Scene and Duet from Carmen, by Matzenauer, Amato and Chorus. Carmen—"Se tu m'ami" ("If You Love Me")—Bizet. After the depressing close of the third act, the spirited chorus which opens Act IV is most welcome. The scene shows the exterior of the Plaza de Toros, or Bull Ring, in Seville, where an animated crowd awaits the procession which is soon to enter the ring.

This scene, as the orange sellers, hawkers of fans, ices and the rest, press their wares on the waiting crowd, is extremely gay, and affords welcome relief from the intensity of the drama.

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OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo by Schneider

A lovely afternoon gown in white mousseline, Terry cloth and Cluny lace

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MIDSUMMER FASHION FANCIES

THE present-day woman is so busily occupied with other matters that she cannot stop to pick up the many fashion notes furnished along her daily walks on our fashionable streets and in public places. Neither is it possible for her to devote the necessary time to gather the valuable hints in fashion's realm as suggested by the displays in the various shops.

Therefore, I will devote this chat to this subject, and tell her about some of the newest things I have noticed during the past few days.

First, there are the skirts. I saw many of the new paniers. These were mostly in the low, graceful draperies, and many novel ways of adding a bit to the width of the skirt were apparent. One very handsome afternoon dress of embroidered cream voile introduced the extra fulness in the form of a scant flounce of the voile attached to the side panels about half way up the skirt. These panels, by the way, were composed of exquisite motifs trimmed with black velvet buttons. The wide lace band that edged the sleeve frill was underlaid with the black velvet, and both the foot band and girdle were of the velvet, which is a strong feature of midsummer fashions.

Quite a few of the new plaited skirts, that do not swerve from the long, narrow figure line, were noticed, and French gowns were in evidence. These were distinguished by the normal belt line and the long sleeves.

The continued strong tendency toward the Directoire styles is noteworthy. This was apparent in the coats, in the development of the bodices, and in the neckwear.

The short, cutaway coats were often worn with fancy vestees and collars, those of cretonne being decidedly novel and smart. Several pretty Directoire suits, with the coat sharply cut away just below the bustline and, of course, the back considerably longer than the front, were worn with a blouse of white satin made up with revers which were worn over the coat, thus emphasizing the period of French history of which the men's costumes are now offering such strong style suggestions.

A large number of velvet collars and cuffs were seen. Of course you know that in Paris the smart dressers have been having velvet collars and cuffs on their suits of voile, charmeuse, taffeta, and even of linen. A navy suit had these of red velvet, which not only serves as a touch of brightness to the costume, but it is decidedly French, since blue and red is the present favorite color combination with the Parisiennes.



Photo by Schneider

A striking toilette in white lace and black taffeta



Photo by Talbot

Mlle. Marcelle Praince in a picturesque gown of two-toned green toile de soie, decorated with open-work embroidery

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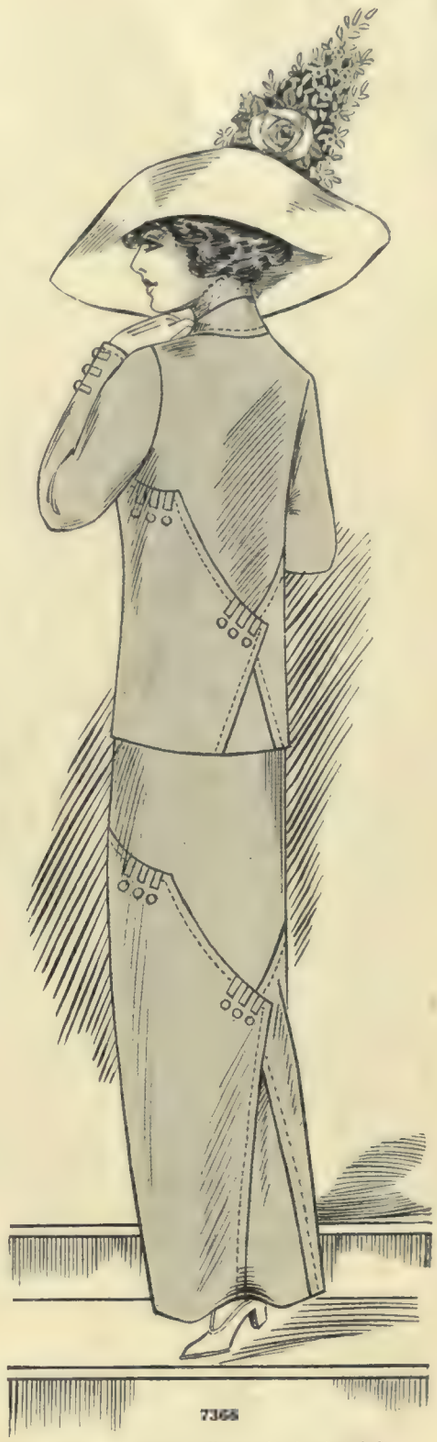


Fig. 7368. A smart tailor-made developed in blue serge. A natty touch is produced by tabs of white cloth combined with buttons of same. Narrow shawl collar of white cloth. The lower front and side sections of the coat and skirt are mounted on the upper portions and lap over at the back. Coat and sleeve, 50c.; skirt, 50c.

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Photo by Manuel
An effective model by Got-Villeroy in black charmeuse, with revers, buttons and straps of white charmeuse

The Directoire tendency was especially manifested in the neckwear, and many a girl's collar reminded me of the pictures we so often see of the Dauphin.

The shops are, therefore, making unusual displays along these lines. There are many modified styles, and the well-dressed summer girl can get a smart tailored stock of the Robespierre type made up of white piqué and black messaline. Tiny black buttons trim the front tab, which is finished off with a bow of the messaline, and these are only $1.25. A very pretty Directoire collar is of taffeta or satin, with frilled revers of dainty lace forming a V opening. These revers can be worn over the coat. They are $2.75. These collars carry out the high neck idea as prescribed by fashion, but with the coming of the real warm days, even this front opening will not give the desired comfort, and many women will continue to have the collarless neck finish on their lingerie dresses. For these there is a new accordion-plaited frill, which promises to supersede the long popular flat-plaited type. These frills are also used in the sleeves to fall over the wrist.

The influence of the Directoire period was also displayed in the lavish use of buttons of every sort. There were buttons of crystal, jet, horn, cut steel, velvet and material to match the gown, and they are all equally fashionable. Then, too, they were applied in numberless ways. I noticed a pretty development of this vogue in one of the several very handsome gowns worn by Miss Juliette Dika in "The Rose Maid." The afternoon gown of gray voile has a side panel of white satin, which is outlined its full length by small white crystal buttons, and the effect is decidedly smart.

Another of Miss Dika's gowns illustrates this season's lavish use of jewel trimmings. An exquisite creamy evening gown made up along plain lines is entirely studded with small flashing brilliants in an elaborate design.

One of Miss Edith Decker's gowns, in the same play, shows the fashionable vogue of using rhinestones as a finish to the bodice and coat edges.

And this reminds me of some beautiful Dutch collars that I saw in a Fifth Avenue shop the other day. They combined two new style points in that they are of black velvet, and have a studded border of rhinestones in design. They are lovely for evening wear, and make a nice finish for the light-colored gown. They are $4.95. Then for wear with the décolleté gowns there are black velvet bands with brilliant little rhinestones arranged in neat patterns. They are two inches wide, and sell at $4.50. Some are very heavily studded one inch wide bands of velvet, and are $5.50.

A costume displayed by Boné Soeurs has an open front tunic of black tulle studded with rhinestones, which is extremely effective over a white lace underdress.

Mentioning studded wearing apparel recalls a recent display of new hosiery I saw in a Broadway shop. There were some in white silk with a beautiful design in pearls along the instep. Others in black as well as white had pretty patterns in rhinestones, these being especially effective in the black. The prices were $9.85 and $11.75.



Photo by Felix
Mlle. Lucienne Gueth in a Paquin model of dark blue meteor, trimmed with velvet bows and white Maline lace

Right here I might mention a few style points regarding midsummer hosiery. As a forerunner of the colored cloth boot tops that will be fashionable in the fall, there is now a large call for colored hosiery. These in shades to match the gown, and, worn with the popular pump, give the desired colored top effect.

The strong white vogue of this season has, naturally, created an unusual call for white hosiery, but the tans and grays, especially the taupe, are greatly in demand. Then, too, beautiful iridescent effects to harmonize with the changeable silks are seen. The firm mentioned, makes a specialty of matching samples, so it is possible to have the hosiery in harmony with every gown.

A high novelty in hosiery is the fish net stocking. The mesh is very strong, and the work is said to be difficult, hence the price is high, $25 a pair. They are very open, so a second underpair are necessary. These can be of any color silk and, when overlaid with the black fish net, the effect is really very charming.

In a Fifth Avenue shop I saw something very pretty in headdresses. Tulle is the favorite material for summer wear, and this piece is composed of a wide plaited band of this material, finished off at the side with a long full pompon developed in a novel style. It is accordion-plaited and tapers to long points at the edge, which give it a feathery look, and is an excellent simulation of the now popular aigrette hair ornament. The price, $2.75, is not impossible either, as is often the case with the aigrette. The obliging saleslady informed me that these aigrettes will be made to order to match any costume, and then she called my attention to a headdress of tulle, wired to form a huge butterfly at the front of the head. The one seen was black over white tulle, and an aigrette of spun glass ornamented the "butterfly." These are $2.25. At a recent evening function a headdress that was greatly admired was finished off in front with tulle wired to form a beetle, the various attached jewels making it very realistic, as well as unusually attractive.



Photo by Talbot
Mlle. Juliette Clarens wearing a model by Paquin. It is trimmed with "Géma" lace, one of the successful novelties of the season



Photo by Talbot
Mlle. Delsart in a dainty frock by Jenny. It is of white voile, with collar, buttons and embroidery of blue

It is probably safe to say that never in the history of fashion has the demand for lace been greater than it is now, and the newest ideas favor the edgings rather than the bands, which we have so long preferred.

Redfern is showing a beautiful costume with a deep flounce of maline lace in a novel drapery effect upon the skirt, and a wide bertha of the same falling below the waistline in the back. An evening coat seen had the sleeves composed of 18-inch wide Chantilly lace frilled in the wide armholes, and they formed graceful sleeves that were underlaid with Royal blue hemstitched chiffon. The bottom of the coat was finished off with a plain band of the same lace edging.

The evening wraps for summer wear are very beautiful. One in steel-embroidered mistral voile, in King's blue over violet chiffon, has all the edges deeply banded with emerald green messaline, the front bands terminating in a long, pointed back yoke, at the edge of which the voile is slightly draped to give the capuchin effect. This most exquisite coat is $95. The newest evening wraps have marabout bandings at the edge, and the effect is soft and pretty.

The odd little colored jackets that are worn with the lingerie frocks are very pretty. One in Copenhagen blue satin, with deep

frills of shadow lace, has a novel fastening in the form of a boutonniere of pink and blue forget-me-nots encased in lace. This is $20. Another in white charmeuse has a postillion back and quaint puffing edges, and is $18.50.

The little taffeta mantillas that reach the waistline at the back, and extend in long tabs down the front, recall grandmother's wardrobe in the cedar chest. The little pinked ruchings that adorn the edges are very quaint. They are shown in plain and changeable taffetas at $9 and $11.50, the latter having long ends that are worn crossed to form a sash.

New scarfs of chiffon satin have recently appeared. They are in black and the lining is in white. Some have a single box-plaited frill at the edge, and are $11.50. Others have a double frill, and are $12.75. Then there is a plain hemstitched scarf of black chiffon satin, with the white lining that is serviceable as well as pretty, and is only $7.50.

Have you noticed the beautiful new chiffon veils? One in taupe, in the beautiful shimmering shot effects has a wide border in bright silver. It is $4.25.

The other day a smartly dressed woman, on board a departing steamer, received many glances of admiration. She was attired entirely in white, and over her chic white hat she had tied a veil that looked white over the hat, but gradually shaded out in the most exquisite blendings to a deep rose at the edge of the flowing hemstitched ends. I noticed these ombre veils in a prominent shop this week, and they can be had in all colors at $4.50.

Mentioning steamer wear reminds me of a very practical traveling hat I saw at an exclusive shop. It is of stitched taffeta in a medium shape. While a dressy hat, it can be tied down with a veil, and will permit perfect freedom in lounging. It can be had in all colors as well as in two-tone effects; for instance, the upward part of the hat is dark while the underbrim is light, and vice versa. These hats are $7.

A practical boudoir cap for traveling is known as the Pullman cap. It is of China silk, finished off with several rows of shirring at the bottom edge, in which a band of elastic makes it possible to adjust the cap tightly over the coiffure. A chou of the silk finishes off the top. These are easily made, and could match the kimono, but they can be purchased in all colors for $2.

Summer boudoir caps are of white net over colored chiffon. A band of flowered organdie terminates in a large bow of the same at the front, and lace medallions form a pleasing finish to the edge. They are $4.75.

The woman at the seashore will now soon be looking about for a new bathing cap. Those of taffeta gossamer are pretty, especially the plain silks with the Oriental borders. Then, too, those of the Pompadour silk, made up with a rosette at each side, are most becoming and also very attractive. They are $1.95 and $2.25.

In my visit to the shop I noticed a brassiere that the summer girl will appreciate for bathing. It is made up of a rubberized fabric, and is especially designed by a Fifth Avenue firm. It closes at the front with non-rustible glove clasp fasteners, and has the adjustable shoulder straps. It is well made, and is a neat, lace-trimmed brassiere that can be had for $2.

Another comfort for the summer girl is a hat especially designed for warm weather sports. The material, manilla, makes it extremely light in weight. The shape, a helmet, affords protection to the face, and a ventilating device around the inside crown band makes it a cool hat to wear, hence it is the ideal head covering for long wear, such as is necessitated in boating or riding. These hats are $5.



Photo by Talbot

Mlle. Nelly Martyl wearing a chic frock by Mardel Robert in black liberty bound with mauve silk and combined with white mousseline and lace

The silk glove has now attained such a stage of perfection that it has become the ideal summer glove, and is being worn by good dressers. I saw some lovely ones in silk lisle in open-work patterns to wear with long sleeves, and also pretty novelties in open mesh spun silk at $1.75.

Decorated arm lengths are a feature of this summer's gloves. Embroidered in stripes of fleur-de-lisle on a background of silk French knots, they are very pretty, and these are $3 a pair. The latest idea is the shadow embroidery, and these are shown in one and two-tone effects in pretty designs at $2.85. Some have dainty flowers painted along the arm, and are $2. One shop is showing a line of mitts in exquisite princess and Spanish lace. These are adopted by the women of individuality, and they are certainly a comfortable summer hand covering. They are $10.

In muslin underwear a prominent firm is showing a decidedly new combination. It has the princess drawers, but the novel feature is the deep Empire yoke, which makes it especially desirable for wear with the new low-busted corsets. It is beautifully trimmed with insertions of Valenciennes lace and embroidery, the belt being of several rows of lace, and it has the convenient front buttoning. A dainty model of this "Empire" combination is $3.00.

Ostrich neck ruffs are prominent at all summer resorts, and are now being shown in all colors as well as two-tone effects. They can be had as low as $6.95.

Mentioning ostrich reminds me of the lovely new crown bands that are now being shown. They have the extra long flues that make such graceful ostrich trimmings. They can be had in all colors at $10.50.

In an exclusive lace house I was shown many beautiful novelties, but what I found the most interesting was a bit of exquisite cluny lace in the form of a border for a handkerchief. These would make nice Christmas gifts, and the summer days in the country are ideal for this work.

We will gladly answer any inquiry regarding articles mentioned in this department. Enclose stamped envelope.

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THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS.
AUGUST, 1912
VOL. XVI NO. 133

THE THEATRE

(TITLE REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



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Because we know that our women readers of Theatre Magazine are the class of women who will enjoy L'Art de la Mode, we are reducing the subscription price from $3.50 to $2.50, making the cost of each copy only 21c. instead of 35c. as when purchased separately.

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE THEATRE

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John Rhead Rose Sibley

SCENE IN "MILESTONES," THE NEW PLAY BY ARNOLD BENNETT AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH, WHICH HAS MET WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN LONDON AND WHICH NEW YORKERS WILL SEE AT THE LIBERTY ON SEPT. 16 NEXT



SCENE IN THE HISTORICAL PHOTO PLAY ADAPTED FROM AMIEL MOREAU'S "QUEEN ELIZABETH," TO BE SEEN AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, THIS CITY, ABOUT AUGUST 15 NEXT. ELIZABETH (SARAH BERNHARDT) BIDDING ESSEX FAREWELL

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

ONE of the most remarkable moving picture exhibitions seen here is the historical photo play in 21 scenes adapted from Amiel Moreau's "Queen Elizabeth," with no less famous a player than Sarah Bernhardt in the title part. These pictures, privately presented for the press at the Lyceum Theatre on July 17 last, will be put on at the Lyric Theatre for a run about the 15th of August. It is not known what pecuniary inducement was held out to persuade the Divine Sarah to act for the cinematograph, but, no doubt, it was sufficiently large to tempt her, and, once having given her consent, the artiste did not merely pose mechanically for a mechanical contrivance, but proceeded to give one of the finest performances of which this greatest living actress is capable. Instantly recognized as she makes her entrance, with the characteristic slow, sinuous walk, Bernhardt's movements, gestures and facial play throughout the drama are so wonderfully depicted on the screen that few, if any, among the audience missed that golden plaintive voice which has stirred theatre-goers all over the world. It was Bernhardt acting, and acting at her best. From the first moment, when she listens with superstitious terror to the fortune teller's prophesy that Essex will die on the scaffold to the final scene, in which she falls upon her face after a savage denunciation of the Earl of Nottingham for causing her lover's death, she is truly superb. These films are a remarkable achievement of the moving picture. With such an illustrious interpreter, they cannot fail to draw crowded houses. Louis Tellegin is the ill-fated Earl of Essex, Mlle. Romain the Countess of Nottingham, and M. Maxidian the Earl of Nottingham.

There seems to be no limit to the enterprise of the moving picture promoter or to the territory he will invade. Already the Savoy Theatre and the Herald Square Theatre have succumbed to the craze, and now Daniel Frohman and W. A. Brady propose to present films showing prominent players in popular plays. Next month Hammerstein's Roof Garden will become the permanent winter home of the kinemacolor pictures. The first films shown will be those of Prof. Reinhardt's spectacle, presented at the Olympia in London, "The Miracle," which is now being presented in kinemacolor form at the Rotunda in Vienna, under Mr. Reinhardt's direction. The original cast which appeared in London acted for these pictures, as did the 2,000 supernumeraries. The setting in which the pictures will be shown is in itself novel, the screen being so arranged that the effect to the spectator is as if he were looking through the stained glass casement of a Gothic church.

With our best playhouses going over to the moving picture, some of our leading managers and our best actors and actresses actively engaged in the business, a serious question has arisen as to whether or not the popularity that created these conditions will undermine public taste for the theatre proper, gradually kill the art of the actor, paralyze the efforts of the playwright and degrade the theatre into merely a place of spectacle.

The danger is more imaginary than real. There is certainly a great danger of the cinematograph becoming a serious handicap to the theatre as a commercial enterprise—that is to say, it is likely to hurt the inferior class of dramatic entertainment, which is by far the greater part of the regular stage—but under no circumstances will it effect, even remotely, the really first-class plays, for there is now, as there always has been, and as there always will be, a genuine love for the regular stage that combines full means of expression. It is this unrestrained ability to say and to do that gives the theatre proper its advantage over every variation. Nearly all of this sudden hue and cry concerning the menace of the moving picture has come because of the comparatively recent novelty of the form. There are always people who are swept along by a sort of fanatical enthusiasm at the inception of an idea, who look at the future with rosy glasses of exaggeration. In other words, the future of the moving picture is being greatly magnified. The true future of the moving picture will be found by that man who can make a cold appraisal of it for what it is really and truly worth.

An innovation that has any practical value at all always has a crowd of shouting followers in the beginning. The man who invents a wheel chair for invalids, pictures all of his neighbors, and, in fact, all of the population, going around in copies of his perfected machine, never taking into account the fact that there

are many people who are able to walk. When coaches were introduced in England, there were many people who prophesied that the entire world would soon be rolling back of horses on wheels. Every one remembers the bicycle craze that was going to permanently revolutionize locomotion. Nowadays one only sees a stray one. And we are now going through the same process, where things will settle down to their normal values with the automobile. In the same way is the moving picture subsiding to a dramatic form that is worth no more than what it is worth. People are no longer content with the wonder of seeing figures move across the screen with other diversified movements to accompany; they are demanding the best in dramatic art, and they cannot find that completeness in any form excepting the so-called legitimate stage.

The curse of the moving picture that becomes the advantage of the regular theatre is its speechlessness. The moving picture cannot talk; and when it does talk (which may happen), it will only be for the first-run pictures that will only be seen in expensive places that will not be common over the country.

This destruction of inferior and meritricious plays by the competition of the screen is one of the best things that ever happened for the betterment of genuine dramatic art. In order to hold its own the regular stage must provide better and still better examples of its best expression. Just as competition makes for the success and better service of any business, so will the moving picture improve the theatre proper. The art of the "poor man's theatre"—as the nickelodian is sometimes called—projected upon a plane surface, in colors that can only approximate at best the colors of the original, will never supply the full sense of satisfaction given in the playhouse where every man has his own point of view (and not a centre of vision that is false to nearly every one in the audience), as he looks toward a picture wherein every figure is rounded out just like himself. Some may cry that this idea is a plea for overdone realism. It is not. It is simply an attempt to provide a man with a genuine spirit, not of motion, not of color, or of any other perception than that of simple everyday interest.

The time is not long distant when the cinematograph will be seen in its true proportion to the parent form. There will be better plays and there will be better pictures, for they will have to express their best in order to hold their own, not only against each other, but for themselves. For the most part, the moving pictures that try to tell a story fall short.

The attempt should not be made, and really cannot be made to monopolize the theatre-going public, or, rather, the amusement-seeking public. There should be room for each in its particular field. And if drama has survived all of these centuries, and undergone so many genuine hardships, been almost extinguished in some countries for long periods, it will certainly survive and hold its dominant position, in spite of the vociferous chistening of one of its children. The moving picture has come to stay, but to stay in its proper place.



GABY KESSEL

Distinguished French actress who will be seen on the New York stage next winter. Mlle. Kessel has played almost the entire modern repertoire and has been as successful in tragic rôles as in comedy. She appeared with great success in Brussels in "Les Oiseaux de Passage," "Les Avariés," and other dramas. At the time of the production of "Chantecler," Edmond Rostand made a special request that she be engaged for the rôle of the lark



SCENE IN THE MOVING PICTURE, "QUEEN ELIZABETH," SHOWING THE QUEEN (SARAH BERNHARDT) GRIEVED AT THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF ESSEX, WHOM SHE HAS HAD BEHEADED



Moffett

SCENE FROM BAYARD VEILLER'S PLAY, "WITHIN THE LAW"
Produced with great success in Chicago and to be seen in New York in September

Hamlet Behind a Net

"PARDON me, my dear fellow, but might I be permitted to inquire whether you are the proprietor of this flourishing and attractive hardware store?"

The time was a bright afternoon in May, in the year of our good Lord, 188—; the place, a certain corner on Market Street, in the bustling city of San Francisco. Leaning back in my chair before my shop, I had felt my eyelids growing weightier and weightier with the stealthy incubus of slumber, engendered by the dazzling glare of the golden Californian sunlight, which beat down upon my unprotected head, rendered doubly so for its shining lack of any hirsute adornment whatever.

Now, like a rumble of thunder, a full-throated voice struck on my benumbed hearing, startling me out of my snooze, and bringing me blinking—gaping—to my unsteady feet. Before me stood a rotund, dapper gentleman, an expansive smile was wrinkling his ample features; from under his left arm protruded a gold-headed cane; while with his gloved right hand he was industriously smoothing a high silk tile, which he had doffed from his long-haired pate. His figure was striking, and his graceful attitude even more so.

"Certainly, sir; certainly," I made answer, as he repeated his query. "Sure, I own this place. That's my name up there." And I pointed to the sign above my head, which read:

> JOHN MILLER, Tinsmith.
> Dealer in Hardware of All Kinds.

"Anything I can do for you in my line?" I asked, wondering what it could be. "Perhaps you've got a leaky roof; if so, you've come to the right chap to do the job. I'm known all over 'Frisco.

The gentleman waved a grandiloquent negative.

"No, no," he announced in a sonorous voice; "I am in search of a commodity in hardware, that I make bold to believe you are in possession of for purposes of sale." He replaced his hat on his head, gave the interior of my store a sweeping glance, then suddenly cried out: "Ah, there 'tis!" Following the direction of his outstretched walking-stick, I saw he indicated several bundles of wire netting, which I had just received the day before. "The identical thing I want," exclaimed my queer patron, exultingly. "You're a tinsmith, eh?"

"I certainly am," I asserted.

"Good," he ejaculated. "Well"—as I led the way into the store—"Well, before I enlighten you as to the purport of my visit, allow me to present you my card. You've heard of me, no doubt." He handed me a good-sized bit of pasteboard, upon which I read:

> JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR,
> Tragedian in Repertoire.

"To tell the candid truth, Mr. O'Connor," said I, "I don't remember ever hearing of you before; but then, I'm not a great reader of newspapers——"

"Never heard of me?" exclaimed the other, in a most disappointed tone. "It hardly seems possible—but never mind! Lend me your ears a moment while I explain how I may use you and your goods. Do you think you could furnish enough of this material to cover a space about thirty or forty foot square?"

"More than that, if you wish," I hastened to assure him.

"Most excellent—listen, man of hardware; I'll now purchase enough of this close-meshed wire netting to cover the amount of space I have mentioned. And, let me surely see you on hand at seven o'clock this evening at the stage entrance of the Popular Theatre, where I open in 'Hamlet.' Ask for me. Bring along implements to knit the netting into one piece. Don't forget. Here's your money. Give me your hand, sir." He gave my arm a painful pump-handle shake. "Glad to have met you, tinsmith. Ha! ha! ho! I'll foil 'em to-night."

"Foil who, Mr. O'Connor?"

The tragedian squared his shoulders, buttoned his long frock coat at the top button, and smiled enigmatically:

"You'll learn who—all in good time," he observed, mysteriously. Au revoir. Seven o'clock this evening; Popular Theatre. Be there without fail. I need you."

I held the door open, and, with the liveliest curiosity, followed, with all my eyesight, the whimsical form of my strange caller, as he stalked majestically down the wide street in the afternoon sunshine.

"Say, boss, this James Owen O'Connor must be the greatest



Otto Sarony Co.

BERTHA KALICH

This distinguished Polish actress is now appearing in vaudeville in the one-act drama entitled "The Light from Saint Agnes"



HARRIET WORTHINGTON
Popular actress seen in several metropolitan productions, and now leading woman in the Star Theatre Stock Company in Buffalo

actor ever. Just look at the crowd surrounding the block!" These words in an awe-struck undertone from the lips of my helper, Jack Lane, caused me to gaze about me in unfeigned amazement. It was nearing seven o'clock, and we had driven up to the stage entrance of the Popular Theatre. Between the wagon and our goal (the stage door) was massed a double line of waiting men and boys—these were strung out in Indian file fashion to the full length of the street to right and left, as far as the eye could reach. Constantly the line undulated with serpentine gyrations, for a tumultuous, unruly mob of outsiders scuffled and fought for a squeezing place among the fortunate ones who, in most cases, offered furious resistance to the unwelcome onslaughts of the late comers.

Unloading the bundles of netting from the wagon, Jack and I tried to force a passage through the closely pressed humanity before us. But as well try to storm Gibraltar with a feather. Then we "bucked the line," so to speak, at every possible angle; reconnoitered here, detoured there; but, in every instance, met with unequivocal non-success. Not one would recede from his insecure place to let us pass inside. Surely these were the most disobliging set of lovers of "Hamlet" I had ever heard of! Indeed, were these admirers of the Bard of Avon or his works?

The noisy place owners were, scarce without exception, wights whom I should never have suspected of delving into the subtle shadings of Shakespeare. In fact, the leering suggestions with which they received my earnest requests for passage-way smacked but little of book-learning, or of anything else worth while or admirable. Nonplussed, Jack and I returned with the netting to our starting place before the wagon. Here, amid a fusillade of jeers from the line, we discussed further ways and means of ingress.

"Hey, Bill, got yer ammunition?" shouted one of the crowd.

"You bet!" and a grinning form held up a small package.

"We got ours, too," came in a laughing chorus from some of the rest.

"I wonder what they mean?" said Jack to me.

"Maybe they've come so early to get a place that they've brought their lunches along," I suggested; to which Jack shook his head, doubtfully.

Just then a piping voice cried: "Look here, mister; gimme a dime, an' I'll let you through." I made out the form of a weazened small boy who was beckoning to me.

"Done, youngster," I returned, and as the boy stepped out of his place for the fraction of a second, Jack and I were enabled to complete the delayed first part of our errand.

Through the narrow stage door, past a doorkeeper in uniform, we lugged the two large rolls of wire netting, and found ourselves in a stuffy, cramped space littered with all sorts and sizes of stage "props." The place was in semi-obscurity; dark figures were scurrying about; droning voices were reciting what I judged to be portions of a play. Bang! I collided with a section of a side scene. Down it came on my head, almost crushing my hat over my ears. Simultaneously Jack tripped with his lengthy burden, and crashed to the floor with a rumble and clatter that brought several startled persons to our aid.

"Ah, what have we here?" said a voice which I recognized by its G string intonation.

"It's me, Mr. O'Connor—Miller, the tinsmith, with the wire netting you ordered this afternoon." I had difficulty in making out the actor, for he was now appareled in the mournful garb of the Melancholy Dane.

"The tinsmith—wire netting?" peering; "Oh, I see; yes, indeed. Come this way, while I explain what I would with you, good friend." The tragedian drew me to one side, and placed his mouth close to my ear. "Glance to your right, there you'll

see the footlights; above them, across the space over the stage, is where I wish you to spread this wire netting. 'Tis a wholesome precautionary measure," he added in a raised stage whisper. "The truth is, that I have received exact information from a most reliable source, that a plot exists in this city to break up my show to-night by pelting me with missiles when I appear in the greatest representation of 'Hamlet' ever seen on the American stage!"

"Wh-a-a-a-t!" I gasped, wide-eyed. A hideous suspicion began to insinuate itself into my dazed brain. Could this be the colorful explanation of the derisive "ammunition" cry by the unkempt double line strung before the theatre? I wondered. Aloud I queried:

"But, Mr. O'Connor, who would——"

"Who?" thundered the actor, frowning fiercely, and running his large hands through his long, disheveled locks; "who else could concoct the diabolical plan to hold me up to public ridicule but my jealous rivals in the theatrical profession—a plague o' their houses! However, thanks to the bright idea which I have evolved, all the base efforts of their hirelings shall prove to be in vain. Let them howl and hiss—let them throw things. This night, safe and undisturbed behind your wire netting, I will show San Francisco and the whole world a Hamlet, which, in point of perfect acting, far surpasses the best efforts ever put forth by Salvini, Irving, Booth, Barret, *et al.* Thus shall I be enabled to vindicate myself, and attain that high rung of fame from which I have been so long forcibly deprived by jealous hands." He grasped me by the shoulders and turned me about. Looking me directly in the eyes, he added, in a voice vibrant with solemn earnestness and profound conviction: "Believe me, my friend, I am the peer of any tragedian on the habitable globe!"



White

CLEMENTINE DUNDAS

Seen as Ina Claire with Eddie Foy in his musical comedy, "Over the River"

Deeply moved by the touching sincerity of the man, I impulsively gave him my hand, saying: "From the bottom of my heart, sir, I really believe that you are!" He thanked me, and gripped my palm like a vise. "Here," thought I, "is an individual from whom one may expect great things—good luck to him, and confusion to his enemies!"

Supplied with two tall ladders, Jack and I clambered up to the dizzy top of the wide stage, and began operations. Soon we had stretched measured strips of the wire netting across the dark, cavernous mouth dividing stage and auditorium. After fastening the netting at the side scene with staples, I joined the several widths by means of small pieces of stout cord, which I knotted at spaces of a yard apart. When, at last, I descended from my perch, and tested the unique contrivance I had reared, it was with a touch of pardonable professional pride that I turned to O'Connor, standing by a mixed assemblage of stage hands and actors in costume—all of whom had been observing, with great interest, the construction of the wire net. "This'll withstand the assaults of anything less than a cannonball," I assured the tragedian.

"'Tis well," returned O'Connor. He heaved a deep breath; then sweeping the atmosphere with a ponderous gesture, he apostrophized the sepulchral darkness hovering over the empty benches. "Aha!" he cried, in a reverberating guttural; "Aha, ye spirits of mischief, do you petty worst. A hearing I want, and a hearing I shall receive, in spite of your jaundiced selves. *Vive la net!*" He laughed heartily, and everyone of us joined in.

"They're packed ten deep before the theatre, and still coming in droves!" A small, pale-faced man, with a high, silk hat bounced on the stage shouting this breathless information. "Open the doors, and let 'em in," he roared. "Down with the curtain, somebody!" Immediately all was bustle and stir; stage hands ran hither and thither; players in all manner of vari-colored Shakespearian raiment were called to order by a bearded man carrying manuscript, whom they styled the prompter. Now, the slowly descending curtain engaged my attention, and pleased me exceedingly by swinging perfectly clear of my net.

A light touch on my arm caused me to turn about. Beside me stood O'Connor. The star's manner bespoke eagerness: his large eyes twinkled with the refulgence of a sparkling thought. "Look here, Mr. Tinsmith," said this whimsical man, hurriedly: "Would you care to witness this noteworthy representation of 'Hamlet?'"—as I assented—"Then you may do so, and at the same time perform a signal service for O'Connor." He pointed to the front of the stage. "Yonder, at the right side scene, you will find a peep-hole. There station yourself when the play begins. Now and again, during the course of the action, glance out at the audience. Disorder may prevail. If so, endeavor to distinguish those among the noise-makers who fill the part of ringleaders, and encourage the rest to boisterousness or violence. To such the police will attend when the curtain falls at the close of each act."

And so it was that I decided to see "Hamlet" under the strangest circumstances, from the wrong side of the footlights. Having sent my helper off with the wagon outside the stage-door, I took my first look through my diminutive coign of vantage. I saw that the theatre doors had been opened; swarms of people were packing every seat and every inch of available space. They filled the aisles, sat on window

(*Continued on page ix*)



THE MALECON, HAVANA'S BEAUTIFUL OCEAN FRONT BOULEVARD
To the left is seen the Hotel Miramar, a favorite after-theatre resort. In Havana no one sups after the play, audiences partaking of ice cream and soft drinks at the hotels

The Theatres of Havana

LIKE some of the rare exotic flowers of the surrounding tropics, gaiety bursts into bloom as twilight deepens in the city of Havana. Then the Prado, which connects Central Park with the Malecon, as the boulevard along the ocean front is called, becomes a fairyland of lights. Bands in several parts of the city strike up martial airs, and all Havana emerges from its cool and comfortable stone houses for a night of pleasure.

The cafés become crowded as if by magic. There is a constant stream of automobiles and carriages up and down the boulevards. The sidewalks, too, are filled with people, all on their way to the theatres. Havana has the largest theatre-going population of any city in the world. With less than three hundred thousand inhabitants it supports a dozen large playhouses, which are devoted to every kind of theatrical entertainment.

The Spanish are a music-loving people, and it is only natural that opera should be the most popular form of theatrical entertainment. The foreign population in Havana is surprisingly small. There are less than 2,000 Americans living there. The city is essentially Spanish, and its tastes are as pronounced as Barcelona's or Seville's.

Havana has opera twelve months out of the year. As a rule, four and even five performances are given every week. The companies that present it are not to be compared with our Metropolitan organization, for in Havana the opera is not a social function. It is an entertainment within the reach of the poorest theatre-goer. The most expensive seats are $3 (Spanish), which is only $2.70 American money, and gallery tickets can be purchased for 40 cents.



A HAVANA BELLE AT THE OPERA

At the present time the Payret Theatre, which is located within one block of the Central Park, is devoted to grand opera. The National Theatre, formerly known as the Tacon, was the home of opera for a quarter of a century, but as it is being rebuilt, the Payret is being used in its place. The company singing there is headed by Florencio Constantino, the famous Spanish tenor, who made such a favorable impression at Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House a few years ago.

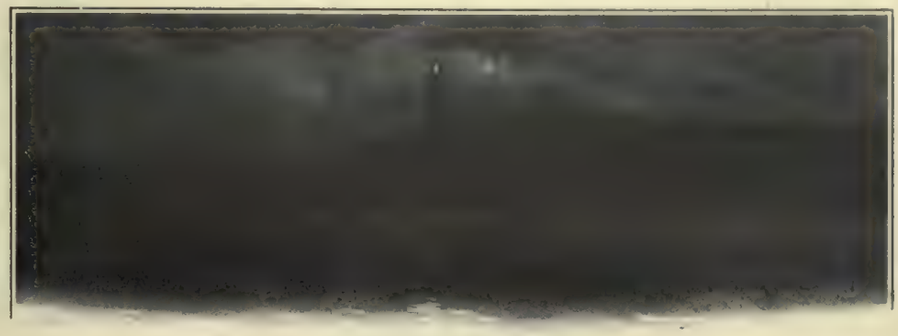
The opera at the Payret begins promptly at eight o'clock, and that hour finds the audience in its seats. Compared with our beautiful theatres, this barnlike structure seems singularly out of place. But it is typical of Havana theatres. While it seats nearly two thousand in its parquet and four balconies, its foyers and aisles are uncarpeted, and its walls and ceiling are barren of decorations. However, it is filled with a lively, gay-spirited crowd of handsomely gowned women and stalwart men. The boxes, which are located in the rear of the orchestra chairs, are filled with the aristocracy of Havana in evening attire. They have come in their private limousines and, like the boxholders at the Metropolitan, they talk incessantly during the performance. In marked contrast to them the occupants of the orchestra chairs are wrapped up in the music. They are most enthusiastic when they like a performance, and they do not hesitate to show their disapproval when it is not to their taste. Between the acts there is the usual visiting between friends, and the exodus of the male portion of the audience to the nearest cafés. But unlike New Yorkers, who go out between the acts, they rarely take a drink of liquor. Soft drinks, such as pineapple juice, suffice, and as the waits between the acts are long, they are seated when the curtain rises.

Practically all the operas are sung in Spanish. Occasionally an Italian opera is given in its native tongue, and every year a brief engagement is played by the French Opera Company, which makes its headquarters in New Orleans.

After the performance the greater part of the audience drive to their homes. Cabs in Havana are almost as cheap as the climate. After-theatre suppers are unknown. Now and then a box party will go to the Telegrafo or Inglaterra Hotel and partake of ices and soft drinks after the opera, but only in the small American colony are supper parties ever given. As in all Spanish countries, the unmarried girls are carefully guarded, and young girls are never seen at the playhouses in the company of young men or without chaperones.

Next in importance to the Payret Theatre is the Teatro Albisu,

to give it its Spanish name. It is another huge, barn-like structure located on the Central Park. The greater part of the year it is devoted to comic opera and musical comedy. A light opera organization that divides its time between Havana and the City of Mexico was playing there when the writer visited Havana recently. Like most comic opera companies outside of the United States it is composed of players who were engaged for their voices and not for their personal appearance or histrionic ability. Judged by Broadway standards, its performances of "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Count of Luxemburg," and "Sangre Viennese," the latter a Spanish adaptation of Strauss' "Vienna Life," all of which the writer witnessed, are very poor, but theatre-goers in Havana are not used to carefully-rehearsed, well-acted and lavishly-made productions. All they seem to demand is good music well sung, and they are assured that at the Albisu.



EL MORRO AT NIGHT

The prices at the Albisu range from 25 cents to a dollar and a half (Spanish). Evening dress is rarely worn except by the occupants of boxes. As at the Payret, there is a general exodus of the male portion of the audience to the street and nearby cafés between the acts to smoke and partake of soft drinks.

Havana has not succeeded in abolishing the speculator nuisance. In front of all the playhouses are to be found loud-mouthed, offensive creatures who have the desirable seats which they sell at an advance of fifty cents. The American visitor is nearly always obliged to buy seats from them, and with American money, which, of course, means more graft, as the American dollar is worth $1.10 Spanish.

The Marti Theatre, which is perhaps third in importance, is located within two blocks of the Central Park, and is usually devoted to legitimate plays. Most of the Big French and German successes are translated into Spanish, and they are presented at the Marti by a fairly competent stock company. As far as the productions are concerned, they would not be accepted even in popular priced theatres in America, but the acting is often very creditable. But even the best Continental dramas and the funniest farce comedies do not attract the audiences that nightly fill the Payret and Albisu Theatres. Opera and musical comedy are the favorites.

There are three variety theatres in the capital of Cuba, and, as in New York, two performances are given in them daily. The bills are composed principally of singing and dancing acts, varied with one-act playlets and acrobatic acts. The greatest license is permitted in the variety houses. Many of the songs and dances are extremely suggestive, and the actresses wear the scantiest attire possible. Havana is unmoral rather than immoral, and it is to be expected that the popular priced houses, which are patronized by the poorer classes, should pander to their tastes. Some of the playlets that are presented are beyond description, and as a rule the more suggestive they are the more vigorously they are applauded. The "grizzley bear," the "bunny hug" and other tenderloin dances of our stage are modest compared with the "can-cans" and "rombas" in these variety theatres.

But it is in the moving picture theatres that Havana goes the limit. There are a score of little theatres devoted to them, and in some of them the most daring films are shown. One of these theatres, the Zaza, is for men only. Performances are given hourly, and audiences stand in line an hour or more for admission. Thirty cents (Spanish) buys a ticket, except on Sundays, when matinées for ladies are given. Men are excluded at that time. Not even in Paris are films like these shown publicly.

KARL K. KITCHEN.



THE TEATRO MARTI—ONE OF THE LEADING PLAYHOUSES OF HAVANA

A Book on Playwriting

SOMETHING of real moment is a book* on playwriting from the pen of William Archer, the distinguished English dramatic critic. Largely responsible for the introduction of Ibsen's plays to the English-speaking world, and the author of many dramatic criticisms, Mr. Archer may feel satisfied, now that he has crossed the half-century mark, that he has done yeoman service to himself and to those about him.

The old Aristotlean observations on drama are, for the greater part, universal in that they deal with dramatic law, which exists for all time. But while the definition of a complete action as beginning, middle and end, is true, it is insufficient. That the beginning is where the action commences, the middle that which lies between, and the end the conclusion, scarcely helps matters. It is for the better expression of these things that Mr. Archer has written.



WILLIAM ARCHER

In reading what he has to say, two things must be remembered. First, that it is only one man's opinion, and second, that Mr. Archer has nearly always seen drama from the analytical viewpoint rather than from the constructive side. Now it is quite a feat to take plays apart and see how they run; but it is a genuine achievement to deduce from that operation the laws to which all drama is subject, and by which other plays may be built. Mr. Archer has observed how tragedies are generally put together by dissecting a few; how comedies of the day are made by using his scalpel; but to find a single system by the formulation of his discoveries, whereby both comedies and tragedies may be made in this highly important detail, he has not succeeded.

One of the first requirements of a play is that it must interest its audience. Interest is almost anonymous with doubt—doubt as to outcome. Therefore, for a dramatic action, a full story, with no more or no less, there must be two things contending, and when one or the other is victorious, all is over. Hence a complete action, with beginning, middle and end, is one that has two sides in conflict and a single issue. That brings the old definition to a point where it may be comprehended and applied. The idea of introduction, exposition, climax, dénouement and catastrophe, are true enough for critical purposes, but are not definitive and rigid when it comes to play construction.

Mr. Archer concludes that "there are no rules for writing a play." He is mistaken. There are no everlasting rules; but there are laws from which principles are derived for the making of a technique which, being simply a means to an effect, conforms to the author's mood and to the times. That is to say, the laws are the inflexible demands; the principles are the expressions of these demands, and the rules, which may be broken, are temporary limitations fixed by people and circumstances. To illustrate: unity of action is law, the sequence of scenes is principle, and a race question not to be treated of at this time because of some recent race riot, is a rule.

"No teaching or study," says Mr. Archer, "can enable a man to choose or invent a good story." Certainly not, provided his co-operation is lacking. But with the proper direction of his natural faculties, he may be aided greatly. For example, the definition of a primary emotion and its value as a theme will teach him to recognize dramatic ideas; his invention will operate after being shown how to follow out clues. Start him in with so trivial an idea as a bottle of mucilage. It was used in placing a stamp on a letter that passed between So-and-so and his friend's wife; and by that process the tyro will soon unveil a domestic scandal that will afford him a stirring play. Not that scandal is necessary, but that scandal happened to be the outcome of this particular example.

He also objects to the rigidity of the scenario. The fact is that a scenario has boundaries. It is not the play itself, it is the framework. It determines the scenes, their objects and their sequence; but there are still many details of minor action left which may be expressed in many ways according to the fancy of the playwright, who still has ample freedom of thought.

He divides successful plays into two classes, those where the "crises" or struggles are either all in or partly out of the frame of the picture. The real reason why "Rosmersholm" is "rather like a winding river" and "Othello" has "a magnificent onward rush," is because the material is different, and that the effects aimed at are unlike, not that either one lacks a complete struggle.

One of the greatest of Mr. Archer's difficulties has been a problem that has confronted every man who ever essayed a text-book, and that is that there is scarcely a term in the English language whose meaning is absolute. On that ground, many of his statements that would seem debatable might be found to be altogether right if we could see them from his own point of view. For instance, when he says: "It may not be unreasonably contended, I think, that when an exposition cannot be thoroughly dramatized—that is, wrung out, in the stress of the action, from the characters primarily concerned—it may best be dismissed, rapidly and even conventionally, by any not too improbable device." Is this the way for a dramatist to shirk his obligations? we ask. Give us any exposition to be made, and we can make it, if not in the circumstances suggested, by equally consistent circumstances, and in such a way that the intended significance of the play will remain unchanged. Then, to prove that we have misunderstood him, we turn a page or two and find: "In the vocabulary of the truly ingenious dramatist there is no such word as impossible." Or again, in regard to withholding information from an audience, we are told that "keeping a secret is practically impossible." Now, really, keeping a secret does not mean simply the withholding of facts known to one character and unknown to others; that is a false use of suspense. It means also the facts unknown to any of the characters, having close bearing upon their relations. That kind of secret may be held in reserve. Doubt is of the very nature and essence of drama: the audience's knowledge of everything makes any play unnecessary. To disprove our interpretation this time, we read along and find this: "We may agree that it is often dangerous, and sometimes manifestly foolish, to keep a secret; but, on the other hand, there is certainly no reason why the playwright should blurt out all his secrets at the first opportunity."

On building up an entrance, as it is called, he remarks that "it is essential that only one leading character should remain unseen on whom the attention of the audience may, by that very fact, be riveted." Certainly, it is false drama where the spectator's eyes and ears are on the stage, and his mind off.

The simple warning to avoid anticlimax is a sort of negative, left-handed statement. The real solution concerns itself with how a play may be constructed so that anticlimax cannot occur. If a play has absolute unity of action,

(*Continued on page vi*)

*"PLAY-MAKING: A MANUAL OF CRAFTSMANSHIP." By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.



AS JULIET



HER DEBUT AS PRINCE ARTHUR



AS NARJIS IN "KISMET"

An Aristocrat of the Stage

IN "Kismet" was nightly seen a woman who has a claim to distinction not greater perhaps, for nothing is greater than to do well the work it is given us to do, but other than her admirable rendering of the rôle of Narjis, the nurse. Miss Georgie Woodthorpe has played on the same stage with more geniuses than has any other living actress. To recite the list of the famous stars she has supported resembles Gabriel's task, for it is for the most part calling the roll of the illustrious dead. She was "discovered" and placed upon the stage by J. B. McCullough. She played Ophelia to Edwin Booth's Hamlet. She toured with Ristori. Her childish tears were dried by Fechter. She joined Dion Boucicault and Harry Montague on infantile outings. She owes the preservation of an exquisite complexion to the advice given her by Adelaide Neilson. She played a gipsy boy in the support of Mary Anderson. James A. Herne was one of her stage directors, and David Belasco brought her and himself to grief by falling and tossing her ignominiously into the for once undesired centre of the stage.

Do not let these facts conjure for you a vision of a doddering relic of other days. Miss Woodthorpe is as erect as are any of you who read this. Her eyes are as bright. The health flush in her cheeks is as deeply pink. Her step is as light, and her spirits are as buoyant. She is far from being in semblance or in spirit an old woman. For the years have rolled rapidly on since magnetic McCullough lifted her in his arms, and shed real tears upon her face. But remember that she was the "baby actress" of the Old California Stock Company when she began to support these stars of other nights.

Miss Woodthorpe inherited none of her ability. At least so said her mother, who was a good wife, unless it be essential that a good wife have a bump of reverence. That asset she distinctly lacked, for one of Miss Woodthorpe's first recollections is of hearing her mother say:

"I wish your father would stop all this amateur theatrical nonsense, for he can't act. He thinks he can, but he can't."

By whatever trick of nature she received that gift, J. B. McCullough, resting with Barton Hill at the Old Kelsey House, still standing in Oakland, and which was a week-end rendezvous of actors then playing in San Francisco, heard the child of five years recite at an impromptu entertainment in the basement, and he marvelled at her cleverness. On the next Monday little Georgie was taken home from school, her mother having sent a messenger for her, and, arrived there, looked up into the face of a big man who smiled at her.

"He was a tall, handsome man, with a fine fresh complexion and a delightful smile," Miss Woodthorpe told me. "I joined the universal army of people who liked J. B. McCullough, for no one could help it. His friends were legion."

"Do you remember me, Little Girl?" he asked.

"Yeth, you are the big man at the hotel."

"Would you like to be an actress?"

"Yeth thir," said I.

"He persuaded my mother to let me join the California Theatre Stock Company, and I made my début soon afterwards as Prince Arthur. Well I remember it, for Mr. McCullough played Falconbridge, and when he carried me, presumably dead, on the stage, his extended arms shook, and his tears fell upon my face.

"'The unconscious acting of childhood,' he said afterwards. 'Little Girl, you'll never know how great you were.'"

Thereafter Georgie Woodthorpe was "The Little Girl" of the Old California Theatre Stock Company, supporting its stars, and going on tour with some of them. After a few years she transferred her activities to the Old Baldwin. She was an institution. Visiting stars heard of the wonderful child who could be relied upon, and made no more anxious inquiries for a child for the plays requiring one. One of the shocks of her new experience in the new environment was given by Edwin Booth.

"Mr. Booth complained one night while making up for Hamlet of being both hungry and thirsty.

"'Run across the street,' he said to his dresser, 'and bring me some beer and bologna, and plenty of it.'

"I stood outside his dressing room five minutes later staring at the unexpected sight of the great Booth drinking beer and eating bologna, and enjoying them. I thought he would at least have champagne and truffles.



Photo Bushnell

MISS GEORGIE WOODTHORPE



White GLADYS ZELL
In "The Winsome Widow" at the Moulin Rouge

Catching sight of me watching him from the corridor, he laughed: 'Ah, Little Girl,' he said, 'some day when you've had one big performance and are facing another, you'll know how good these are.' And so indeed I did learn.

"I played Ophelia once to Booth's Hamlet, but I was very young, and it was to save a performance. Mr. Booth's Hamlet was magnificent and thrilling. So was Fechter's, though, to my mind, that of Daniel E. Bandmann was the greatest of all. Mr. Bandmann was a superb artist. Like Fechter he was an Austrian, and like Fechter he had the power to assume heroic proportions on the stage. Charles Fechter was a little man, but he could, by the dominance of his spirit, make himself look very tall on the stage. Bandmann's soliloquy was the finest I ever heard. He used to prepare for it in an unusual way. He had a screen placed for himself in the wings, and he used to withdraw to that for five minutes or more before it was time to go on. Fascinatedly, I used to peer at him around the screen. I, being a child, he paid no attention to me, but what I saw frightened me. I saw not the genial Mr. Bandmann, but a strange person remote from all earthly considerations, in the first stage of a trance. When he walked on the stage that sense of remoteness continued. He seemed to grope his way to a chair in the middle of the stage. He did not seem to see the chair, but to feel his way toward it, and when he half fell across it began the soliloquy.

"We hear of salaries being better now than they were in those days. I don't find them so. I received fifty dollars a week as a child actress at the Old California Theatre. One day I was crying in the wings at the stage door, and telling the doorkeeper that I had lost my pocketbook, when Fechter and his wife passed me. Mrs. Fechter did not notice me, but the actor stopped, and in his broken English said: 'Don'd cry, Little Girl. Here it is,' handing me the amount of my salary. Later on I went to the Baldwin Theatre, where they paid me $25. Maude Adams was playing there at the time, and received the same salary.

"Ristori affected my childish imagination most unpleasantly. Summing my impressions of her, I should say that she was Lady Macbeth both off the stage as well as on. She always dressed sombrely in black. She was always the tragedy queen, aloof in body and spirit. When I played a scene with her she did not reach forward for my hand with the gesture most persons use with a child, but seized me as though I were a piece of furniture. I was horribly frightened whenever she was about. To my childish mind she seemed a very poor woman. This was because she seemed so angry when the houses were small. I traveled with her to Portland, and cowered back into the wings when I saw her sweep off the stage exclaiming: 'That house, Oh, that house!' Long afterwards I learned that she was really wealthy. The only time I ever saw her relax and seem ordinary, a being with human tastes, was while we were on the steamship going to Portland from San Francisco. There I heard her laugh once, as she caught up her queer little dog, a naked little black fellow (I suppose he was a Chihuahua), and playfully pressed his shivering little body to her cheek.



White IONE BRIGHT
Seen in "Officer 666" at the Gaiety

"Adelaide Neilson was the most delightful of my memories. She had a most engaging personality. She always came on the stage for rehearsals with a gay little bow to everyone, and an inquiry for the health of all. I happened to be posing at a photographer's the same day she was, and she seemed to take pleasure in posing me herself.

"She said to me one day: 'You have a very good complexion. Be sure to take care of it. Don't use grease paint.' She told me of a balm she used herself. I have watched it for three decades appearing in different guises. 'Put that on first,' she said. 'Then powder your face with dropped chalk. That is enough.' I have followed her advice and kept my skin in good condition as you see. Everybody loved Adelaide Neilson.

"With Helena Modjeska I toured for nine months. She was very poor. She lived in a furnished room in Turk Street, and took her meals at cheap restaurants. She cried once because a Sacramento audience laughed at her English pronunciation. At Virginia City she was puzzled because one of the newspapers said: 'Now that we have Mme. Modjeska with us, she is a white elephant on our hands.' 'What is zat?' she asked the manager. 'I do not look like an elephant. Tell me what it does mean.' Afterwards someone gave a little banquet, and had the cake in the middle of the table ornamented with an elephant of white icing. We were on tour for nine months. There were no salaries, only pitiable little advances, just enough to keep us going somehow. My parents wrote me again and again to go home. Again and again madame begged me, with tears in her beautiful, eloquent eyes, to stay. At last my parents insisted. I returned to San Francisco without a dollar. My shoe heels were run down, my hat and frock shabby. I looked so forlorn that my mother wept at sight of me. Mme. Modjeska had told me to call on her when they were settled in San Francisco I went to the poor room on Turk Street. She cried as though her heart was breaking as she handed me all the money she had, ten dollars. In Chicago I met her afterwards, and she said to me: 'I am making a little money now, but the more I make the heavier are my obligations. It costs so much to develop Arden.'



Moffett MARIE ASHTON
In the Chicago production of "Officer 666"



White FRANCES CAMERON
Recently seen in "Two Little Brides"

That was their ranch in Southern California. But she gave me the keys to her trunks, and said: 'You may have all my last year's wardrobe.' When I called at the hotel I was not allowed to see the trunks. Either Madame had forgotten or there was some mistake.

"Dear Billy Florence. My chief recollection of him was that his wife would not allow him to partake of strong drink if she were present, and how he used to laugh when detected, and explain: 'This is the first drink, so it won't count.'

"Mary Anderson did not stir my childish heart to admiration. She seemed to me awkward. I admired only her Meg Merrilies. It seemed wonderful to me that a young woman could play that part so well. She was chaperoned, I remember, by a tall, cadaverous man, a relative I think. J. B. McCullough used to come to the stage door and say, 'Is old man Griffin gone? Well, come and tell me when he goes.' The door-tender obeyed, and Miss Anderson would appear, smiling, upon the arm of the tragedian, who accompanied her to her hotel. If she were late, he always went to the hotel for her. Miss Anderson never noticed any of the company except Mr. McCullough. She was a distant young woman, and I contrasted her with my idol, Adelaide Neilson, in favor of Miss Neilson.

"Dion Boucicault used to take pleasure in being nice to 'The Little Girl.' He used to say to handsome Harry Montague: 'Get your hat. I'm going to take the child across the bay for an outing. It will do her good.' Between handsome Mr. Montague and brilliant Mr. Boucicault I used to toddle on the ferryboat, sit on deck, and pay an eager visit to candy shops. Mr. Boucicault had already begun to decline. Twenty years afterward I was in New York when the curtain rang down upon him. I bought a few flowers and went with my brother, 'Bud' Woodthorpe, now stage manager for W. H. Crane, to pay our respects to the dead. Wm. H. Crane was there and admitted us. He and Mrs. Louise Thorndyke Boucicault were the only watchers beside the coffin. I laid my handful of flowers upon the casket, and was shocked to see the transformation. His hair was white, and he looked a very old man. Mine were the only flowers. The first flowers laid upon the casket were placed there by 'The Little Girl' to whom he had been kind.

"James A. Herne was the stage director of the Baldwin Theatre when a benefit performance was to be given, and there was some difficulty about finding a juvenile leading man. Mr. Herne came to me smiling and said: 'Georgie, I've found a nice young man to play your lover. He isn't an actor, but he's a very fine young man.' That afternoon I saw a very handsome youth, with curly hair and wonderful dark eyes, at rehearsal. I thought he was poorly dressed, and wished that my lover did not have 'kind regards' on the lapel of his coat, and that his hatband were fresher. But we got on very well until, while he was carrying me on the stage, he stumbled and fell and threw me upon the stage. The fall hurt me, and I was indignant. Mr. Herne laughed and swore. The young man nearly cried. He apologized, and I saw that he shook from nervousness, and that his lips were white. That young man was David Belasco.

"Lester Wallack came to us shortly before his death. It was impossible to convince San Franciscans that this was Lester Wallack, though he put on his own play 'Rosedale.' His famous virile beauty was gone. He was an old man, but very much made-up. He looked in that make-up like the character, Baron Chevrial. His hair was dyed and his moustache waxed and turned up at the ends. His face was seamed and tired. He came for six weeks and only stayed for two. He was very quiet at rehearsals, but courteous.

"With the memory of a tall man with long, Indian-like black hair, I associate the turning tide of my life. Augustin Daly had brought the Daly company to San Francisco. With it were Fanny Davenport, very beautiful and very detached, and Jeffreys Lewis, quite as beautiful, who straightway became my idol, because she was one of those women who love and spoil children. Mr. Daly came to our home on Shotwell

(*Continued on page vi*)



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A NEW PORTRAIT OF GABY DESLYS

Theatre Orchestras



White

ANNA BUSSERT

Recently seen as Maid Marian in the revival of "Robin Hood"

THE recent strike in certain of the New York playhouses of the theatre orchestra once more draws attention to this particular feature of the theatrical business, a feature once highly popular, in fact, deemed indispensable, but against which there has for some time been a steadily growing opposition, resulting in some houses in the orchestra being abolished altogether.

The present unpopularity of the theatre orchestra is, no doubt, due to the misconception of the orchestra's real place in music, and a very natural contempt for this medium as it is displayed in the "theatre band." The average theatre orchestra is to-day regarded with complete indifference by the habitual playgoer, is barely tolerated even by the "country cousin," and is an object of derision and a source of mental anguish to those of musical sensibility and training.

The first thing that strikes a musician who happens to examine the make-up of these so-called orchestras is the total disregard of what is called "tonal balance," a disregard which becomes the more striking as the size of the band decreases; for, no matter how tiny and economical the instrumental section becomes, the overpowering drum always manages to survive. Indeed, the amazing combination of violin, piano and drum is often to be found in the poorer vaudeville "houses."

The usual New York theatre orchestra nowadays consists of about twelve players, most of them individually capable musicians, but operating in a most uninspiring environment. The size of the band is determined, not only by the available space between the first row of seats and the stage, but also by potent fiscal considerations. Whatever the reason for the peculiar allotment or size of the band, its composition is almost invariably absurd. When we consider the cost of these energetic but ineffectual groups of players, it all seems pitifully extravagant, particularly when we know how easily, with a little knowledge of the possibilities of small instrumental combinations, these orchestras could be re-arranged into highly effective and delightful institutions.

The standard symphonic orchestra, sometimes called "the Beethoven orchestra," has been substantially unchanged in its proportions for over a hundred years, and every student of instrumentation (or orchestration) knows that this symphonic orchestra is based on its "strings;" and, whether there be twenty or seventy of these, there remains always a fixed proportion of "wind-players," generally a pair of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons and trumpets, four horns and three trombones, drums and an occasional harp. Of course, we are not advocating or expecting theatre managers to promptly install symphonic orchestras just because some of us yearn for these things; what we here seek to discover is why they so consistently ignore the time-honored and well-known artistic principles that govern the combination of instruments. We naturally wish to know why we must always have a lusty group of wood, brass and percussion players rioting along, accompanied by four or six desperate and nearly inaudible "strings?" "Tonal balance" here becomes a joke.

Many of us gratefully recall the intelligent experiment that was tried at the Garrick Theatre in 1895, when Richard Mansfield was conducting it. He there introduced a body of nine strings, constituted thus: Two first and two second violins, two violas, two 'cellos and a bass, all in the hands of picked men and provided with music, original or arranged, admirably adapted, not only to this force of strings, but also to the work on the stage. This sort of thing has also been tried in other theatres from time to time; why it does not become popular is a mystery to many weary souls who loathe the present blatant devices. The theatre manager might well take a lesson from the restaurant orchestras. These are generally far superior to the theatre bands, probably because they are managed by French or Italian musicians, commonly supposed to be notable for an inborn sense of proportion and fitness in such matters.

Many of us recall, particularly, an excellent band in a restaurant on Sixth Avenue near Twenty-eighth Street. This band was composed of two violins, clarinet, 'cello and piano. They played everything ever written, apparently, and the tonal balance was highly grateful to the jaded ear. There was no blatant brass, no shrill flute, no maddening drum; the crisp rhythm of the piano adequately supplanted the noisy, thick, uncertain instruments that are relied on in theatre orchestras for the fundamental and inner voices. Unhampered by a disorganized crowd of melodic instruments, the two violins sang with captivating unison, the element of contrast being admirably supplied by clarinet and 'cello. We are well aware that the limited scope of such a combination would cause it to pall, ere long, upon the cultivated musical ear; but it is infinitely better than what we are accustomed to from the ordinary theatre orchestra; it is, at any rate, more artistic and cheaper.

There can be no doubt that the "Chocolate Soldier" and other operettas of this type, now so firmly (*Continued on page vi*)



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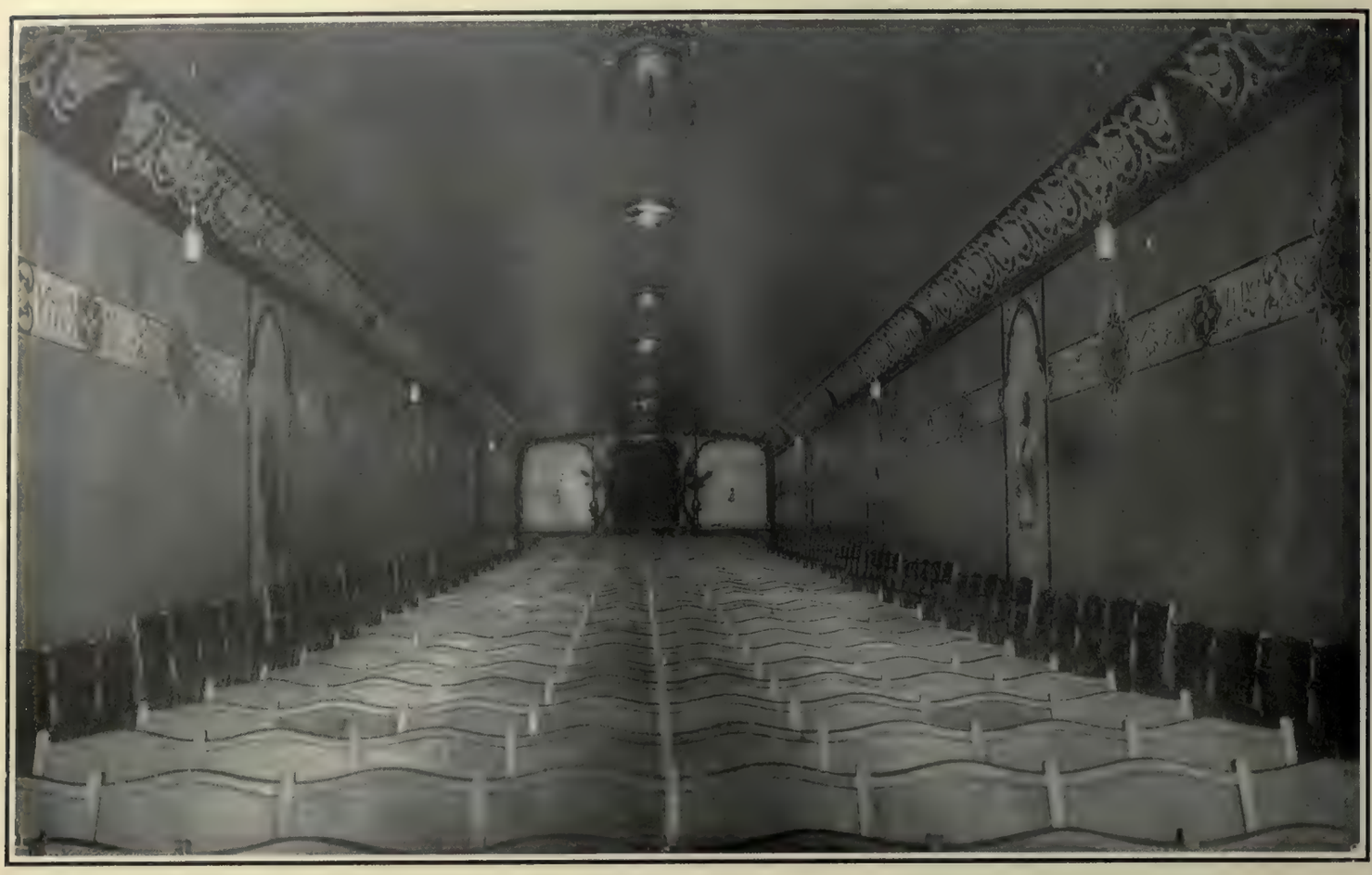
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POPULAR YOUNG ACTRESSES RECENTLY SEEN IN IMPORTANT METROPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS

1. Frances Reeve, recently seen as Lady Cudworth in "Disraeli." 2. Mary Carter, who played Mary McGovern in "Graft." 3. Louise Rutter, seen as Margaret Summers in "Passers-By." 4. Grace La Rue, who has been appearing in "Betsy"



INTERIOR OF A FLOATING MOVING PICTURE THEATRE IN HOLLAND. IT IS 160 FEET LONG AND HOLDS 430 PEOPLE

The Floating Theatre

WHEN the great thaw begins in the spring, and the ice formed on the Mississippi and other big western rivers breaks up, so as to permit free navigation once more, the small river towns are so "show hungry" that they look forward to the coming of the "first show" boat or floating theatre. There is a race between the show boats then to get the first picking of the most desirable towns. Sometimes the competition extends to the point where actors and actresses indulge in a little egg throwing of their own.

When the "Faust," an old scow converted into a "show boat" in 1873, entered a small river town with "the biggest and grandest show on earth," after two days of battling with the ice, the hardy navigator and chief actor of the outfit was chagrined to find the "Wonderland" already warping up to the dock just ahead of them. There was not room for two, but the owner of the "Faust" was not the kind to retreat in the face of opposition.

"Boys, we must board the enemy and take possession," he announced after a survey of the field. The "Faust" apparently bumped accidentally against the "Wonderland," and amid curses and unpleasant words the crew of the former walked aboard and paid their compliments. There followed a wordy war, and then a more active one, which resulted in the overpowering of the crew of the "Wonderland." The captors were locked up in their cabin, while the enterprising press agent issued notice that the play offered by the "Wonderland" would be postponed for three nights. The big play, prepared by the "Faust" company, was given for three nights. Then the boat slipped away, and the "Wonderland" crew went ashore to secure warrants for the arrest of their competitor. But what was the use? The "Faust" was miles down the river playing to new audiences.

Your modern city theatre-goer and first-nighter, sated with shows and plays, and tired of the whole business by the time spring arrives, has no conception of the novelty and popularity of the floating theatres when the rivers are first opened to navigation. The towns are for the most part outside of the regular theatre circuit, and many of them have no hall or opera house suitable for the one-night troupes. They have to hibernate all winter, so far as theatrical performances are concerned, and they are literally showmad when spring arrives. Every man, woman and child will raise the price of a ticket if he has to sell the winter overcoat or last year's plow. They come from the outskirts of the town in numbers, and the first show night is an epoch in the town's life.

There have been show boats, traveling theatres, itinerant entertainers, dancers and minstrels on the Mississippi for nearly a century, and each year they have been growing bigger and more elaborate. They began with old keel-boats, flat-boats and scows, which had to be poled along or towed by the river steamers. In 1817 a show boat company was organized by N. M. Ludlow, and it floated down the Cumberland River to the Ohio, and then down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Since then itinerant arks of all kinds have imitated this first show boat that we have any record of.

After the Civil War, trading boats did a splendid business on these great inland waterways, and often to attract trade the owners would give free exhibitions of dancers, sleight-of-hand and other performances. One trader, when competition was severe, carried a dentist who extracted teeth free for every one who bought five dollars' worth of goods. Another drew trade by dispensing free medicine, which was guaranteed to cure about every ill that flesh is heir to. A third enterprising trade was a licensed Methodist minister, and on Sundays he preached to his patrons, baptized, christened, married and performed the funeral service if needed. It was all free to whomsoever patronized the floating store through the week. In time these trading boats increased the show end of their business by carrying minstrels, mimics and even a troupe of actors. Of course, the actors and actresses were merely clerks and delivery boys in the daytime, but so artfully were their features and forms concealed at night by paint and wigs that few recognized them.

The legitimate drama came next. It was found that people were show hungry, and that it would pay to get up plays just for amusement without any side issue of trade. But it took a long time to dissociate the two.

(*Continued on page vi*)



KATHERINE GREY

This well-known actress, who recently returned to the local stage after an extensive tour through Australia, is now appearing in vaudeville in a powerful one-act drama, entitled "Above the Law," adapted from Brieux's play, "La Robe Rouge"



Photo Doyle

THE CORT, SAN FRANCISCO'S LATEST IMPOSING THEATRE

SAN FRANCISCO'S THEATRICAL REHABILITATION

PERHAPS the most astonishing feature of San Francisco's rapid recovery from the stupendous catastrophe which in 1906 staggered the world, is the remarkable construction of costly theatre buildings which have sprung up as if by magic in the former "burned district." This theatrical rehabilitation is unparalleled, absolutely unique, and could have occurred only in the progressive city by the Golden Gate.

Six years ago, on the night of April 17, 1906; every theatre in California's flourishing metropolis was crowded with interested spectators. The flower of the city gathered in the Grand Opera House, where Caruso and the Metropolitan Opera House Company gave a splendid performance of Bizet's "Carmen." It was the second offering of a two-weeks' season that promised to be a record-breaker, for over $90,000 had already been paid into the box office. At five o'clock the next morning the city was shaken by a terrific earthquake, and in the wake of the tremor came a destructive fire that wiped out every notable playhouse of which San Francisco then boasted—the Alcazar, California, Central, Columbia, Fischer's, Grand Opera House, Majestic, Orpheum, and Tivoli. The only theatrical landmark that escaped the greedy flames was Lotta's Fountain, which stands at the intersection of Market, Geary and Kearney Streets, in the very heart of the splendid new shopping district.



Lotta's Fountain, the only theatrical landmark that escaped the flames. It was presented to San Francisco by Lotta Crabtree, a great favor-

It is almost impossible for an outsider to appreciate the chaotic conditions that existed in San Francisco after 400 square blocks of buildings were reduced to ashes and ruins, and all water, light and street car service had been cut off.

The spirit of the people, however, remained undaunted, and despite the fact that on the night of April 17th thousands of light-hearted theatre-goers had shaved eternity, escaping a hideous holocaust by the narrow margin of some five hours, the possibility of further danger did not lessen their love for amusement in the least. In fact, only two months later, when lights and dependable car service were re-established in the unburned residence section, hundreds of people each evening made the pilgrimage to the Chutes, a pleasure park, opposite Golden Gate Park, where vaudeville performances were given under the management of the Orpheum Theatre.

On August 11th, the old Central Theatre Stock Company began a profitable season of melodrama in a tent, and when a circus took advantage of the dearth of attractions and opened on September 22d, the receipts for the six performances were said by



Orpheum, million-dollar home of vaudeville

the managers to have been the largest ever known for the same period in the history of the American circus business. Not less than 60,000 people paid the price of admission, and hundreds of people were turned away at every performance.

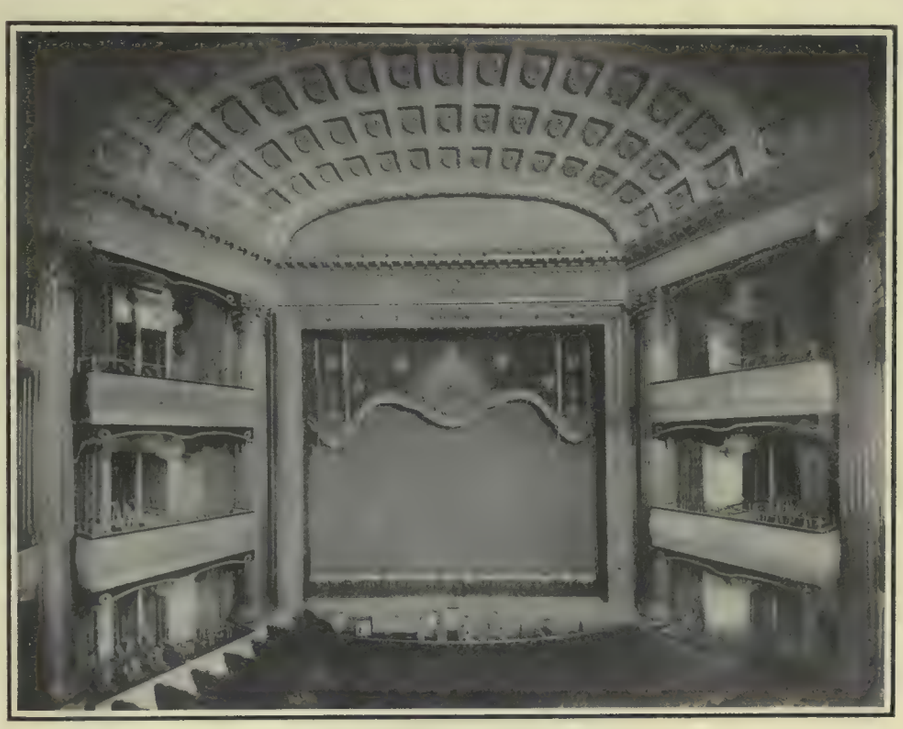
The Colonial Theatre, which was in course of construction at the time of the fire, was the first substantial playhouse in the burned district to open its doors. That was on October 7, 1907. The writer will never forget a performance of "In the Bishop's Carriage" he saw there during those early reconstruction days. The car service was wretched, and when we alighted in front of the theatre about half an hour late, darkness and mystery reigned beyond the well-lighted entrance. Street lamps had not yet been installed, and all we could see as we looked down the thoroughfare were ghostly ruins and tangled debris. Not a soul was in sight. It was a depressing sight even to the courageous.

On January 2, 1907, the Central Theatre opened in a frame building at its old location on Market Street and once again the lovers of lurid melodrama were out in full force. The management made no attempt at interior decorations, and as there were neither galleries nor chandeliers overhead, the public felt perfectly safe against stormy weather, fire, or even earthquake.

Twenty days later, the American Theatre, on Market, above Seventh, was ready for its christening It was nearly completed at the time of the catastrophe, and stood as the one building left in that location after the fire. It was here San Francisco received its first real taste of comic opera. Several local favorites were in the cast, and as the large audience filed into the "Class A" building, which was widely advertised by the management as the "safest" theatre in town, they found the lobby lined with "good luck" floral pieces. The interior proved cozy and the building was by far the most pretentious theatre erected up to that time.



Frederick Belasco's new Alcazar Theatre



Beautiful interior of the Columbia Theatre

These were the days when matinées were largely attended by women without escorts, since many considered it quite an heroic undertaking to go downtown at night. As a matter of fact one of the most familiar sights after an evening performance was the spectacle of a group of disconsolate would-be passengers,



Photo Waters

The new Columbia's impressive facade



The Princess Theatre



Tent theatre where performances were given six months after fire

standing at a street corner straining a hopeful eye down the dark vistas of an unoccupied track, waiting patiently for a car to put in an appearance. During the rainy weather this was particularly unpleasant, for there were no awnings under which one might seek shelter, the streets were deep with mud, and even the sidewalks were filled with dangerous holes and pitfalls.

The majority of the theatres, like the rest of San Francisco, sought quarters adjacent to Fillmore Street, which had good car accommodations. For years it had been a sleepy residence street, but the fire transformed it over night into a busy retail centre, and for two years it was crowded nightly with dense throngs that patronized the gay theatres, cafés and nickelodeons sprinkled along about ten blocks as well as the streets debouching from them.



Class "A" theatre not equal to the earthquake

Kolb and Dill, a very popular German dialect team, were the first to open in this section. They crowded the Davis Theatre, a bandbox of a playhouse, at McAllister and Fillmore, until their temporary shack was declared a fire-trap, when they moved to the Princess, a reinforced concrete structure, that is now devoted to moving pictures and vaudeville.

Then came in swift succession the Novelty Theatre, at O'Farrell, near Fillmore, which for a time housed the Frohman attractions; the Orpheum, adjoining the Princess, and the Alcazar, at Sutter and Steiner.

The opening of the Orpheum, on March 11, 1907, showed the spirit of the city. At six o'clock it seemed as though several days would be required for the completion of the place, which was filled with carpenters and mechanics. In fact, the men worked until almost the moment before the curtain went up. But the good natured audience overlooked all shortcomings, and enjoyed the excellent vaudeville performance, even though the theatre reeked with the odors of paint and plaster.

There was more genuine heart sentiment expressed over the return of Frederick Belasco's Alcazar to the theatrical arena, just eleven months after the fire, than was the case at any other housewarming. For one thing, the Alcazar retained its old name; for another, the business management was practically the same; and, last and most important, the majority of the members of the company still remained.

Stormy weather did not deter any one from attending the opening night on March 18, 1907. Hundreds of the regular patrons of the old O'Farrell playhouse were anxious to show their loyalty to the management and their friends in the company. Nance O'Neil, Virginia Harned, Florence Roberts, James K. Hackett, Burr McIntosh and Max Figman played starring engagements in this handsome "Class A" Mission structure of steel and concrete, which has recently been renamed the Republic and turned over for five years to cheap vaudeville. The auditorium is admirably proportioned, and every one of the 1,425 seats in the house



The first permanent theatre completed after the fire

gets a perfect view of the stage. This house is very popular.

The opening of the $200,000 Van Ness Theatre on March 11, 1907, was the first occasion after the fire that society dressed in all its old-time gorgeousness. The two thousand seats were filled nightly during the engagement of Henry W. Savage's English version of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," standing room being at a premium. It was good to see the line of carriages and autos spread over the noble space of the avenue, which is named after James Van Ness, one of the benefactors of the municipality. The engagements, Terry and Irving, Sarah Bernhardt, the Conreid Opera Company, the Grau Opera Company, the Metropolitan Opera House Company, and the last appearance here of Richard Mansfield, were surpassed. When the box office opened there was a string of humanity in single file extending along O'Farrell street to Powell, down Powell to Ellis, and for a short distance around the corner on Ellis. For thirty-seven hours hundreds of patient buyers were in line. A number of messenger boys had appeared at the theatre doors Saturday night and spent two en-



White Erville Alderson Ernest Leonard Vivia Ogden May Milloy

Act I. Vivia Ogden, as the New England mother, appeals to Heaven to protect the heroine, whom the stern father is turning out because "there's a snow storm comin'"

SCENE IN EVERETT SHINN'S BURLESQUE MELODRAMA, "MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN USUAL," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE

career of the theatre, which was reared on the site of his old home, was short-lived, for as soon as the new Columbia was completed, the temporary structure was razed to the ground.

Over in the congested Mission district, which is the most populous section of San Francisco, the Valencia Theatre, costing a quarter of a million dollars, was started at the time of the panic in 1907. It is another reinforced concrete building, with an equipment as good as any theatre in the West. The stage is seventy-six feet wide by forty feet deep and the proscenium arch rises to a height of about sixty-five feet. It was opened with a high-class stock company on September 8, 1908, and after a year took care of the Shubert productions. Maud Allen, the Imperial Russian ballet, and a lengthy season of French grand opera, are a few attractions that have made this splendid theatre an important factor in our amusement life.

In the spring of 1909 there was a general exodus of the important firms from Fillmore Street and Van Ness Avenue to the new shopping and business district downtown. The hotels and cafés were the first "home again," and then came the theatres. The million-dollar Orpheum opened on April 19th at its old location on O'Farrell Street, near Powell. The "three-years-after" anniversary was a big event, and the Orpheum's housewarming gave a sort of official stamp to the downtown section.

In length, the line of ticket purchasers for the first night exceeded any other in the history of San Francisco theatricals. Even the famous lines for the premières of the Adelina Patti tire nights in waiting, snatching a little sleep while they sat on the sidewalks.

The first night proved a great success. Mayor Edward Robson Taylor delivered a brief address from a box and the whole audience, numbering over 2,500 people, stood while Zelie de Lussan sang "The Star Spangled Banner." The program ended with a series of motion pictures showing old San Francisco, and every one had the strange sensation of seeing things as they were "before the fire."

When planning this beautiful theatre, Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., who controls a circuit with first-class houses in twenty-seven cities, insisted first of all that it should be absolutely fire and earthquake proof. As a result, the new Orpheum is not only the safest theatre in San Francisco, but the safest in the world. It cannot catch fire. Everything about the building is unburnable. Even the window panes are of wire glass, which will not break in fire. As for the sashes and frames, they are of steel. The seats are wooden only because iron is cold and hard to sit upon. The floor is of thick cement, covered with an inch or so of wood, because cement is noisy to walk upon. You can set fire to the seats and they would burn up, but nothing else would—because there isn't anything else to burn.

The next milestone in San Francisco's new theatrical life was reached on January 10, 1910, when William H. Crane appeared in "Father and the Boys" at the New Columbia Theatre, in Geary near Mason Street. For convenience, (*Continued on page xi*)



GROUP IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, FISHING CONTEST

A Theatrical Fishing Contest

"WHAT do the player folk of Paris do in summer time?" I asked my friend, the Expatriate, exiled by choice, not necessity.

She raised an amused eyelid. "Paris is never so much Paris as when they are all away." She disposed of the "they" with a negligent gesture, which seemed to include all those listed in "*Qui Etes Vous.*"

The loyal Parisians—and certainly the stage people belong to this order—consider every journeying away from the beloved boulevards in the light of a tragedy, to be averted if possible, to be lived through with a single glimmer of hope—that of returning, if unavoidable. Such a summer as that of 1911 is, of course, exceptional. Paris was then like a beautiful woman, suddenly disfigured, from whom her one-time admirers ran in terror and dismay.

That special population of the French capital is indifferent to climatic conditions; only the unexceptional has power to tear up roots of life-long habit. Under the spreading chestnut trees, *tout Paris* opens its umbrellas and waits for the sun to shine. It does, frequently, and immediately the gay out-of-door life begins anew, skirts drop, chiffons are renovated, feathers and flowers become all the perkier for the temporary sprinkling.

Soon after the Grand Prix, which practically ends the racing seasons for Americans, the tourists fly away by motor, train and channel crossings. The "hotels" of the aristocracy are closed. Fashion trails from one cure to another, seeking distraction and, incidentally, health; making or receiving visits on board yachts, in beach villas or speeding limousines. But this is only an insignificant percentage of the whole, and with its departure Paris breathes a sigh of relief. It is now in possession of the real lovers, who have waited, bored, impatient, irritated.

You see them, joyous in their regained possession, sitting for hours on the sidewalk "terrasse" of the Café de la Paix, or grouped about the enameled tables of the Café Madrid, Pré Catalan, Armenonville, L'hermitage, before which pass such an endless procession of types that you question whether anyone has really left the city.

The haunts of this population are, in truth, little known. They made the Moulin Rouge famous and the Jardin de Paris. They did the same kind of act for the Abbey, of which Anglo Saxons still speak with the bated breath of the "sad dog" type. Then, when Americans and English followed, they disappeared, to find other places where the same programme will be repeated. They smile that one should find the Grand Prix interesting, and in a low tone refer to other "concours," some of which never reach the prestige of the printed page.

It was to one of these contests that my friend suggested that we go, actuated by my curiosity concerning the vacation of the theatric people. To my bromidian speech that we were not expected, she raised the unused eyelid and epigrammatically announced that it was very commonplace to go only where one is invited, that such a procedure is sure to rob life of one of its most pungent zests—the unexpected.

So, early one morning we found ourselves in the Bois de Boulogne at the Great Lake. It was at that hour a wooded solitude the splash of the minnow, the call of the bird, the step of the occasional pedestrian, the only sounds to break the serenity of the matinal hour.



The tombs of Madame Pouillot and her husband at Père La Chaise. Madame Pouillot was a guest of honor at the Fisherman's Contest

As we stood on the tiny bridge for a moment, that connects two islets, we viewed a photographer arranging his apparatus at the pavilion Azais, the avant courier of the function. Here and there along the borders of the beautiful sheet of water, shadowed by willows, planes and chestnuts, we noted poles stuck in the ground, dividing the demesne into sections, each pole bearing a mystic number.

Until I saw those black figures on the white placards I had actually not thought to ask concerning the details of our quest. That I was to see something foreign and something that every American did not see had been all sufficient data, particularly as the *mise en scène* had been selected apparently with a view to my personal delectation—the wonderful Paris woodland in the morn-

ing when it is always to be enjoyed at its very best.

My questions now, however, came thick and fast, and I learned that *Comoedia,* the authoritative journal in Paris on stage matters, had organized an out-of-door contest for the theatre people remaining in town who were interested in fishing, or thought they were, a wording which left a generous margin of decision to draw upon.

The right of entry demanded that the fisherman should belong to "the profession" and should know a fish when he saw it. It was intimated that no doubt from this humble beginning a large society would inevitably grow, embracing possibly all the Izaak Waltons of France. The name of "Le Goujonette" (the little gudgeon) was suggested as an appropriate title.

At ten thirty we were still in undisputed possession of that portion of the Bois. Shortly after, one of the management of the fête, who was strolling about with a supervising eye, explained that while many of the fishermen might not get to the contest, they were sure to arrive on time at the midday luncheon to be held at the Alcazar, the well-known restaurant on the Champs Elysées. He invited us to attend, stating that they would all consider it an honor. We would be the only Americans.

After a dramatic hesitation, which we considered was rather well done, we accepted.

The manager did his fishing contestants injustice, for soon they began to arrive until our isolated retreat resembled a huge aviary filled with chattering birds. The solitude was rent by cries and calls, staccato talk, ripples of merry laughter, songs and footlight imitations of hunting calls.

The costumes had apparently been selected with an eye to dramatic effect. They could not fail to impress the most casual eye with their bizarre appeal. They were so delightfully incongruous to the occasion that all at once the great natural background of trees and water seemed to shrink and become a mere theatric framing for human action.

Only one man brought a fishing basket. He was the subject of good-natured derision. He was dubbed "L'Anglais" immediately. Vanity bags, coat pockets, carefully lined with silk, knotted handkerchiefs and scarfs did yeoman duty.

A well-known ingénue was costumed in pearl gray. The corsage was cut very low, and at the V-shaped opening a single red rose gave the contrast of color to the pallor of cheek and greenish gray eyes, outlined with blue cosmetic. Another in black had not a vestige of trimming to break the ascetic lines, but, as if the burden of this conventionality was too great, she had balanced its rigor by perching rakily on her Greek coiffure of auburn hair a small, untrimmed felt hat about the size of a breakfast saucer. She was escorted by a trio, true in every particular to the Murger types, as we know them in La Bohéme, and soon after her arrival caught a minnow about the length of her index finger, which, ungloved, showed a green stone of cryptic design. She danced about the lake with it to admiring ejaculations. She waved it in front of our astonished eyes and announced that it was *"un vrai merlan."* We did not contradict her. The trio removed the fish from the line.



THE COMMITTEE'S GROTTO

Madame Louise Silvain, of the Comédie Française, was gowned in a very smart blue foulard and had a small black hat with nodding white plumes. She did not remove her long gloves and sat in a willow chair while she fished with zest. Opportunity, however, did not come her way, but favored her husband's efforts, who, after repeated trials and tribulations, succeeded in gathering together a half-dozen unobstrusive specimens. By virtue of his position his fish were examined by monocled visitors with a great show of seriousness.

Some of the participants had provided elaborate apparatus and prepared for the occasion with a tremendous amount of attention to details. If they failed to obtain the *prix d'honneur,* it was not through carelessness.

One spread all over his section an equipment consisting of a red lacquer box, a blue cloissonné tray, and, in a square made by placing cigarettes end to end, a dozen or so bait worms of varying tints seemed to give the needed color to his Matisse trained eye.

In a neighboring division a follower of Izaak Walton wore a browning corduroy suit, having very tight trousers, a wide-brimmed hat of white with scarlet band, a green bow tie and a huge boutonniére of not one but several gardenias. He managed to distract considerable notice in his quiet way.



AFTER THE CONTEST IN THE ALCAZAR GARDEN



Bangs

ALICE LINDAHL
Recently seen in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," now a prominent member of the Hartman Theatre Stock Company, Columbus, Ohio

Excitement rose to fever heat when Max Dearly, king of the vaudevillians, arrived. A great favorite, he ran from one group to another, admiring fish and costumes with equal fervor.

"Who is he?" we inquired of a self-appointed guide, who varied his angling attempts with courier-like attentions.

He told us the name, then added, "Mr. Dearly is happily married."

He waited, his line held taut, a pinkish worm curling at the end in ultimate anguish, to see how we took the news. Apparently he expected us to curl up in convulsions like his bait.

We were calm, announcing that we had seen Mr. Dearly in his charming skit, "The American Doll," and liked him immensely.

One entire section was given to the troupe of the Folies Dramatiques; directly across the lake the Belgian Company of the Déjazet formed a striking contrast to their Gallic friends. They were so expert in landing gudgeon that several of the reconnoitering Committee accused them, laughingly, of having hypnotized the fish, as they do their audiences, into a state of neuresthenia. Farther away stood members of the Bouffes Parisiens, among them the charming Mademoiselle Le Geay, a centre of masculine if not piscatorial interest. Across the water was pointed out the Gymnase Company.

A member of the committee, distinguished by the button of the Legion of Honor, explained to us that in order to belong to this choice band, one must possess certain qualifications.

"And these, Monsieur?" we inquired deferentially.

"You must be amiable, Mesdames, and you must be gay."

"A good fisherman, too?" you ask in a matter-of-fact tone.

"That is not a handicap, ladies, but it is not necessary. If one is a *bon camarade* one can dispense with the superfluous—such as accurate information and experience."

"And nothing else?"

"He must know how to console those who catch nothing and soothe the ruffled feelings of any one who is so ignorant that he does not know the fish from the flowers."

Nearly all the important theatres in Paris have representatives on the Committee. The members of this body are frequently called upon to decide questions every bit as important as those specified. Monsieur Silvain, Vice Doyen of the Comédie Française, acts as President, and from his judicial opinion few demur.

The fishing contest lasts an hour. A veritable tragedy marks its close.

You hear, "Beauh! Beauh!"

Every one rushes. Only a big fish could cause such a commotion. Possibly a five-pounder. Tackle and traps are forgotten; veils fly; scarves are caught on hanging branches; red tray and blue box are overturned and worms of white and brown meander away as they will. In a dramatic tangle, members of the several companies meet in a common cause.

It is only a duck that some one has caught by mistake. The Committee emerges from the mob, portentiously grave. They retire to their grotto. They are gone a long time. The discussion waxes fierce, murmurs reaching the outer air and the impatient fishermen. Finally they emerge. The result of the conference is made public as the offender is called before them. They request, first of all, that his name be not published.

"You are commanded to release the duck."

The duck flies away to the accompaniment of a hundred "Beauhs!"

Then a gong announces the close of the contest. Taxis, fiacres private carriages, are filled to overflowing, and the procession winds along to the Alcazar, where, in the pleasant garden, the prizes are distributed by M. Silvain

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Byron

The old Rialto—Union Square and Fourteenth Street

The new Rialto—Broadway, between 38th and 39th Streets

THE ACTORS' RENDEZVOUS—THE RIALTO OF YESTERDAY AND THE RIALTO OF TO-DAY

The "Rialto" a Generation Ago

THE "Rialto" of old New York, which for more than half a century was the rendezvous for the players of the American stage, has practically passed out of existence, but it is held in remembrance by the old playgoers of the metropolis, as well as by the old actors and actresses of the nation, as a sacred reminiscence of the old stage. It was the recognized headquarters of the American actor of the last century, the place toward which his feet always tended when he found himself in the metropolis; the open-air office in which he negotiated for his engagement for the coming season; the lounging place in which he lingered in his moments of leisure. It was on the "Rialto" that the players were reunited after their season's labor "on the road"; here that they compared notes of their experiences, criticized or praised their latest manager, and sought and obtained new engagements. It was the section of New York City devoted almost exclusively to the theatrical profession, and so recognized by all. Its stores and offices were nearly all established to supply the wants of the players, and within its limited area the actor could find response to his demands for costumes, could sign his contract for the coming season, and could gratify his tastes with everything required, from a cocktail to a table d'hôte dinner. The clean-shaven thespian and the soubrette were almost the only persons one met.

The old "Rialto" was a somewhat limited territory, including East Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to Third Avenue, and Union Square Park, which, in the days of the last generation, was by no means the beautiful little playground that it is now. This section, in the seventies and eighties, was the theatrical centre of the metropolis. Wallack's Theatre stood just around the corner, at Broadway and Thirteenth Street. The Union Square Theatre was in Fourteenth Street, just to the east of Broadway; the Academy of Music, then the temple of grand opera, stood, as it stands to-day, at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, and Tony Pastor's Variety Theatre—there was no "vaudeville" house in those days—was also in Fourteenth Street, within the charmed limits of the "Rialto." A little more than a block to the West stood the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which was an important feature of the New York stage in those days, and all along Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to Third Avenue, were museums, concert halls, restaurants, and bar-rooms, to claim the patronage of the players. Of these latter the Morton House bar, at the corner of Broadway, was the most alluring. It was a bar of aristocratic pattern for the nineteenth century, lacking only the title of "Café" to render it a fair rival of some of the saloons of the twentieth century, but the rage for French titles had not then developed. At its little round tables many an important theatrical engagement was arranged, and in many cases the contracts were actually signed there. It was in this cosy bar-room that Sheridan Shook and A. M. Palmer came to terms under which the latter assumed the management of the Union Square Theatre, resulting in the establishment of the famous Union Square Stock Company, the only real rival of Wallack's and Daly's. The Morton House was a landmark of old New York, and not the least of its claims for recognition as such was the part which it played in the development of the "Rialto." The players in the city made it a headquarters where searching friends could easily find them.

As everybody knows, the "Rialto" was the scene of the loan by Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," the pledge for the return of which, at a specified time, was a pound of the debtor's flesh. Shakespeare, by making it the scene of this transaction, immortalized it so that were Venice swept into oblivion, the "Rialto" would be known to generations of the future so long as the ability to read remained to mankind. The Italian word "rialto," translated literally into English, means simply the "highest bridge." Venice is a city of canals and bridges, and the name rialto was given to the highest of the latter. It was the headquarters of the money changers and money lenders of the city, and was as well known as the financial centre of Venice, as is Wall or Broad Street to New York. It was to the highest bridge that the seeker of a loan resorted, knowing that he would find there the man who would accommodate him. It was here that Shylock advanced his

money on the security of a pound of flesh, furnishing the motive around which the action of "The Merchant of Venice" revolves. The word "Rialto" thus became identified, to an extent, with the theatrical profession, and from the days of Shakespeare it has been used to designate a gathering place for players.

What particular actor first christened Fourteenth Street, within the limits described, as the "Rialto" is a question to which I have not been able to find an answer. It may have been one of the higher lights of the stage, or one of the "barnstormers" who first made the place his stamping ground. But the name of the man who first called public attention to the "Rialto," and made it a household word for the masses, is fortunately preserved for enshrinement in the Temple of Fame. He was "Ted" McAlpin, one of the Bohemian reporters of the New York *Sun* in the days when Amos J. Cummings, as managing editor of that paper, made it sparkle like its namesake with flashes of wit. "Ted" was a shining light in the galaxy of talent which Cummings lured to the service of the *Sun*. He was tall and lanky, wore very thick and wavy side-whiskers, and had much the appearance as he walked the streets of a high-strung evangelist. But he only looked this part. Candor compels the admission that "Ted" was one of the high rollers of his profession, brimful of good humor at all times and overflowing with geniality, a magnificently good fellow all through, and one of the brightest of the old Bohemian reporters, a class which has now passed into history.



White

CARRIE DE MAR
Well-known American vaudeville performer recently seen at the Coliseum in London

At the time Lydia Thompson's famous English Burlesque Company came to New York, and played its engagement at Wallack's, Rose Massey was generally conceded to be the most beautiful of the many beautiful women of the organization. At the close of the Thompson engagement, Dion Boucicault followed it with a production of his latest new play, "The Shaughran." The juvenile actor in this play was Harry Montague, a fine looking young fellow, with considerably more personal beauty than professional talent. He was also the private secretary of Boucicault, who regarded him in the light of a personal ward. The women of New York went literally crazy over Harry Montague, and he was the first to achieve the distinction of being called the "matinée idol," a title which has been since bestowed on many a smarter man. One day Amos Cummings called "Ted" to his office and informed him of a report that Rose Massey was about to sue Montague for breach of promise of marriage. "Go up and see the boy," said Amos, "and make him talk, if you can." Ted gave his usual nod of recognition of the duties of his task, and dived out of the office to take up the trail. The trail led him direct to Wallack's Theatre, where he hoped to find trace of the young defendant.

Theodore Moss, who afterwards became owner and manager of Wallack's, was at this time the treasurer and business manager of the house. Ted found him in his office, and asked information regarding the haunts of Montague, and where he would be likely to find him.

"Why, he's on the stage now," said Mr. Moss. "They're having a sort of a rehearsal of some of the scenes which don't quite satisfy Boucy. Go back and see him."

Ted was overjoyed at the ease with which he had run his quarry down, and he acted on Mr. Moss's suggestion at once. He was admitted to the auditorium, and passed through it to go upon the stage through a box entrance. Mr. Moss did not accompany him, but remained in his office to await events, a jolly twinkle illuminating his eyes. He knew Boucicault better than Ted did, and no doubt foresaw the result of his perilous exploration of the stage while Boucicault was conducting a rehearsal.

Ted stepped from the box to the stage, and found it filled with members of the company trying to follow the directions of "Boucy." He waited patiently until there was a pause, and then, boldly stepping up to the author, suggested that he would like to speak to Mr. Montague.

"And what do you want of him?" growled the gruff author and stage manager.



Gould & Marsden, Inc. FRANK TINNEY
Appearing in "The Winsome Widow" at the Moulin Rouge



White HOPE LATHAM
Lately seen as Jane Palmer in "The Rainbow" at the Liberty



Bangs WINTHROP CHAMBERLAIN
Now playing with the Hudson Theatre Stock Company, Union Hill, N. J.

"I want to get his story about this breach of promise case of Rose Massey's," began Ted.

But he got no further. Turning to the grim-visaged stage doorkeeper, Boucicault shouted, "Here, Jim, throw this fellow out on the Rialto." The Cerberus of the stage advanced calmly, seized the collar of Ted, marched him to the stage door, and, not too gently, "fired" him out on Fourth Avenue. Ted scarcely realized what had happened until he found himself groping toward Fourteenth Street, and was swallowed up in the groups of players strolling up and down on the Rialto. Then he shook himself together, muttered in a grieved tone, "Well, I'll be d——" and vanished through the door of the Morton House bar.

This action of Boucicault was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He was excitable at all times, and, when acting as stage manager at rehearsals he had no patience with anybody. He would probably have ejected Mr. Moss from his own stage under similar circumstances.

Ted having fortified himself with a Rialto tonic, strolled out on Fourteenth Street, and industriously interviewed many actors on the Rose Massey suit, but gained little of interest for building up his story. He finally went to the *Sun* office and made the "firing" of himself on the Rialto the feature of the Rose Massey sensation. It was the first time that the general public had heard of the Rialto, and the story made a remarkable hit. The name Rialto became a household word, and from that day on the little space of territory to which it was applied became the favorite lounging place, not only of the players, but of their admirers, who were eager to see their favorites "off the stage" in the common walks of life.

And so the "Rialto" became an acknowledged feature of Metropolitan life. High society was quite as silly in those days as it is now. Fifth Avenue was then a purely residence section of the city, and the belles of that section began to include the "Rialto" in their daily promenades. They would stroll back and forth, observing the players, and casting sheep's eyes at their stage favorites. Many a jealous feud has arisen between young society ladies and their "best man" on account of these trips to the "Rialto." They became a "fad" which swept through all classes of citizens, and made this part of Fourteenth Street a scene of glittering enchantment every pleasant afternoon, especially in the summer months, when the "Rialto" was swarmed with the idle players. The towering skyscrapers, which are now features of the scene, were then but dreams of architectural visionaries. A four-story building was a novelty, and if the "Rialto," as it was could be brought back to view to-day, its original frequenters would be amazed to remember that they had ever made it their favorite promenade. But for years it was the leading centre of interest to what was then upper New York, and it is now one of the choicest recollections of old playgoers, as well as old players.



Wilfred North in two widely different characterizations—the Kahn in "The Flower of the Palace of Han" and the constable in "The Pigeon." Mr. North, an Englishman by birth, left the legal profession in Texas and came to New York in 1890. His first engagement was with Lillian Lewis in "Credit Lorraine." He left her to join Gustave Frohman, with "The Witch." Then followed a season with Louis James during which season he wrote a play for Mr. James entitled "Henry of Navarre." Mrs. Fiske engaged him for the part of the yokel in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Later he was with Miss Marlowe two seasons

In the nineteenth century the business of engaging the members of the stock companies of the land was conducted very differently from the system now pursued. Very few out-of-town managers saw the actors they had engaged through the dramatic agencies until they reported to fulfill their engagements. The business of the dramatic agent was a thriving one, and the Rialto and its immediate neighborhood was filled with their offices. If not too distant from the metropolis, the managers of other cities would come to New York to "look over the stock" before making engagements, and the Rialto was the place where the "looking over" was done. A stroll along it would bring to the eyes of the manager actors of all classes, from the meek and lowly utility man to the pompous leading man and leading woman. Little chats in the street or in the bar-room would result in the giving and accepting of contracts, which would then be celebrated by a table d'hote dinner in one of the many restaurants to clinch the bargain. But most of the out-of-town managers did not find it convenient to come to the city to attend to their business personally, and these had to rely entirely on the dramatic agent for the selection of their companies. The Rialto was the clearing house of the profession, and was so recognized all over the country.

Ballade of the Lonely Hero

The lover I, and o'er and o'er,
  Heroics through the play I cry;
Till auditors their plaudits roar,
  And brimming tears dim every eye.
The crafty plotter's wiles I spy,
  And drive him forth 'neath Heaven's wide dome.
The curtain down, 'tis I who sigh—
  The villain's family waits at home.

I track him to his secret door,
  I cast him down from mountains high,
Unearth his plans and come before
  The great elopement he would try.
While in the dressing-room I tie
  My shoe-lace, he returns my comb—
A cordial handshake, brisk "good night"—
  The villain's family waits at home.

Each night he wades through crimes a score,
  And yet he has a gentle eye;
He strews his victims 'round the floor,
  And vows impenitent he'll die.
From such a wretch good men should fly,
  Yet through the streets with him I'd roam,
If all his joys 'round me might lie—
  The villain's family waits at home.

ENVOI.

Ah, lonely hero, evermore,
  The stage's glories melt like foam,
My hapless state must I deplore—
  The villain's family waits at home.

CLARENCE STRATTON.

In the days of which I am writing the player had not attained the position in the social scale which he now enjoys. He was not regarded as a vagabond, as he was a century ago, and sentiment had begun to flow in his favor, but he was still an outcast from the circles of the best society, which could not bring itself to regard him as more than an entertainer who was amply paid for his services by the dollars which it showered upon him. In these days much, if not practically all, of this critical feeling has disappeared, and the leading members of the profession are treated with the courtesy and consideration which is their just due by all classes of society. A popular juvenile man of to-day will receive more cordial recognition than was accorded to the masterly genius of Edwin Booth a generation ago. The feeling that they were, to an extent, at least, ostracized, gave to the old-time player a tendency toward Bohemianism, which made him somewhat free in his intercourse with his fellows, and this tendency was as marked among the actresses as among the actors. The Rialto was the common gathering place where one was sure to meet one's friends, and it was used quite as freely by the women as by the men of the profession. Lillian Russell was playing at Tony Pastor's in the eighties, and she would stop for a chat on the Rialto coming from rehearsals and form a glittering feature of the pageant. The same was true of many women of the stage, to whom the Rialto was the only rendezvous for the meeting of friends. Under the different circumstances of the present day those ladies would probably hesitate to display themselves on the Rialto, if the Rialto remained to offer them the chance.

"The Black Crook" was produced at Niblo's Garden, then one of the leading New York houses, in the early seventies, introducing for the first time on the American stage the ballet on a large scale. The appearance of tights as the special feature of an entertainment aroused a sensation in the city which has never since been equalled. The show was attacked from pulpit and platform, but Jarrett and Palmer, the producers, stood their ground boldly, and "The Black Crook" became the reigning theatrical attraction of the country. Playgoers came from afar off to witness the spectacle, and it established a new standard of entertainment, which became one of the most successful ever credited to the stage. The members of the ballet were quick to make the Rialto their favorite promenade. On pleasant afternoons it was thronged by them, so that the curious New Yorker could study in real life the woman who had charmed him with her terpsichorean gyrations in the "Crook." The girls were cordially welcomed to the Rialto by its old frequenters, as, indeed, was any member of the theatrical profession, from the modest variety actor to the most dignified of tragedy stars. They brought to it a glitter of attractiveness which added to its allurements, as the Lydia Thompson girls did when playing their season at Wallack's.

Of the old-time actors and actresses who were identified with the development of the Rialto, the list would include practically all the favorites of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Charles R. Thorne, the talented and genial leading man of the Union Square Theatre; Maurice Barrymore, also a popular member of the same company; William H. Crane, who had begun starring with Stuart Robson as partner; Lillian Russell, Rose Coghlan, Rosina Vokes, of the Vokes sisters, who played nearly every summer at Daly's, and the popular favorites of every theatre in New York could be constantly seen on the Rialto in their everyday clothes, walking and breathing like the ordinary man and woman. To see them thus was a grand treat to the outside public, which never lost its charm. Charles Burnham, new manager of Wallack's Theatre, was at this



ETHEL DAVIES
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"

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MAUD LEROY
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 4. Adrienne Lecouvreur

ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR'S life was as tragical as any part in which she ever appeared, although she ranged through the repertoire of the Comédie Française, and in what was thought to be a shockingly naturalistic manner, characterized the beautiful heroines of Corneille and Racine. She became the queen of the French stage, and if her contemporary critics are to be trusted, one of the greatest actresses who ever lived, yet Adrienne's celebrated question: "What's living without loving?" seems to have been not a question at all, but a wail—the exclamation of despair. She loved, her life was a succession of passions, but she always loved unwisely and too well. When a little girl, with none to prophesy that she would one day be a welcome, flattered and envied guest in the drawing-rooms of the mighty, she was swayed by the great passion, and even then was the victim of great misfortunes and sufferings, caused in the main by a passing whim which she construed to be the beating of love at the door of her heart.



ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR

Adrienne was the child of poor parents named Couvreur. The prefix "Le" was adopted as a *nom du théâtre* when she determined to become an actress. During the early years of her life she seems to have been little more than a stock actress in little theatres in the provinces. She learned a long line of parts, however, and was constantly falling in love. It was the same in later years. She played all kinds of parts, from the most tempestuous tragedy of the period to the sprightly and frivolous comedies, and, according to her critics, succeeded perfectly in divorcing one from the other, so that in her comedy scenes there was no suggestion of the stately and majestic tragedienne, and in it all she was perhaps the first of the women who attempted anything like realism in costumes and delivery of lines. She dressed the parts that she was playing appropriately, and attempted to defy the precedents that stood as the laws of the Medes and Persians by declining to chant the majestic poetry of Racine and the others, and tried to give life to the words and a new meaning which is commonly accepted to-day. Even then poor Adrienne was suffering daily from the pangs of love.

Finally, when she was established as a favorite in Paris, Maurice de Saxe came into the whirl of the gay life, and Adrienne quickly surrendered herself. It has been written that her name will never be forgotten as long as his is spoken, and their romance becomes one of the prettiest stories in all the true stories of the world's great loves. Probably Maurice loved her as much as he was capable of loving anyone. She was aware of his infidelities, being only one of hundreds who were infatuated by him, but she loved him as if she were the only object of his affections. She knew that he required money for his great political schemes and gave from her own purse, one time as much as $7,000, although she was aware that the realization of his hopes would separate her from her lover. She suffered much and seemed to delight in her sufferings. Her friendships were fortunate and caused her little sorrow, but in the midst of her closest associations with great men of the world, she steadfastly held to de Saxe, considering him her own, although her attitude prompted great jealousies, at least once the cause of an unsuccessful attempt to poison her, and then, according to the gossip of the moment, she finally fell a victim to intrigue and plot, and, with her eyes fixed upon a bust of de Saxe, died in the arms of Voltaire.

Two events in her life naturally suggested the theme of a drama. On one occasion she directed the words in a play to her rival, sitting brazenly in a box at the theatre. All the world knew the meaning and all the world talked when she succeeded by this clever means in driving the Duchess De Bouillon from the playhouse. It was naturally a good situation for a playwright; so good, in fact, that one is tempted to say with De Morgan, "It Can Never Happen Again." Adrienne's life was nearly taken by a box of poisoned candies, supposed to have been sent by the Duchess. All the world knew of it, just as all the world believed that her death was caused by the receipt of a bouquet of poisoned flowers. The woman whom every one believed to be guilty had a powerful family name, and she had relatives and friends, whose word was mighty in affairs of church and state. Her arrest and trial on such a serious charge were things not to be thought of, yet the world believed her guilty. And if so, she won the desperate battle in the end; yet to-day she is chiefly remembered for her connection with the love affairs of the great Adrienne.



White

MARGARET ANGLIN
Recently seen on tour in the comedy, "Green Stockings"



White

JULIA DEAN
Appearing as Virginia Blaine in "Bought and Paid For"

It was natural that Le Couvreur should have been admired by Voltaire. She played in his pieces—she gave life to the creatures of his fancy. Always in advance of his time, he was quick to understand her innovations in manner of delivery, which shocked most of the Parisians. He admired her, and was much in her company, being with her at the terrible end, after which his pen lashed the public as usual, for its treatment of her. In his zeal, he subscribed himself, "her admirer and lover," and, as usual, in the case of anything that had to do with Adrienne or Voltaire, his probable meaning was misunderstood. He delivered an original poem before the *Comédie Française,* in which he referred to the refusal of the church to permit her to have decent burial, in which he said: "To her who in ancient Greece would have had shrines."

It was chiefly through his insistence that an autopsy was held following her death. The tragedy was ascribed to "natural causes." Always at odds with the authority, Voltaire was unable to demand anything like what he considered justice, and the body of the woman, who for thirteen years had been the idol of the French theatre-goers, who had been a great social favorite, and had brought great renown to the stage of Paris, was not only denied burial in consecrated ground, but was not permitted interment in the precincts beyond with the heretics and unbaptized children. Her remains were spirited away in a coach at night and deposited in quicklime at a spot that was kept secret for many years. Adrienne's powerful enemies were still at work, pursuing her even beyond the grave.

The *Comédie* suspended for four days, according to custom. Its leading member, one who perhaps enjoyed greater fame than any other member before or since, had played in Voltaire's "Oedyse," and four days later was dead. The matter must have caused a certain sorrow, but the regrets were less sincere perhaps than they would have been, owing to the gossip and scandal caused by her sensational departure from the world, and the effort to malign her after death, with Voltaire and others piping a chorus of praise in what seemed to be a minor key.

Adrienne was an actresses' actress. She pointed the way for others to follow. She was to later ladies of the stage what Ibsen was to the playwrights of the past generation. She not only showed the absurdities of the past, exposed the creaking joints of old dramatic custom, but revealed a new beauty, a greater meaning and depth to dramatic characterization.

Scribe and Legouvé fashioned a play from the historical episodes in her life, colored by the incidents that gossip and the mouth of scandal had given a semblance of truth. They preserved the incident of the poisoned bouquet, but made their chief dramatic climax the reading from "Phèdre," in which she denounced and humiliated the Duchess de Bouillon, in which she said:

"I know my own treacheries, Oenome, but I am not one of those hardened women who, enjoying a tranquil conscience among their crimes, can face the world without a blush."

Since her time all the world's greatest actresses have delighted to re-enact her life story, with its tumultuous passions, big dramatic moments and sympathy—compelling ending. Rachel, who was later to hold a position similar to Adrienne's in the affections of the Parisians, and her great artistic rival, Adelaide Ristori, were partial to the play and the

(*Continued on page xi*)

"JUNE MADNESS"

WHAT though a woman have the courage of a man to live her life as seems to her best, the brain to work out the problems, with the financial independence that comes from money earned, and a perfect willingness to foot the bills—how shall she escape the laws that bind us all together? Mr. Harry Kitchell Webster, a new name in the playwriting world, has set before us a pretty question, one of the definite, net results of the first season of Chicago's Drama Players.

Just what the authorities would agree to as a definition of a "good play" has never been decided, but for practical purposes one which holds the interest of the audience in dealing with a serious phase of life, may be considered to qualify. There may be awkwardnesses in the craftsmanship of importance to the trade, but of little effect in the world of men, which is quite used to finding things more or less jumbled up in actual life, so feels no shock if the same should appear in the mimetic reproduction. In "June Madness" there is the quality of human appeal which makes you wish to know how the thing is coming out, even enlisting your sympathies strongly, though to many of the stern-visaged it appeared that these went out to the wrong side.

The theme was bitterly attacked as lacking in what the New England of other days called morality, as untrue to the psychology of the feminine mind—nice point that—too "talky," rather a thesis than a play, yet it held the attention of the audience until the final curtain. Suppose something to be constructed in accordance with all the rule of art, offending not even the most ladylike gentlemen present, yet saying nothing of interest—what remains save for it to drop back into the void. While on the contrary, though with a stiff joint or two, Mr. Webster's play is going to walk about to some distance, making the acquaintance of many people.

Again there comes before us the eternal question of that primal instinct, which has decreed that all nature shall mate in the time of roses. Imagine a peculiarly well-poised young woman, who, thrown on her own resources at fifteen, by the age of twenty-three had established herself in the business world, taking to the life with the same sort of aptitude as the intelligent young American man. Family ties, with the outlet they afford for the affections, she had never known, and the opportunities which business afforded for all her faculties seemed to stamp her as one of those sexless, impersonal intelligences, which are not rare, and go far in practical affairs.

The springtime of her twenty-third year found her curiously listless, well enough in body, but somehow out of sorts in a most unaccountable manner, till one day at luncheon she saw two quite commonplace looking young people furtively holding hands while gazing in each other's eyes. In a flash she knew that instinct was not dead within her, but starving, and seeking with dumb voice to call aloud. She asked for a vacation, spent the day purchasing plumage for the pruning bird, then from the veranda of a summer hotel saw a youth come glowing from the tennis court.

It was June, with ten days of madness, a glimpse of paradise, upon which at the appointed day the gates were to be shut with the finality of death. All that was hers she gloried in the giving, the price, whatever it might be, she was strong enough willingly to pay. Before the hour came she returned to the city, too well lost for the man ever to find her, and in due course there came a baby girl, to whom she gave the name of June.

With this child to care for every yearning of her soul was satisfied, so all her active faculties were concentrated on her business. Through the long years she joyfully toiled, earning promotion at every step until she arrived at the position of secretary to a railroad magnate, with a salary of $12,000 a year, and recognized by him as "one of the two best railroad men in the country."



Copyright Marceau

MARGUERITE SKIRVIN
Playing Kathleen Llewelyn in the Eastern Company of "Excuse Me"

Twenty years after the first June we are at the summer home of the magnate on the afternoon of one day and the morning of the next. The wife with the feminine instinct has sensed that this peculiarly capable woman must have had a story, and with the petty jealousy of the incapable has ferreted out a notion of the truth, through the aid of a detective agency, which little bomb she explodes. That same evening the man arrives as the accepted lover of the daughter of the household, a young lady of advanced views, which shrivel when put to the test. She, backed by her mother, demands as the price of silence that Mrs. Thornborough shall leave at once. To this at first she was willing to assent, being mistress now of an independent fortune, but there is the daughter, June, with whom the scion of the family has fallen in

love. Nothing shall be permitted to touch June, or she will fight to the last gasp, and the audience to a man, nearly to a woman, was with her, most anxious to know how she was to do it.

The play has power, because each individual is possible, with an understandable point of view with which the audience can sympathize. It raises a nice question. Is a woman in these days to go her own ways, paying her bills like a gentleman, since she has earned the money with which to do so? She refuses to feel disgrace for exercising her natural rights as a human being, and with the pride of financial independence she has always stood ready to pay the price. But there is the child, June, while the laws of nature and man are so interwoven that there is no untangling the skein without harm and sorrow to those who had no part in the freedom she arrogated.



White

PERLE BARTI
Now appearing as Daphne in "The Rose Maid" at the Globe

The daughter of millions must pocket her pride and grief, while the woman of haughty independence finds that the price she stood ready to pay must in fact be met by others, that through her injury has come to the innocent, whose grief she cannot assuage, the bitterest thought of all to a high spirit. Though once again in June she may walk away hand in hand with the man, the law of life has left a wound in her that will rankle without cicatrix to her latest day.

There are excellent opportunities for the players, for Miss Reicher in particular as the woman, Mrs. Thornborough; Miss Shannon as the daughter, Miss Hollis; Mr. Emery as Mr. Hollis, the railroad man; Mr. Kelsey as the man, Mr Fielding. Also Mr. Webster succeeded in discovering a fresh love scene, delightfully played by Miss Kelly and Mr. Allen. But it was the story of the play as it unfolded on the stage which held the people, and it is not only of worth itself, but a promise for the future. Mr. Webster has shown that he has ideas in his head, with a notion of shaping in dramatic form. As he is human and most teachable, he may go far, at least to Broadway this coming season.

KARLETON HACKETT.

An Interpreter of Plays

ONE day last month Madame Harriet Labadie gave a dramatic interpretation of Percy MacKaye's play, "To-morrow" before an audience which made up the members and guests of the Century Theatre Club of New York.

Except for a bare statement of the fact in the daily papers, the event passed unrecorded, and only the few hundred auditors who received the impress of her wonderful art and of her compelling personality are aware that a genius has come and gone unnoticed.

Can you, theatre-goers, to whom the drama is inseparably linked with the theatre, with its actors, lavish stage settings and ingenious devices of lighting, can you imagine one woman presenting a drama alone—presenting it without any theatrical effects to appeal to the physical eye, yet so realistically that you are actually able to see with the mental eye, separately and distinctly, a full cast of characters; presenting it so that you feel intensely the varying emotions of sorrow and of joy through which they pass?

"Not possible!" you exclaim. But those who heard Madame Labadie will tell you that she is capable of doing all this, and, what is more wonderful, she accomplishes it with such ease, without the slightest apparent straining after-effect that it is almost impossible to discover the secret of her success.

Picture a stage with all the usual accessories eliminated, except for an inconspicuous table bearing a small glass of water, set down-stage on the right. A woman enters and you are at once conscious of a radiance that emanates with a magnetic glow from her personality. When she begins to speak, your next impression is of a beautiful contralto voice, full and penetrating, and of a pair of eyes which fill with life and changing color in response to the different quality of tones which illuminate her word pictures.



White

HARRIET LABADIE
Interpreter of Plays

In the briefest of introductions you are made acquainted with the author and the basic idea of the play. Then calling the imagination of the auditors into play, with deft, quick strokes the scene is set and the characters, in the relation they bear to one another in the drama, are firmly placed in the mind's eye. This being done, the one and only material personality occupying the stage withdraws herself, as it were, and immediately brings into being, in quick succession, the characters of the play, which become so well defined that one can actually feel their presence. There is no mention of exits and entrances, nor are any explanations necessary throughout the entire drama. The characters come and go unannounced; you see them mentally so clearly that you recognize their coming and going and their positions upon the stage without confusion. You grow so familiar with the temperament and development of each and every one that you share their emotions and pass through all the degrees of suffering and joy which they experience. The tensity of the action is sustained from beginning to end. Not even in the one minute pause between acts is the attention of the audience allowed to

(Continued on page ix)

Victor

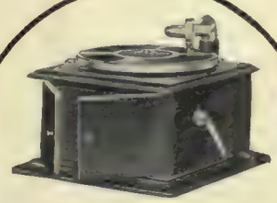


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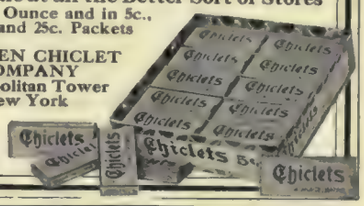
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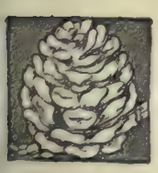
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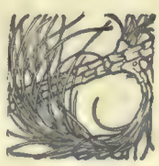
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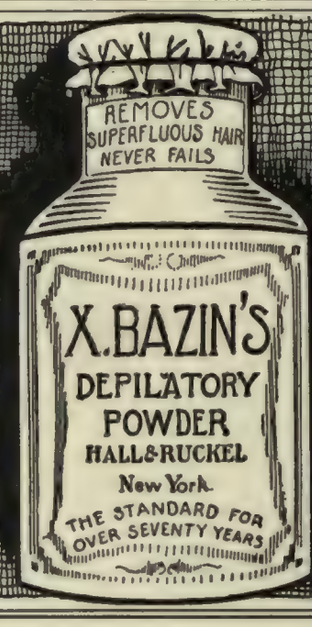
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A Book on Playwriting

(*Continued from page 42*)

anticlimax, with the experienced writer is impossible.

The real point of issue, however, where we contend with Mr. Archer, is the declaration upon the cover of his "Play-Making" that there is no recognized handbook of practical dramatic craftsmanship in the English language. He certainly intends no unfairness. Without depreciating other work in any way, he passes over Lessing's "Hamburg Dramaturgy," Schlegel's "Lectures," Freytag's "Technique," Jerome's "Playwriting," Hennequin's "Art of Playwriting," and Calmour's "Practical Playwriting." But there are two books by an American author, one of which at least contains a genuine formulation of dramatic law, evolved into its principles, which are applied to actual work. That book is "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle," by William Thompson Price, which, while it expresses many ideas again for emphasis, is never contradictory. The book is certainly recognized in America, and it is too important a contribution to dramatic literature to be ignored.

An Aristocrat of the Stage

(*Continued from page 45*)

Street one day to see my parents. He asked them if they would consent to my coming East to play child parts with his Fifth Avenue Theatre Company.

"No," said my father.

"But you have allowed the little girl to go on the stage here," he said. "I guarantee that she will be in good care. Her mother cannot go with her. I will hire a nurse and chaperone."

"No, no," said my mother. "There is no use of your saying another word. I should as lief cut off my arm."

"Poor mother." She has often regretted that decision, by which she bound me to San Francisco. I remained there, married the actor manager, Fred Cooper, played more or less regularly, and brought up my children, two of whom, Ollie and Georgie Cooper, followed me to the stage. I played nurse in The Little Lord Fauntleroy Company in which Georgie had the title rôle. ADA PATTERSON.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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Theatre Orchestras

(*Continued from page 46*)

intrenched in popular favor, owe their success largely to the fact that they were launched with adequate orchestras, some of these, indeed, being no whit inferior to those that accompany "grand opera." Proper orchestral clothing will make even a commonplace melody seem distinguished and important, as Berlioz has observed.

This writer holds to the belief that the mechanical player, using the pneumatic principle, will soon be found to offer the rational solution of the theatre orchestra difficulty. At the tiny Nazimova Theatre in New York, a year or so ago, when a play of Ibsen's was being given, the sole music to be heard was supplied by a grand piano to which one of these playing devices was attached. This invisible, modest, but entirely appropriate medium discoursed piano music, principally that of Grieg, and many were the approving comments thereon. This device has many advantages beside that of being invisible: it is absurdly inexpensive, and, with the present almost unlimited collection of good music available for it, there seems no reason for its not being effective if it be entrusted to an intelligent operator. WILSON A. BURROWS.

The Floating Theatre

(*Continued from page 48*)

Even to within ten years many of the show boats had some patent medicine or household necessity to sell during off hours. Attention was artfully called to these by the actors at the end of the play, and sometimes free samples were distributed as souvenirs.

The show business on the rivers, instead of declining and going out of existence with the coming of the new traveling troupes which go from town to town in trains, has prospered and increased. The boats have become more elaborate and the outfit more costly. Some of the modern floating theatres are superior to many of the one-horse theatres built to accommodate traveling troupes. For instance, the "Cotton Blossom," one of the largest floating theatres on the Mississippi, cost upward of $50,000 for the whole equipment. This show boat is a veritable floating theatre, with electric lights, a printing

press and scenery of an elaborate nature aboard. It accommodates nearly half a hundred actors, actresses, deck hands and musicians.

Other modern river show boats are of nearly equal importance and size as the "Cotton Blossom." One carries a ten-piece orchestra and travels upward of 6,000 miles in a year up and down the Mississippi and Ohio. A third is lighted outside and inside by two thousand incandescent electric bulbs, which gives a wonderful effect on the river at night time, and when entering a harbor the lights are all blazing and a calliope plays brazenly to attract attention, its notes being heard nearly ten miles away.

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

A Theatrical Fishing Contest

(*Continued from page 56*)

on the part of "Comoedia" and the newly-formed "Le Goujonette."

There are four of these awards, beauty, number, size, weight carefully considered.

After the prizes are distributed to the victors, the defeated come in for their share of awards. Each lady receives a collection of perfumes, powders, soap, cosmetics carefully packed in a Pinaud box of Japanese lacquer. The men are consoled with fishing rods of various kinds and cigarette holders.

The luncheon, announced as a "monster banquet," is, in reality, the first-class table d'hôte of the popular café on festal occasions. There are neither cocktails nor oysters, but the fifty-seven varieties of *hors d'oeuvres*, without which no Continental repast starts correctly.

No French function is complete without its note of melancholy, however gay in seeming. Mrs. Pouillot furnishes this note, Madame Pouillot, friend of the artists, to whom she has been and still is most generous. The home for actors' children, which she has endowed, is one of the philanthropic sights of Paris. There are other generosities, but this is the most important. She claims special attention from Americans, for, a few years ago, she presented several prizes for skilled horsemanship and rifle work to members of the Buffalo Bill Company.

We sit next to Madame Pouillot at the table. In course of time she tells us that side by side with the elaborate tomb she has erected for her husband is another one waiting for herself. All you have to do when you have passed the portals of the cemetery is to inquire for "Le Tombeau de Coeur." Everybody knows it.

The clock strikes one, two, three, four, and then the half hour. Monsieur and Madame Silvain are once more the dignified host and hostess. The party rises, anxious to scurry off to other rendezvous. A final toast is drunk to the American visitors.

Le Concours de Pêche à la ligne is over.

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This young Russian tenor, who has made such a success at the Metropolitan, and whose voice was so admired in the duet with Miss Farrar issued in May, has just made for the Victor several fine solos, two of which are now presented to the public. The first of the numbers is the lovely air of *Alfred*, sung at the beginning of Act II. The young Germont here speaks of his wild youth, and the peace and happiness which have come to him through his love for Violetta. The second is Rudolph's story of his life, which he narrates to Mimi, the pretty seamstress in the garret of the Quartier Latin. This is the chief tenor solo in "La Boheme," and probably one of the greatest favorites among the airs in operas of recent production.

BEN GREET, the famous Shakespearian interpreter, makes Victor records. *Hamlet on Friendship* (From "Hamlet")—Shakespeare; *Benedick's Idea of a Wife* (From "Much Ado About Nothing")—Shakespeare.

The Victor announces the first two of a series of extracts from Shakespearian plays, spoken by that celebrated exponent of Shakespeare, Ben Greet. Two especially interesting excerpts have been chosen by Mr. Greet for his first records, and by a special arrangement they are offered in the popular double-faced form.

"Il Guarany"—*Senza tetto* (Act II)—Gomez.

Mr. Amato's contribution for July is a most interesting one, being the first number from a celebrated opera by Antonio Carlos Gomez. The fine air which Amato has given is an admirable example of the spirited and picturesque music written by this composer.



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The "Rialto" a Generation Ago

(*Continued from page 60*)

time the business manager of the old Wallack's, at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, and the right-hand man of Theodore Moss, the owner and manager of the house. His appearance on the Rialto, with his fetching whiskers, was frequent, and he was always cordially welcomed by the frequenters. The players, especially those lacking an engagement for the coming season, would flock around him and delicately urge their claims for a "sit." They would rave over their successes in the Wild West circuits and pour into his hospitable ear tales of barnstorming which were most interesting, if not altogether convincing. "Charlie Burnham" is now one of the most dignified managers of the metropolis, and has probably forgotten much of his Rialto experiences. But his success as a manager is due to a most appreciable extent to the lessons which he learned in his informal chats with the frequenters of that centre of the players' personal life.

But one manager in New York was ever known to object to the Rialto as a gathering place for the members of his company. All the others regarded it in the sense of a paying advertisement for their houses and their people. Seeing the actors and actresses on the street in everyday life, they assumed, only whetted the appetite of the paying public to see them in favorite rôles on the stage. Augustin Daly, however, took an opposite view of the matter. He claimed that the promenade on the Rialto cheapened the value of his people, reducing the fascination of the stage by bringing them face to face in a prosy manner with the public who paid its money to see them surrounded by all the allurements of the stage.

The famous old Rialto, as has been said, is a thing of the buried past. Towering structures now bound its limits, and nearly all the metropolitan theatres have been moved far uptown, so that the location of the old Rialto has become inconvenient for the players. The dramatic agency business has almost completely disappeared, engagements now being made, not for stock companies, but for special actors, qualified to play special rôles for the entire season. With the disappearance of the old style of theatre the main purpose of the Rialto has disappeared, and with the movement of the theatres uptown, its service as a convenient promenade for the artists has been abolished. There is now what is called the "New Rialto," which extends up Broadway from Thirtieth Street to Forty-fifth Street, but it is a Rialto in name only. The glories of the old Rialto have gone forever. They will be remembered with pleasure by the old players and old playgoers, but to the present generation they are simply ancient history, interesting only as characteristic of the old-time metropolitan stage. W. W. AUSTIN.

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An Interpreter of Plays

(*Continued from page 64*)

wander from the subject. The effect is at once exhausting and stimulating to the intellect, with a final glow of exultation and a sense of completeness that is satisfying to a degree. There is not one jarring note. Even the book in her hand plays an integral part in a synthetic whole, taking its place in the presentation as the baton in the hand of a master conductor, leading his orchestra, fits into the unity of thought and action of the music.

Distinction is in her every movement. Unfettered and untrammeled by any of the set rules adhered to by the orthodox reader, she knows how to convey by each well directed action a toss of the head, a glance of the eye, a slight, significant pause, a half turned shoulder, the exact effect and shade of meaning desired, each interpreting in a flash the character's inmost thought.

Two years ago, during her Western tour, Madame Labadie spent the summer in Alaska, where she gave dramtic interpretations of "A Doll's House" and "The Servant in the House," both plays being received by the people of that far-off country with an appreciation which had hardly been expected. On August 1st, 1910, her Alaskan tour closed with "The Servant in the House" at Nome, to which northerly point this valiant woman had traveled over 2,000 miles down the "Mighty Yukon" from White Horse to St. Michael's, and thence across the Behring Sea in an old revenue cutter.

Born in Michigan, of American parentage, Madame Labadie, who bears the French-Canadian name of her husband, before her training at an unusually early age, has devoted a lifetime to perfecting her art. THEAOMAI.

Hamlet Behind a Net

(Continued from page 39)

sills; some even went so far as to perch on one another's shoulders. I noted that the fair sex were very slimly represented. However, it was a most jovial assemblage—too much so, it seemed to me, for an audience come to witness the weightiest masterpiece on the boards. Pretty soon the prevailing jollity simmered down to an expectant buzz. Presently, the musicians entered.

As James Owen O'Connor walked haltingly to the centre of the stage, he glanced at the wire net. So did the audience. Hamlet was melancholy, as befitted his lines; the audience, on the contrary, appeared to be affected by a vehement epidemic of the risibles. They cachinnated, applauded, cheered, and yelled with merriment. O'Connor frowned, flushed—forgot his lines. He turned his back to the audience, and called loudly for the prompter. At this moment, someone among the closely pressed gallery gods took occasion to throw a large-sized apple. It struck the net, and fell harmlessly to the stage. O'Connor turned. "Arrest the man who threw that!" he cried. Then followed an indescribable uproar among the denizens near the roof, which indicated that the offender was being forcibly jerked out of his seat and ejected amid the loud-voiced protests of himself and friends. When quiet was restored, Hamlet, having got his lost cue, calmly proceeded with the recital of his woes.

Scattered among the occupants of gallery, balcony, and parterre, were numerous would-be punsters, who interpolated advice or suggestions during the progress of the drama. When the black-robed Prince of Denmark said:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,"

O'Connor's bulk became the target for a chorus of ironical sallies. "Why not try Turkish baths?" "Are you in earnest?" "Is Edwin Booth in the house?" "Keep on trying—you'll be an actor some day!" "What's your weight now, James?" etc., etc.

Punctuated by hubbub, vociferation and hullaballoo, the second act of this extraordinary performance of "Hamlet" wore its uproariously interesting way through. Hamlet advised the players: the convulsed throng advised the moon-struck Prince to practice what he preached. In truth, O'Connor *did* saw the air quite strenuously when, by word of mouth, he was instructing otherwise.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question." With folded arms, O'Connor, leaning against a rickety table, was reciting these well-known words; when—horrors!—a lank, noisy individual, who sat directly behind the orchestra, pitched an enormous cabbage upon the stage. The vegetable rolled easily under the wire net; it came to a stop within a foot of the staggered Hamlet, and lay before him with a rakish air. When the curtain had fallen, O'Connor possessed himself of the vegetable. Raising it high in the air, he cried: "Memories of cornbeef! Behold, folks, this edible tribute to the capital 'O' in my name! Would that I knew its giver, so that I might return it to him, for 'tis possible he likes its taste much more than I."

"I know the man," I informed the actor.

"Is this the thrower?" A square-jawed policeman edged his way through the curious seat-holders all agog before the scene. Addressing the lank man, the officer snapped: "Get out of this theatre right away—and quickly, too!" The lank man needed no second bidding. With discomfiture written all over him, he hastily gathered up his belongings, and, gingerly holding before him the trouble-making cabbage, made a confused, stumbling exit.

A mighty storm of applause now broke forth, which showed conclusively that the summary dismissal of the lank man had found hearty favor with the major part of the audience.

"Just listen to that hand-clapping," cried the star tragedian, beaming with pleasure. "Hold on, I've an idea!" Up with the curtain, boys!" Amid a deafening racket, in which were intermingled loud demands for "Speech! Speech!" O'Connor held up his hand for silence, but not before many minutes had passed did he obtain it. When, at last, he could make himself heard, he said:

"Dear friends—for such I consider you after this unmistakable evidence of your sympathetic sentiments—dear friends, I find words an inadequate vehicle with which to thank you or express, in the slightest degree, the overwhelming gratitude which fills the innermost recesses of my heart. You see before you a man who is inspired by a fervent desire to give an original, an individual, a faithful interpretation of the greatest works of 'the most illustrious of the sons of men.' Whether I will succeed or not

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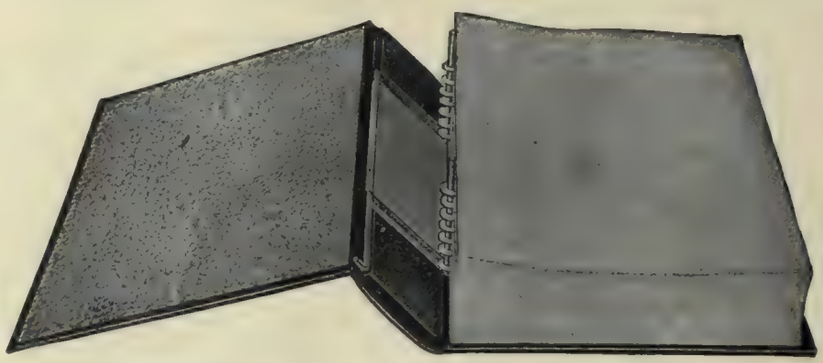
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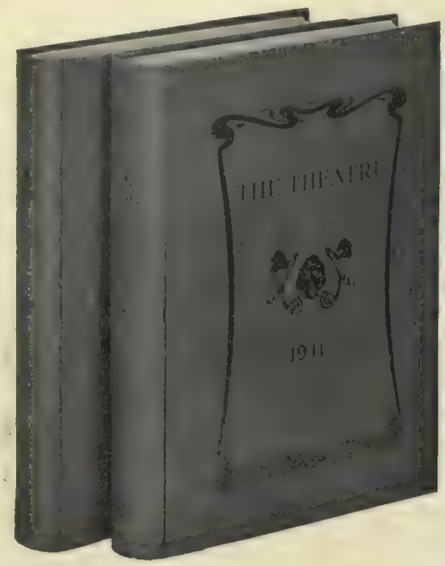
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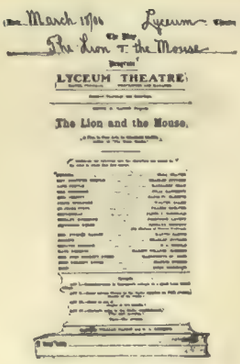
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hangs upon the verdict of such as you, hospitable folk of the Golden Gate (cheers), not upon the actions of cabbage-throwing hoodlums, or the trivial lines of carping critics, who grow merry over the shape of my legs, but pass lightly over my earnest efforts to do the best I can, according to my lights. So the world wags! This net behind which I speak"—he struck it with his hand, while an infectious smile wrinkled his cheek—"this net has about outlived its usefulness." (Cries of "Right you are, Mr. O'Connor!") "Being firmly convinced that this playhouse now contains none but my well-wishers, I intend, at the conclusion of this act, to tear down the net for the rest of the play. (Deafening applause.) I crave an attentive audience, a respectful hearing—I know I am going to get them both!"

And he did.

EDWARD ACKER.

San Francisco's Rehabilitation

(*Continued from page 58*)

comfort, beauty and safety the Columbia is certainly the equal of any playhouse in the country.

John Cort's new playhouse began a prosperous career on August 27, 1911. The investment represents $1,000,000, nearly half of which was put into the building itself.

Belasco & Mayer's new Alcazar Theatre, on O'Farrell Street, near Powell, was dedicated on December 23d by an enthusiastic audience that assembled to inspect the beautiful playhouse and witness a production of "The Fourth Estate."

The decorations are typical of the Golden State, but are treated in an entirely different manner from the Cort Theatre. G. C. Wocker has used California's world-famous redwoods in a wall decoration motif that makes the spectator feel as if he were seated in the midst of a grove of towering sequoias. The trees are conventionalized to a certain extent, but you see clearly enough their purple trunks, green foliage and the orange morning light shimmering through. As the eye lifts upwards, the sky becomes bluer, and is suffused with pink clouds with the golden rays of the early sun shooting through them.

These beautiful theatres, with the Empress, the Pantages and the Wigwam that make a bid for vaudeville honors, constitute San Francisco's principal playhouses to-day.

A number of other theatres are being planned for the amusement of the millions of visitors who will flock to San Francisco during the next four years. Perhaps the most impressive temple of art that will figure in the festive Panama-Pacific International Exposition ceremonies will be the million dollar opera house that is to adorn the Civic Center proposed by Daniel Burnham, the professional city builder. The most famous architects, builders, artists and sculptors are to be secured to plan a worthy addition to the magnificent municipal buildings that are to be grouped at the intersection of Van Ness Avenue and Market Street.

The city is to supply the site, and the greater part of the money needed to build the opera house is to be raised by subscriptions for boxes at $15,000 each. The scheme is novel in America in that it provides for a combination of public and private enterprise.

During the next four years a gorgeous setting for still another scene in this remarkable drama will be in course of preparation, and when the curtain goes up in 1915, San Francisco will easily be able to live up to her reputation of being one of the greatest show cities in the world.

HORATIO F. STOLL.

Famous Women

(*Continued from page 62*)

rôle. Mrs. P. R. Bowers played the part with some success in America, but the incidents of the story and the people who played a part in it were not so well understood over here as in France.

Sarah Bernhardt revived the old play some years ago, and then later presented her own version, in which she had augmented the scene of denunciation, which in accordance with her later method, permitted her to "slouch" in the greater part of the play, and then like a tigress to rise viciously to the attack in one scene with a resounding stacatto and the much-heralded *"voix d'or."* Nethersole also arranged her version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," permitting her to rise to an extended "big moment" in her scene with the Duchess. An opera based on the same story has been moderately successful, but the public is now out of tune with the times in in which Adrienne lived, and feels a resentment at what appears to be an exaggeration. Theatregoers demand naturalism on the stage to-day, and Adrienne was the prophetess of the new era. The reality of her life seems artificial and glaringly false to-day, even when represented by Lecouvreur's most talented successors.

ARCHIE BELL.

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AFTERNOON HAT OF BLACK SILK WITH LARGE BUNCHES OF BLACK AIGRETTES ON EITHER SIDE

Fancies in Early Fall Modes

THE sailing list of each incoming ocean steamer now bears the name of some favorite actress, whose vacation days are so near an end, or some well-known society woman who has returned from abroad to spend a few gay weeks at the beautiful resorts in her own country.

And so it happens that every day I meet some newly returned vacationist who forthwith gives me some decided style note from Paris.

Walking along Broadway one morning about a month ago I met a woman, noted as a good dresser, clad in a gown of white satin. A strange street dress? Well, probably we would have thought so a few years ago, but ever since last year's season at Trouville we have heard so much about white satin for street wear that we were quite prepared for the perfect craze for these dresses that has sprung up in Paris. With the return of foreign travelers, these costumes have been appearing upon our streets in increasing numbers during the past month, and are now no longer looked upon as a novelty.

One fashionable woman remarked, "I find the white satin far preferable to the lingerie frocks, because they emerge from the cleaning process looking like new, which cannot be said of the lingerie dress. They do not require such frequent cleaning as the latter, and then they are just as cool, because one always has to wear a silk slip with the lingerie gown, which makes it just as heavy as one of soft, light satins or charmeuse."

So if you desire to be strictly up-to-date you will have a simple white one-piece satin or charmeuse, preferably the latter, street dress, or an elaborate gown with lace trimmings for dressy afternoon wear.

A letter from Paris told me of a perfect beauty that was recently worn at Longchamps. It was of white charmeuse—this will be the popular fabric of the coming season—and had a pannier of fine white lace lined with black chiffon and a band of black lace around the bottom of the skirt. The lace-draped bodice showed a normal waistline encircled by a crush belt of cerise velvet.

By the way, cerise is prominent just now as the fashionable

touch of color. The advance models of the fall suits indicate that cherry coral and chartreuse green, especially the latter, will be much used for this purpose. A great favorite will be the navy blue suit combined with this shade of green. In fact, this bright chartreuse green, as the sole trimming or in combination with another trimming shade to give the requisite touch of brightness, will be a feature of the fall gowns.

Of course, for street wear, a coat must be worn with the white satin dress, and the short black satin Directoire jackets are very smart. The other day I saw a simple white satin morning dress worn with a plain short jacket of violet satin. It was jaunty and decidedly attractive.

Another prominent style feature from Paris are the plaited skirts I mentioned last month. All the well-known couturiers are displaying them, and so there is no further doubt of their acceptance.

These plaited skirts are mostly machine made, some being patented by the modistes. Probably the invoices of the near future will include these plaited materials. In one of our prominent shops I have already noticed a black plaited voile. The plaitings are applied in various ways.

A suit from Martial and Armands that I saw last week had the machine-plaited fabric form on over-drapery. It was fastened below the knee depth in a puff effect to a plain, narrow underskirt. A beautiful little dress by Cheruit shows a narrow box-plaited skirt over which falls a plain apron-style overskirt.

Probably you have noticed the prevalence of the plain machine-plaited skirt and the mannish coats? These are the latest thing in tailored suits and decidedly smart.

An attractive suit by Béchoff-David has two deep flounces of finely plaited chiffon velvet attached to a yoke of black satin. The coat of this costume is noteworthy. It is of the chiffon velvet developed in the popular Directoire style. It is in the cutaway effect, very smart, and measures about 36 inches in the back. The front is probably about 32 inches long. This gives the curve so much desired.

This reminds me of the recent controversies in regard to the length of the jacket for the fall, and it has been finally decided that, in order to satisfy the cravings of the American woman for smartness and youthfulness, the jacket must be a natural length, which means that while the short woman can wear a coat from 26 to 36 inches in length, according to the style of development, the taller woman will look better and be equally fashionable in one measuring from 32 to 40 inches.

The new French gowns that the returning travelers are wearing show the continued vogue of contrasts in materials and colors. In the present mode of the three-piece costume this idea is easily carried out. For instance, a suit of velvet may have a broadcloth coat, and *vice-versa*. Sometimes the skirt and jacket are of one material, and the bodice forms the contrast.

By the way, did you know that, except in lingerie waists, the very sheer effects are no longer considered modish in Paris? The satins, failles and taffetas are now the favorite materials for waists, and tucks and plaits have replaced the transparent insertions.



Talbot
MODEL FROM ZIMMERMANN: OF DARK BLUE SILK WITH ENGLISH EYELET EMBROIDERY OVER WHITE LINON

But I am diverging. On a boat trip the other day I noticed a costume of tan broadcloth, with a coat of brown velvet, which I am mentioning to illustrate the contrast in material and color, as well as the preference for monotones toward which there is now a strong trend of fashion. The colors also emphasize the increasing popularity of the browns. They will, during the coming season, undoubtedly, be strong rivals of the long popular blues, and all the shades from tan to seal brown will be fashionable.

A novel combination is displayed in a suit by Bernard. It is of black broadcloth, with the Directoire coat of white dotted black velveteen.

Triangular motifs are a new trimming that will be popular for the fall and winter tailored suit. They are made of contrasting material or of braid and are used in many ways. Redfern shows a suit with this V-shaped trimming at the foot of the front panel and below the belt at the front of the coat.

One of Paquin's new gowns has a novel belt effect, and by the way, it has the normal waistline. The belt is of black patent leather and reaches only to the side fronts, where a satin sash is attached and drawn through large oval eyelets. It falls directly down the front in long ends that are finished off with a deep fringe. Having the belt extending only part way around the waist is a fancy of the new season's modes.

Of course, you have noticed that overgaiters have come back? Yes, and they are to be very fashionable during the fall and winter. So you will soon be wanting a pair to give your patent leather Oxfords the proper touch of smartness. The combination of patent Oxfords and taupe overgaiters promises to be a very strong vogue.

In one high class shop I found a goodly assortment of this footwear, and you will have no difficulty in obtaining the black, grays and tans. In this shop they make a specialty of making overgaiters of your own material at $5.

When looking up the overgaiters I happened to see the cutest little slipper stretchers! They are of aluminum and some of them

are gilded. The bar that joins the vamp and heel is twined with dainty colored ribbon and finished off at the centre with a rosette of the narrow ribbon, in which is embedded a cluster of tiny roses. It is a very dainty boudoir accessory.

This reminds me, too, of the new studded hosiery. I mentioned this article last month, but a few days ago I noticed such unusual patterns in an exclusive shop on Fifth Avenue that I made inquiries concerning same. I found that you can have your hosiery studded with spangles or jewels to suit your taste. Mock diamonds are now the great favorites, and this dealer carries a supply of rhinestone-studded hosiery at prices from $5 to $10. Those having simple rhinestone clockings are $5, and can be had in all colors. An accompaniment to these stockings are the narrow garters of satin, shirred over elastic and studded with the rhinestones. These, too, will be made to order in designs as elaborate as desired.

Mentioning lingerie items reminds me of the new underwear. Since sheer materials have been adopted for these garments, each invoice has brought in something more diaphanous, until now we have the combinations made entirely of Valenciennes lace, which, however, is too extreme for the average woman. She will find the charming little combination of shadow allover just the loveliest possession! These are trimmed with Valenciennes lace and narrow pink ribbons, and, of course, they have small clusters of tiny roses, just as all the luxurious lingerie now has.

The other day when calling upon a friend who knows my fondness for beautiful things, and always gives me the pleasure of seeing her selections, showed me her newest costume. The gown of crêpe de chine was certainly a vision of loveliness.

It was in the shade of old rose and most exquisitely embroidered in matching color silk. The tunic had a 12-inch border of a square eyelet pattern embroidery between a dainty trailing floral pattern. The bodice was trimmed with two-inch bands of the embroidery, and this also formed a novel girdle with a looped sash.

"Isn't that beautiful?" asked my hostess. "I heard of an importing house who carry only the finest Swiss embroideries, and I fell in love with this pattern as soon as I saw it. I wish you could see the marvelously charming colors in these crêpe de chines. There is blue, plum, steel gray and the loveliest silver gray, ocean, champagne, gold, and then the white and black. Wouldn't the white make a lovely wedding gown? And just think how inexpensive such a gown is. I only paid $39.80 for the material, but it didn't require anything excepting the little lace yoke and vest



Talbot

MODEL FROM DRECOLL: DRESS OF BLUE SATIN WITH FIGURES OF MAUVE BOUQUETS. LACE FOR TRIMMING



Talbot

MODEL FROM DUKES: TAILOR SUIT OF ECRU TUSSOR. EMBROIDERED COLLAR



Talbot
MODEL FROM ZIMMERMANN: BLACK CHARMEUSE AND CHAMPAGNE TRIMMED WITH LACE

and the making is so simple! Why, I think a clever woman could make up the gown herself without any difficulty."

She told me that a few days ago when shopping with one of her friends they stepped into a French lingerie shop, where they found such delightful things that it was impossible for them to resist the tempting array. One of the pieces which she purchased was a beautiful combination. It was especially designed for décolleté wear. The embroidery was simply exquisite, and I am sure she couldn't have bought it for $4.75 on the other side. Yes, that is all she paid for it.

Then before I left she asked me how I liked her new sport hat.

She said: "I noticed a few of them in the window of a specialty shop on Fifth Avenue, and I just had to have one. Isn't it chic?" And I agreed with her that it was. It was of velour in a medium shape, soft and pliable. It had the brim turned up a little at one side, and was banded in bright-colored fancy ribbon. I have seen these hats at the shop mentioned. They are the latest thing in sport hats, and can be had in a variety of colors.

Before closing, I want to tell you about the illustrations I am showing you this month. Figs 1 and 5 illustrate the fabric and color combination I referred to. The first is a model by Zimmermann, and is a charming combination of dark blue silk and English eyelet embroidery over white linon.

In Fig 5 I am showing one of the accepted forms of the much discussed pannier. In this gown Zimmermann has given the graceful effects of this style which American women will readily adopt. The underskirt of this model is of black charmeuse and the overdress of the same material in champagne.

Fig. 2 shows a tailored gown in écru, which is one of the popular shades of brown that will be so fashionable in the coming season. The dainty embroidered collar attests to the preference for simple effects, and the buttons show the continued vogue of this favorite mode of trimming.

In Fig. 3 you see a charming little dress by Drecoll. It has a blue satin skirt with the yoke and bodice of matching silk covered with tiny bouquets in mauve.

Isn't that a beautiful gown in Fig. 4? It reminds me of the embroidered crêpe de chine I described above. This, however, is of charmeuse, in turquoise blue, embroidered in the most exquisite design of flowerettes. The large black velvet bow that holds the plaits at the side front is most effective.



Talbot
MODEL FROM WINGROVE: OF TURQUOISE BLUE CHARMEUSE EMBROIDERED WITH FLOWERETTES. BLACK VELVET BOW

Cents
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THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS.
SEPTEMBER, 1912
VOL. XVI. NO. 139

THE THEATRE

(TITLE REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



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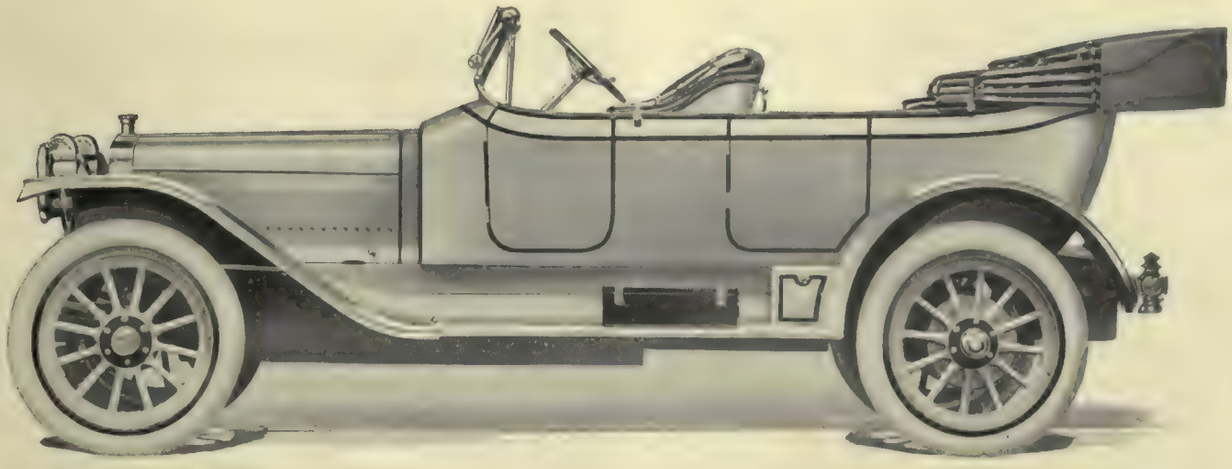
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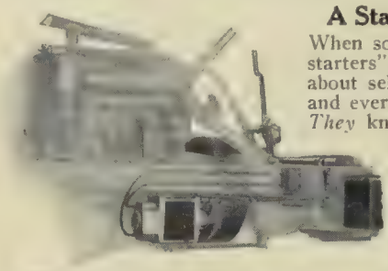
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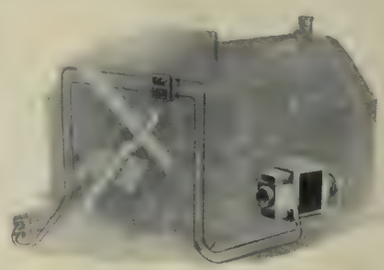


This photograph shows starting motor simple gear-shifting device and wiring plan. Note that only two wires run from battery to starting motor, through the drum switch, which is operated when the starting gears are engaged. Gear-shifting lever is used for engaging starting gears, making it *impossible* to engage the starting gears when transmission gears are in mesh. When engine starts the lever is released, automatically returning to neutral position, ready for shifting transmission gears. Quadrant is equipped with device for locking gear-shifting and starting lever in *neutral.*

A Starting Device That Is *Not* An Experiment

When so many manufacturers were loudly announcing "self-starters" last year, some people wondered that we said *nothing* about self-starters. But Haynes owners and Haynes dealers and everyone else who knew Haynes history did not wonder. *They* knew that when a *real starting* device was perfected, one that would start a car every time and never allow any possibility of injury to the motor—*the Haynes would have it.* We were working toward such a device then, an electric cranking device. It was *perfected* six months ago. But still we waited. We wanted to be *very sure.* That's Haynes policy. In these six months, the first Model 22 test cars, equipped with this device, have been put through *thousands* of tests in the shops and on the road, and the starter has *never* failed.

Hundreds of these tests have been made under unfavorable conditions, which could not arise in an owner's experience, and we couldn't *make* the starter fail. It *cannot* fail. And the equipment is so free from complications, so very simple, that if any trouble ever should appear, the car would *not have to be sent back to the factory.* Any electrician in America could make wiring repairs on either the motor (starting device) or the dynamo (lighting device). Consider that point carefully. The average time of 10,000 Model 22 starts has been *5 seconds.*



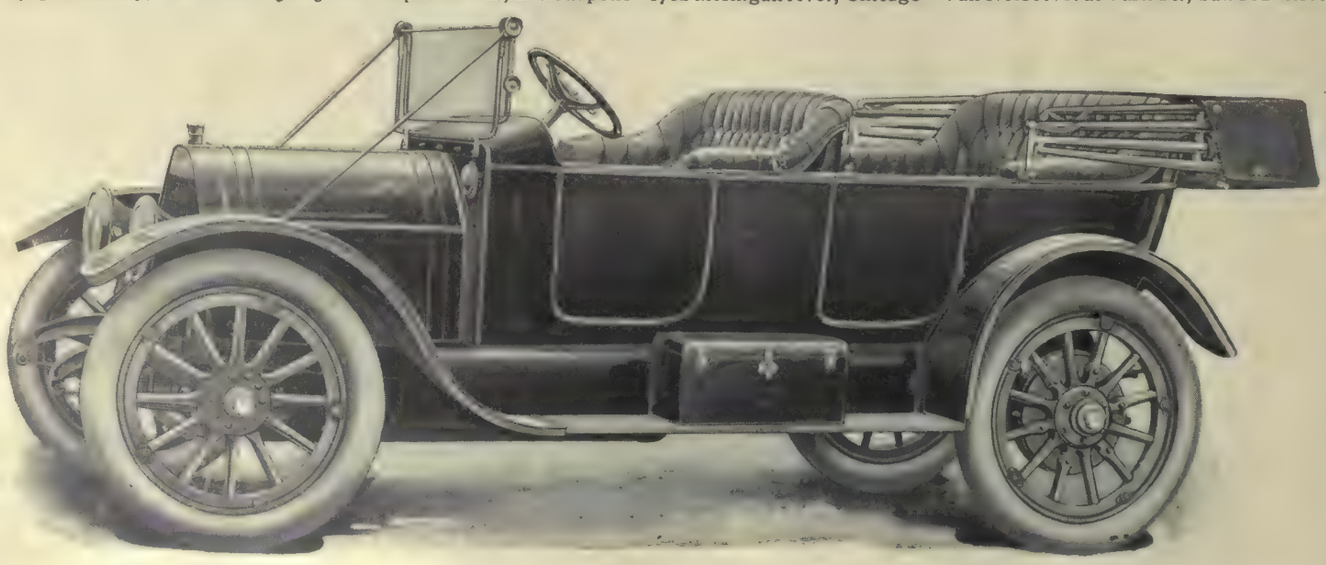
This photograph shows the 12-volt generator connected to the Willard Elba battery through cut-out on the dash. This cut-out is automatic in action and eliminates discharging the battery through the generator armature when the engine is not running. Note that the generator wires terminate at the battery terminal on the drum switch. The battery is 12-volt, 100 ampere hours, and supplies current both for starting and lighting. Only three wires run from battery to lamps, thereby balancing the battery and giving standard 6-volt lights.

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1912



Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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BALTIMORE NEW YORK LONDON

THE THEATRE

VOL. XVI SEPTEMBER, 1912 No. 139

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Bangs

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

This American dancer will be starred this season by Messrs. Shubert in a sumptuous spectacular revue which, it is announced, will surpass anything ever seen here.

THE SEASO



Sarony MAUDE ADAMS



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Sarony MRS. FISKE BILLIE BURKE

THE unusual activity of managers and dramatists, as seen in the forecast of productions for the coming season is significant of the vitality of the stage proper, uninfluenced in the slightest degree by circumstances which to some minds have appeared to be of a portentous and disturbing character. The year of the Presidential election is not regarded with fear. Managers are preparing for new ventures with unprecedented zeal. The standard for success seems to be the best possible play, for which there is no dull season. The obvious truth seems to be at last recognized that it is only the bad play that experiences, uniformly, a bad season. The list of plays is uncommonly large. A few of these plays, as is always and necessarily the case with announcements, will be missing in the actual count of production, but the promise is for a brilliant season.

Charles Frohman will begin his New York activities with the opening of the Empire Theatre September 2, when Mr. John Drew will be seen in Alfred Sutro's four-act comedy, "The Perplexed Husband," which met with considerable success at Wyndham's Theatre in London last winter. Mr. Drew will be supported by Mary Boland. Following the Drew engagement Mme. Nazimova will make her first appearance at the Empire Theatre. This interesting actress will be seen in "Bella Donna," a four-act drama adapted from Robert Hichens's well-known novel. For Maude Adams, Mr. Frohman has arranged a season entirely devoted to the plays of J. M. Barrie. First Miss Adams will make an extensive tour in "Peter Pan," and then she will come to New York, appearing at the Empire in a new comedy by Mr. Barrie entitled "The Legion of Leonora." After this she will be seen in a special Barrie programme consisting of a fifty-minute play entitled "Rosalind and The Lady Shakespeare."

Mr. John Mason will be seen in Henry Bernstein's latest play, "The Attack," which has met with great success at the Gymnase in Paris. Mr. Mason's company will include Martha Hedman, the Swedish actress, who is new to this country, Lolla Clifton and Sidney Herbert. Billie Burke will open the Lyceum Sept. 9 with Pinero's play, "The Mind the Paint Girl," which calls for no fewer than forty-four people. Owing to the magnitude of this production the piece will be given only in New York and the most important cities. Ethel Barrymore has a new play by Henry Bernstein, as yet unnamed, but she will not be seen in New York until after Christmas. Donald Brian, of "Merry Widow" fame, will appear under Mr. Frohman's management in a new musical piece called "The Marriage Market." Although the book and music of this piece were written in Germany, where it is now being played, the scenes are laid in California. Augustus Thomas's new play, "The Model," which ran all last season in Chicago under the title "When It Comes Home," opens the season at the

OF 1912–13

Harris August 31. Otis Skinner will continue in "Kismet" throughout the season, and William Gillette will be seen in New York during the winter. "The Sunshine Girl," with Julia Sanderson in the title rôle, will be seen after Christmas, and about the same time Leo Falls' new play, "The Doll Girl," is also scheduled for production.

Prominent among the foreign plays which have had great success abroad, and which Mr. Frohman will present here, is "Primerose," a comedy in three acts, by MM. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, which has had great success at the Comédie Française. This play will be seen in New York in November with a special cast, including Alexandria Carlisle. A drama called "The Spy" from the Porte St. Martin Theatre is also to be seen here, but perhaps the most elaborate production which Mr. Frohman will make this season is the latest success from the Paris Odéon, entitled "The Honor of Japan," which calls for the employment of two hundred people and sixteen sets of scenery. Marie Doro will be seen after Christmas in a special programme made up of plays by Barrie, Shaw and Pinero. Charles Cherry will open the season in "Passers By," and later will come to New York in a new play.

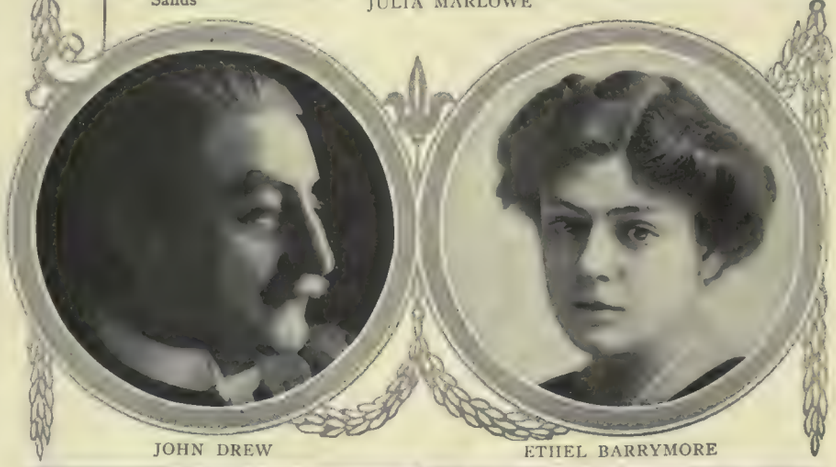
Mrs. Fiske will be seen in a new play by Edward Sheldon, the author of "Salvation Nell." The play, which is modern in theme, will be produced in Chicago in October and afterwards seen in New York. Later in the season Mr. Fiske will produce a play by Harriet Ford.

David Warfield will go on tour with "The Return of Peter Grimm," and Blanche Bates will do likewise with "Nobody's Widow." The plans of Nance O'Neil are as yet indefinite. Frances Starr will be seen in Edward Locke's play, "The Case of Becky," at the Belasco Theatre on September 30. Another Belasco production, "The Governor's Lady," by Alice Bradley, will be seen at the Republic on September 5th, with Gladys Hanson in the leading rôle.

The Little Theatre's second season will open September 16th with Granville Barker's London company in George Bernard Shaw's new satirical comedy, "Fanny's First Play," which is now half way through its second year's run in London. Granville Barker will come to America himself a little later in the season to present a series of plays, including "The Voysey Inheritance," "Waste" and "Prunella, or "In a Dutch Garden." Marguerite Clark will probably be seen in the rôle of Prunella. In October a dramatization of the Grimm Brothers' fairy story, "Snow White," will be presented at the Little Theatre at a series of special matinées. Another production scheduled by Mr. Ames is Arthur Schnitzler's comedy, "Anatol," a series of love affairs between a gay young Viennese bachelor and different ladies of various stations of life, in which John Barrymore will be seen in the title rôle. Mr. Ames will have a number of pro-



Sands JULIA MARLOWE



JOHN DREW ETHEL BARRYMORE



VIOLA ALLEN Sarony GRACE GEORGE



CHARLES RICHMAN FRANCES STARR DAVID WARFIELD MARIE DORO LOUIS MANN JANE COWL

ductions outside of the Little Theatre. Two of these are "Romance," a new drama by Edward Sheldon, and Henry Kitchell Webster's play, "June Madness," which was seen in Chicago late last spring.

The Shuberts will have the direction of more than fifty dramatic and musical companies. At one of their Broadway theatres, they will present Carl Rossler's comedy, "The Golden Lane," called in the original "The Five Frankfurters." The play treats of the astonishing rise to power and affluence of the Rothschild family. Two American plays to be produced are "Birthright," a drama by Constance Skinner, and "The Cinch," a farce by Edgar Franklin and Matthew White, Jr. Another play is Lucille LaVerne's dramatization of Will N. Haben's novel, "Ann Boyd." The plays from German sources are: "Love and Hate," a play by Louis Lehar, a cousin of Franz Lehar, the composer; "Die Kinder," a satire by Herman Behr, author of "The Concert;" "The Hawk," a thief play by Gustav Esman; "The Dirigible Airship," a farce by Emil Norini and Ernst Baum, and "A Thousand Kronen," by Alexander Engle and Julius Horst. The only drama from the French will be an American version of "Les Petites," the play by Lucien Nepoty. Sam Bernard has a new vehicle, music by Franz Lehar and book by Paul Potter and Edgar Smith. Another ambitious Shubert production will be the Reinhardt "Liebe Augustine" (Offenbach's famous operetta "Belle Helène"), which is now running in London under the name of "Princess Caprice." The music is by Leo Fall, the book by Rudolph Bernauer and Ernst Welisch.

Among the American productions will be "The Girl and the Miner," by Rida Johnson Young, with lyrics by Paul West and music by Jerome Kern; a new musical comedy, the book of which is now being written by George Bronson-Howard; and Gertrude Hoffman in a new and extraordinary revue. Among the foreign musical works are "The Perfume Shop," by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, with music by Leslie Stuart; "Kean," a musical version of "The Royal Box," with a book by Charles Cassmann and music by Alexander Stefanides; "Cousin Bobby," by Jacobson and Wagner, with music by Karl Millocker; "Madame Flirt," a farce, with music by Anselm Gotzl and book by Fritz Brunbaum and Heinz Reichert, adapted by Leonard Liebling; "The Millionaire's Bride," by A. M. Willner and E. Line, with music by Heinrich Berte; "The Astrologer," by Rudolph Schanzer, with music by Robert Leonard, and a new German musical piece entitled "Samples." A unique musical production will be the French revue called "Sherlock Holmes and Arsène Lupin," in which the famous detective and the famous thief are pitted against each other with what are said to be singularly humorous results. The largest of the Shubert productions will be the new Hippodrome entertainment, "Under Many Flags," which will open on August 31. The dramatization of Louisa Alcott's "Little Women," is a joint Shubert and Brady enterprise; also "Shan Magan," an Irish play, by George H. Jessop, in which George MacFarlane will star, and "The Drone," another Irish play. When the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company return to New York after completing their tour, two more Gilbert and Sullivan operas will be added to its list. One of these will be "Iolanthe"; the other has not been positively selected. Mr. Brady, the Messrs. Shubert and Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane, London, will make two New York productions together at the Manhattan Opera House. These will be the Drury Lane pantomime, "'Op o' My Thumb" and the Drury Lane melodrama, "The Whip." E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will continue under the Shubert direction, playing a season in New York and also an extended road tour. Among the musical hits that will go on the road are "The Kiss Waltz," "Two Little Brides," with James T. Powers; Gaby Deslys in "Vera Violetta," and "The Whirl of Society," with Al Jolson. "The Blue Bird" will again be sent through the country, and "Sumurun" will be seen in other cities. The original company of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will remain at the Comedy Theatre and several other organizations will go on tour with this Scottish comedy. Several companies will also present "A Butterfly on the Wheel." Lewis Waller, the English actor, will open his own season at Daly's Theatre in September in a new play by Edward Knoblauch entitled "Discovering America."

The announcements of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger are interesting They include "The Count of Luxembourg," a musical play, which has had considerable success in London, and "Oh, Oh, Delphine," a musical comedy by Messrs. Caryll and McLellan. But perhaps the most important production of this management will be "Milestones," the new play by



OTIS SKINNER



NANCE O'NEIL



LEWIS WALLER



HENRY MILLER MRS. LESLIE CARTER JOHN BARRYMORE BLANCHE BATES HENRY B. WARNER ELSIE FERGUSON

Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, which will be presented simultaneously in New York and Chicago. Another play, "Eva," with Elsie Ferguson in the leading rôle, opens in Chicago. In September Charlotte Walker opens in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and in October Robert Hilliard will be seen in "The Argyle Case;" Edith Taliafferro goes to London to play "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm;" Henry Miller will continue in his successful play, "The Rainbow;" Laura Hope Crews has a new play by A. E. Thomas. Other productions by this management are "The Plain Woman," by Eugene Walter; "The Money Burners," by Glen MacDonough and Raymond Hubbell and "The Little Café."

Among Henry W. Savage's productions are: "The Million," the farce which was seen in New York last season; "Little Boy Blue," the Viennese operetta; "Everywoman" and "Excuse Me." There will also be "The Prince of Pilsen," with Jess Dandy as Hans Wagner, and "The Merry Widow," with Mable Wilber in the title rôle. "Somewhere Else," a fantasy by Avery Hopwood and Gustav Luders will also be produced.

Charles Dillingham will produce a musical piece entitled "The Lady of the Slipper," book by Anne Caldwell and Lawrence McCarthy. In the cast will appear Elsie Janis, Lydia Lopoukowa, Montgomery and Stone and Joseph Cawthorne. After "The Lady of the Slipper" Mr. Dillingham will star Fanny Ward in "Montmartre," a play by Pierre Fondia, which had a run in Paris. He will also produce a revue during the winter.

Louis Mann will continue presenting "Elevating a Husband," and Clara Lipman will be seen in a new play written by herself and Samuel Shipman, entitled "It Depends on the Woman."

William Faversham and Julie Opp will be seen in a splendid revival of "Julius Cæsar." Walker Whiteside will present Vraji (The Duse of Japan) and Sojin Kamiyami, from the Imperial Theatre of Tokio, to be supported by an American company, and to appear in a repertoire of Shakespeare, Sardou and Ibsen plays.

Pierre Loti is coming to New York for the first time to be present at the première of "The Daughter of Heaven," which he wrote in collaboration with Mlle. Judith Gautier. The play will be presented at the Century Theatre. Only three members of the cast are known—Viola Allen, Basil Gill and Henry Bergman—but four hundred people will participate in the performance.



ROBERT MANTELL



DOROTHY DONNELLY



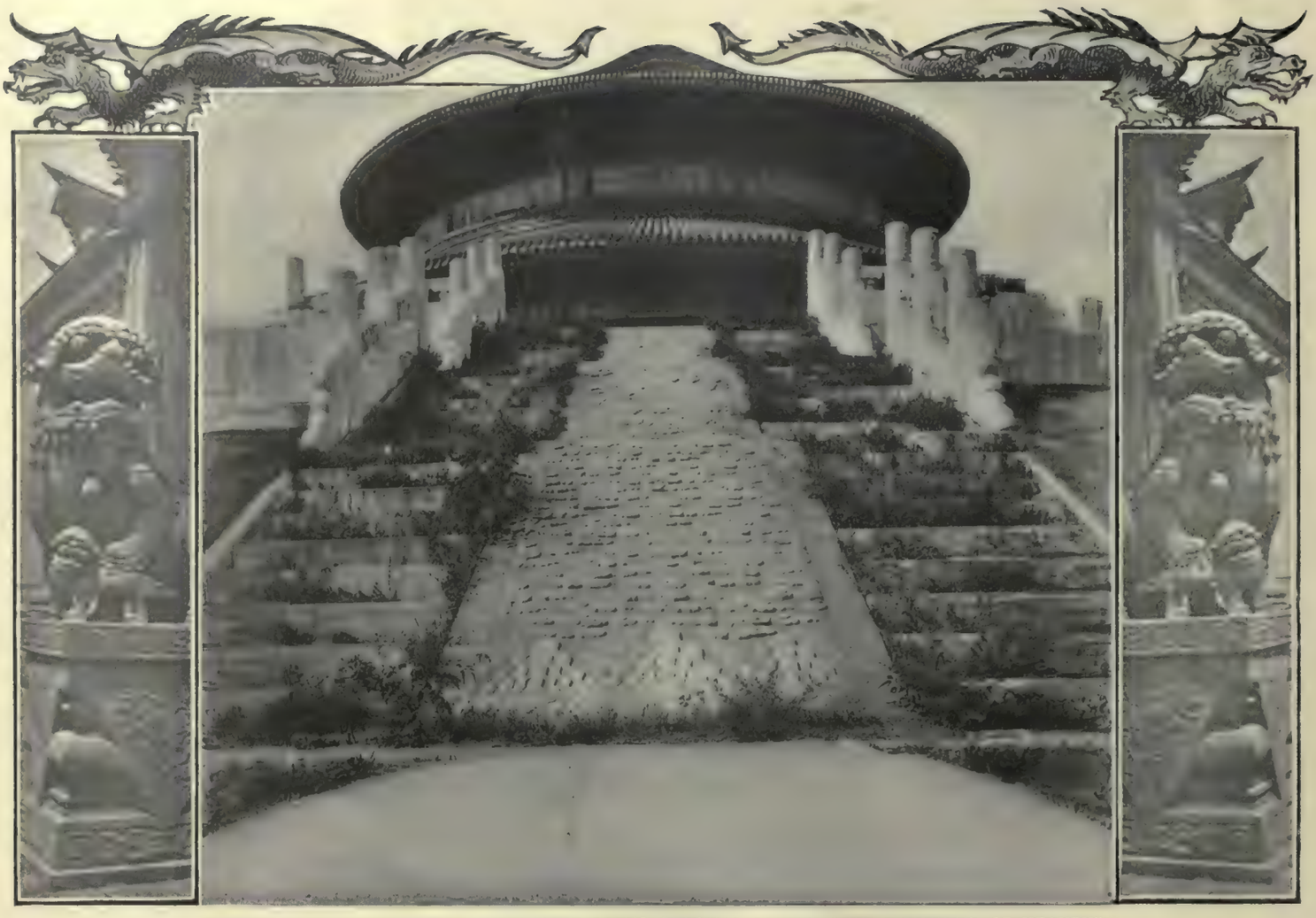
RICHARD BENNETT

Other interesting features of the Liebler company's announcements are the establishment of the Children's Theatre on the roof of the Century Theatre and the return to this country of both Mme. Simone and the Irish players. Mme. Simone is to have a play of the time of Louis XIV. written for her by Louis N. Parker and D. Devere Stackpole. In September Robert Lorraine is to appear here, reviving G. B. Shaw's "Man and Superman," and later on in the season he may be seen in New York in a new play. H. B. Warner is to appear in a new piece entitled "Buxl" at the Hudson on September 5th. This play is from the German of Arno Holz and Oscar Jerschke, the English version having been prepared by Rudolph Besier.

That popular young actor, Richard Bennett, who appeared in "Passers By" all last season, will be seen in a new play written by Joseph Medill Patterson. Rachel Crother's latest play, "The Herfords," has been announced as an early New York attraction. On Labor Day George Aliss will resume his run at Wallack's in "Disraeli." New plays by Bayard Veiller, George A. Birmingham and others complete this management's list of novelties. "The Garden of Allah," with Dorothy Donnelly, Lawson Butt and Arthur Forrest in the cast, and "Oliver Twist," with Marie Doro, Wilton Lackaye, Constance Collier and Edmund Breese, both open in Chicago about Labor Day. William Hodge opens his sixth season in "The Man from Home" in Boston on the same date. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "Pomander Walk" both go on tour again.

Grace George will appear at The Playhouse in November. It is also likely that she will be seen in "Turandot," the Chinese play by Volmoeller, produced by Prof. Max Reinhardt. This play created a tremendous sensation in Berlin. Miss George has a new play by Edward Sheldon and Harrison Rhodes; another nearly completed by Avery Hopwood; another, entitled "The Woman of It," by a noted English dramatist, and "The Folly of It All" by Horace Collins. Miss George will carry out her plan of a repertoire season at The Playhouse.

Justin Huntley McCarthy has delivered the manuscript of "Charlemagne, the Conqueror" to Mr. Brady. Robert Mantell is to appear in this production. With Mr. Mantell and a special star cast Mr. Brady (*Continued on page xi*)



SCENE IN JUDITH GAUTIER'S AND PIERRE LOTI'S ORIENTAL DRAMA, "THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN"

The "Daughter of Heaven" and Its Strange Authors

NEXT month the Century Theatre will produce a spectacle drama that will surpass even its own record in the similar productions of "The Blue Bird" and "The Garden of Allah." The play, which will require four hundred persons for its interpretation, has the title "The Daughter of Heaven." Its theme is the self-martyrdom of an empress; its cause of action the spirit that animates a Kentucky feud, the hatred deepened by centuries of granite-like tradition and broadened to the borders of two empires.



Judith Gautier

The writing of this play caused a strange mental mating, that of two Orientalists, Judith Gautier, daughter of the famous poet, Theophile Gautier, and Pierre Loti, the well-known academician and novelist. To genius a spark of fact is often enough to kindle a conflagration of inspired creation. Less than a quarter of a century ago a revolution placed a Ming descendant upon the throne at Nankin. His reign of seventeen years was characterized by his happy subjects as "The era of heavenly peace," yet after his death the revolt against this overturning of tradition began. His body was disinterred and burned, and its ashes cast to the winds and sea. All records of the era of heavenly peace were burned. That one of native Chinese blood should have ruled instead of the all-conquering Tartars shocked the sense of tradition. The awful fact was expunged from history. Only "foreign devils" dare revive it in story or drama.

Upon such foundation of fact Judith Gautier and Pierre Loti—who have never met, but have conducted their collaboration by correspondence—have reared their structure. Instead of a Son of Heaven ruling at Nankin, as contemporary of the Tartar Emperor enthroned at Pekin, the authors make the ruler a Daughter of Heaven. She is of the Ming dynasty, the pure Chinese blood. Tradition has it that for three centuries no Chinese woman has ever loved a Tartar. Here exists the possibility of a love interest. The authors create a hero, a Tartar Emperor, who desires to unite all interests and factions in his vast empire. He hears of the great beauty of the rebel Empress at Nankin and desires to gaze upon his beautiful enemy. Against the urgent entreaties of his counselors he makes a journey into the rebel country. He gazes upon her beauty and sees that fame has not outrun its greatness. That drama which is conflict of wills, the crossing of the swords of love and tradition, of love and patriotism, follows.



Pierre Loti

The first act takes place at Nankin. The occasion is the consecration of the regent, who is to reign during her son's minority. The Emperor arrives from Pekin in the disguise of a viceroy from a southern province and enters the royal gardens. He watches the procession of eunuchs bearing the maids of honor in palanquins to the palace. There appears a beautiful child attended by a bodyguard of slaves and a tutor. It is the little Emperor, whose widowed mother is that day to be crowned regent. The regal

infant sees the disguised stranger and conceives a childish fancy for him. The infant, who has been playing with a pinwheel, presents it to the stranger with the words:

"You may give this for me to your little boy."

"Alas! dear child," returns the sovereign, who is his hereditary enemy, "I have no son."

"Then keep it yourself," returns the little one, "in memory of a child who has no father."

The invader accepts the childish gift, fastens it in his robe of purple silk, encrusted with embroidery of gems. Plucking one of these gems, a ruby, from his breast, he places it in the tiny, outstretched hand.

"I thank Your Majesty," he says. "Accept in exchange this jewel in remembrance of one whose greatest wish would be to have you for his son."

The child resumes his way to the palace and the curtain descends upon a scene, the beauty and delicacy of which prepares the mind for the drama which follows. The second scene of this act reveals the throne room of the palace at Nankin. Again the lad of the Ming dynasty is shown, but this time there sits enthroned beside him a woman of regal and surpassing beauty.



PIERRE LOTI AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN

For this scene Edward Morange, the scenic artist, paid a special visit to China to get inspiration for his big canvases. He will furnish an exact reproduction of the royal palace of China, its priceless silks, its magnificent embroideries and wrought images of the golden dragon. The wardrobe artist brought from Milan, for the correct costuming of the play, will make the robes and jewels worn by the regent the most sumptuous seen upon the American stage.

But the authors, who know their China so profoundly, care less for effects of the eye than for those of the mind. What they have created as an appeal of unique power to the dramatic sense of the audience is the following speech made from his knees by the Tartar Emperor, still disguised as Viceroy from the South. In tones of so strong emotion that the regent bends the royal head to hear, her cheek overspread by a pink flush, he says:

"O, Divine Majesty! why am I, your slave, though at this moment a dignitary of the Empire, not an immortal, to enable me to create for you a path of eternal triumph to overcome a threatening fate? Why is my will, so fervently desirous of creating for you a united and triumphant progress, so powerless? Because of my inability to conquer any fate that theatens you, what a tumult of desires and emotions torment my soul! Behold, however, to what extent the celestial brilliance of your presence enlightens and inspires me. A dazzling light that emanates from Your Majesty seems to drive the fogs from the horizon and to pierce the shadows, and I see you yonder in the palace of the Mings. I see you seated and all powerful on the throne of the Tartar Emperor. The immense empire, united and at peace, stretches beneath those little feet a carpet of glory. No, destiny will never prevail in any cruel intent toward you. Before your sacred presence war will not prevail. For some persons, superior to the rest, do not the laws of earth and heaven seem to yield? Recall that beautiful woman who conquered the heart of a sovereign, your ancestor, and who, when she had fallen from imperial favor, smiled so serenely at her executioners that they flung their weapons and themselves at her feet. So, Imperial Majesty, may you always triumph over malevolent fate!"

Deeply moved, the Empress, leaning toward the kneeling man, replies:

"Thanks, my noble subject. Your daring words have surprised, but they have also charmed us. The tragic conditions of the regency are an excuse for ardent thoughts and unique discourse. We have been profoundly moved by your prophetic vision. Thanks to you and thanks to all."

The second act discloses the regent in the royal gardens. To her pavilion she summons an astrologer, whom she asks the meaning of a strange and troubling dream.

"I dreamed that I was about to become the prey of a serpent. 'Twas a serpent with shining scales. Slowly he wound himself about me. Coil upon coil was encompassing my person. Yet, staring into his brilliant, cruel eyes I did not resist. I became languid, yet the languor of that yielding was delightful. By a supreme effort I tried to free myself from his deadly coils and awoke. Tell me, O man who reads the stars, what means this tormenting vision?"

"Your Majesty, what you saw was the dragon of China, coming to rob you of your greatest treasure. But the Phœnix will escape."

There is another meeting between the Empress and the Emperor, whom she has enslaved. It is after two Tartars have attempted to kidnap the infant Emperor. Spies from the advancing Manchu army have gained entrance to the palace, and only by an accident been foiled in their effort at royal kidnapping. The Empress says to him:

"You gave my son a marvelously carved jewel. He is charmed by the gift and desires that I present you, on his behalf, this emblem of the Empress, a Phœnix with wings of sapphires and rubies."

The Emperor, still in his disguise as Viceroy, sinks to his knees. Stretching forth a trembling hand



A VIEW OF PIERRE LOTI'S CELEBRATED "MOSQUE" AT HIS HOME AT ROCHEFORT, FRANCE

for this sign of royal favor, he replies with much emotion:

"I swear it shall never leave me!"

The Empress looks at him with a half royal, half womanly glance, and then, attaching the jewel to his belt, he continues with agitation:

"Until this day I have seen only the nests of common birds and did not believe there existed that wonderful bird, the Phœnix. But to-day my eyes have been opened. Her existence has been revealed to me."

The regent sighs. Mournfully she replies:

"Alas! The Phœnix and the Dragon nowadays are laden with chains and cannot fly to the clouds as they would like."

"Would that I were the Tartar Emperor who reigns at Pekin!"

The empress looks closely at him, her manner showing alarm.

"What a strange desire! You would wish to be my mortal enemy?"

"Only to place all China at your feet. So that I might return to you, of the pure blood of China, that throne which was seized by the usurper, and thereafter to become your faithful subject."

"What a dream! From this Tartar Emperor I would be able to accept nothing but death. Do not wish to be any other than yourself, for no one else has ever awakened in me such deep sympathy. Do not forsake the palace. Await the royal order. Since you are not ambitious for yourself, I will be ambitious for you and keep you near me."

As she moves away, smiling a sweet and stately farewell, her royal admirer gives his mysterious assurance:

"Whether my person is near or far, my thoughts will always remain prostrated at the feet of your Majesty."

Briefly the pair report their conclusions from this strange interview. To her lady in waiting the regent says sighingly:

"I have been foolish, but how happy are the foolish ones! The words flew from my mouth as captive birds spring through the door for a moment left open. My joy betrayed me."



A PLAYER'S NEW YORK RESIDENCE

Miss Amelia Bingham's residence on Riverside Drive and formerly the home of Joseph Jefferson. The statues which ornament the façade of the house were purchased from the late Clyde Fitch, and represent "Dramatic Art," "Success," and "Victory"

The Tartar Emperor to his councilor says:

"By my disguise I have triumphed. For the first time in thrice an hundred years a Chinese woman loves a Tartar."

The climax of the play, the "big act" which represents the ambition of every playwright, every manager and every actor, shows the Empress and her faithful attendants in retreat at the last place of refuge of the Chinese, the door of her ancestral tomb. Says one of her faithful courtiers:

"Your soldiers, O Daughter of Heaven, beseech a last favor."

"Whatever they wish is theirs."

"See, they are piling the wood high. It is their wish to die before the Tartars arrive. It is their supreme wish that after they have mounted the funeral pyre your Majesty shall light it with your gracious hands."

A soldier approaches, bearing a burning torch. With steady hand the Empress receives it and turns a serene face upon the pitiable remnant of her army. The speech that follows is one of those which players regard as a prize and an opportunity. Flinging the torch upon the pyre she cries:

"O, my beloved soldiers, I, too, am dead as you. Already I am a dead woman, dead to all which is not of the fury of battle and vengeance and hatred which knows no mercy. May the brightness of your bravery illumine the world!"

The soldiers spring into the flames, singing:

"May our little king live! May he live long and happily!"

As the smoke ascends and is wrapping the soldiers round, the distant tread of an army is heard. Knowing that the Tartars are approaching, the Empress enters the tomb. Standing at its door she cries to the remaining soldiers waiting their turn upon the funeral pyre:

"Close upon me this door of bronze forever. Seal tightly, my friends, the last palace of your Empress. Roll up the great rock. Wall well in her tomb the living dead!"

As the Tartar army appears the Empress vanishes and the soldiers swing back the huge bronze door. The army of Tartars frenziedly attack the little guard of Chinese soldiers. The Tartars force their way to the door of the tomb. Amid sounds of frenzied attacks the curtain falls.

In the last act the interest is as strong, the conflict as great, as in the third. Like the first act, this has two scenes. The first is the place of execution. There many of the captive soldiers, remaining faithful to the Ming dynasty, are about to be beheaded. At the last moment comes an order from the Tartar Emperor to stop the execution. The final scene is that of an audience of the defeated Empress from Nankin with the Emperor at Pekin. The dialogue reveals that while they talk the funeral of the little Emperor of the Ming dynasty is taking place. The Emperor endeavors to lead her to a place on the throne beside him. She resists. He says:

"It was not to satisfy a mere whim that I wished to see you seated here. What we have to say to each other is solemn indeed. It is a conference between two rulers, between two great powers, an Emperor and an Empress. Here, apart from disturbing influences, we shall be able to consider wisely our godly mission."

"Between an Emperor and an Empress? I am a poor beaten captive."

"You are still a sovereign, doubly sovereign, mistress of all China and arbiter of my mind and heart."

In the voice of one in a wretched dream, the Empress answers:

"My dead await me. Their voices are in my ears. They call me. I must go!"

The Emperor seizes her hand.

"I must speak to you. Listen! When I met you I had been all my life a dreamer. Upon seeing you I awoke. From being a passive I became an active ruler of my people. There have been many obstacles to overcome. First I returned from your palace to this yellow city. I snatched from the hands of malefactors the power which they had swayed in my name while I dreamed dreams of an empire of peace. The war was in progress. Hatred prowled the land. Chinese and Tartars howled like wild beasts. The air smelled of blood. I could not stop it at once. You know this?"

"Yes."

"One cannot strangle the wolf of war by one grasp of hands. Do you believe that I did all I could to save your son?"

"Yes, now I believe it."

"I am telling you this so that you will not hate me."

"I do not hate you."

"Your faithful subjects suffered and died against my will. I have issued an order of mercy to all. Already the effect is shown. The martyrdom has ceased."

"I grant that you are my great and generous foe."

"Not foe. Your lover. But of my love I dared not speak while war was between us."

"For that I thank you."

"On my ears your words fall cold and remote as icy rain in winter. Listen, I implore you. Though war has been between us, though your son is passing on his way to the forest of the last repose, I hold to my dream of extinguishing by our marriage the hatred of three centuries. My dream is of our love and bringing peace to our Empire."

"Ever since I saw your well-remembered face and you bade me sit beside you on that throne I have understood."

"And your wish?"

"The centuries are stronger than I. My dead are stronger than your living. So great a river of blood has flowed between us that we cannot cross it. No Emperor of the Tartars shall ever clasp my living hand. Farewell!"

She takes a vial of poison from her belt, avows her love for him, and dies with his arms enfolding her. After what seems a long time of silent grief, he lays her body gently at the foot of the throne, bids the throng waiting in the audience chamber enter and salute the Empress of China.



Mishkin

FLORENCE MALONE

Who will play the leading rôle in "The Talker," this coming season

This is the story of the play. The story of its authors is as unusual. Both are mentally and largely in a social sense hermits. Judith Gautier knows more about China than the Chinese themselves, because she has delved yet more deeply into its rich past. She knows the habits, the color, the language of China. She is impatient of the present because to her it is commonplace, insipid. Of her, her illustrious father said: "She is the most astonishing creature in the world. She has a marvelous brain, but a brain that has absolutely no correlation with her personality, her conduct or her state in life. Before a sheet of paper she is merely an unconscious instrument." So said he to the Goncourts.

She discounts the value of her work. She laughs at it. A literary critic, deeply impressed with her work, calling on her to talk with her about it, was annoyed and revolted at her task, which was profoundly engaging her and which she continued. She was cutting from a raw turnip the statuette of Angelique, which she had seen in the salon the day before, and that it was a clever reproduction the disgusted literary critic admitted.

She lives in an apartment so loftily raised above the streets of Paris that her admirers have named it "The Tower of Ivory."

"Here I am in the Paris I love," she exclaims. "Although in it I am not of it. So far am I above the noises of the day that the sound of what is going on in the great world below me rarely reaches me. Here I hear no light rumors; the sound of scandal dies away before it mounts so high."

Yet brilliant folk of the world of art and letters and diplomacy mount to the tower that houses the gifted woman. Many of these are Chinese. "Never," it has been said, "has a Chinaman of high rank passed through the city without stopping to drink green tea with her and look at the manuscripts locked inside laquered boxes, and admire this woman who renews on the continent of Europe the poetical delights which enchanted delicate minds of the largest empire in the time of the dynasty of song. She wrote "Livre de Jade" while a mere girl, and "The Dragon Imperial" two years afterward, leaping at once into a fame which she despised. Her memoirs concern her distinguished father and his illustrious contemporaries far more than herself. In them she describes "a very singular person who came into the room without any noise and bowed his head. He looked to me like a priest without a soutane." He was Baudelaire.

"'I introduce my daughter to you,' said my father.

"'Ah,' said the strange-looking person, 'this is the mysterious "Quaragon" of whom one often hears but whom one never sees. You have made her as far as I can see after the model of your dreams, for she looks just like a little Greek girl.'"

"She was a tall, dark young girl, a sculptured figure, yet graceful, with a bright face, wide, deep black eyes, with a luminous smile, an admirable figure of a woman," was de Goncourt's impressionistic sketch of her.

Of Pierre Loti, her collaborator, much is known. He also lives remote from the world at Rochefort, where he was born. He preserves in the garden a plot of flowers like those he admired when a youth in his mother's garden. His house he has transformed into probably the most remarkable one in France. There he has the reproduction of a mosque, where, if he ever worships, he is said to worship, for he has confessed that he has the soul of a Mohammedan. In this house is a reproduction of the Chinese throne room, and there is a chamber that duplicates the mysterious rooms of India. There he gives banquets of Oriental splendor when he is moved to intercourse of his kind, which is not often, for a visiting friend tells of the strange reception accorded him when he called upon Loti while one of the frequent moods of silence was upon him.

The author grasped his hand and said, "You are welcome, but you must not expect me to talk to you," and together they smoked in silence until, an hour later, the visitor took his leave. It was his love of shade and silence and solitude that moved his fellow officers of the French navy to give him the name "Pierre Loti," which he adapted in one of his earliest books, and by which he has been known ever since.

ADA PATTERSON.



White

The burlesque on "Bunty Pulls the Strings"
SCENE IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

A "Type" to Order

"WHAT'S the matter, little girl; something wrong?" The man asked the question with the gentle paternalism of the stage as he followed the young actress out of the elevator into the lower lobby of the big theatrical office building. She smiled gratefully. The sympathy in his voice was what she needed, and he, being a seasoned actor and cognizant of feminine moods, knew she was ready to cry over something, in spite of the careless shrug with which she replied:

"Oh, nothing particular. I've just come out of Wahlman's office. I was after the ingenue part of Nancy in that new production of his, 'Innocence.' I thought I'd get it, felt sure of it, in fact, for Wahlman had sent for me. I've been with him before, and he likes my work. Now he says—"

"Yes?"

"He says I won't do. I'm not the 'type.' "

"What is the 'type?' "

"Well, she's innocent and unsophisticated, and all that—just the kind of part I've always done, but she's rather tall and athletic, too. That's where I slipped up. Wahlman looked me over and turned me down cold."

"He didn't say you couldn't *play* the part?"

"It amounted to that. He said I didn't *look* it. So what's the use?"

"Didn't you try to make him give you a chance?"

"Of course I did. I told him I could play it—that I wasn't short, even if I wasn't exactly tall, and that I could make up to look like anything he wanted."

"Why didn't you insist until you persuaded him?"

"No use—he said I wasn't the *type,* and that settled it. So I—I beg your pardon! What did you say?"

"Nothing," replied the old-time actor, slightly confused. "I only coughed. When I hear that word '*type*' it always chokes me. But I'll tell you where you made the mistake, my dear. You told Wahlman you could make up to look the part. *You should have made up before you went to see him.*"

"I don't understand."

"Come back further into the hallway, out of the rush, and I'll explain. . . . So! . . . Now, to begin with, this 'type' fad of managers and authors is doing more to crush the art of acting than any other enemy it has. That is conceded by practically everybody. On the other hand, no one can deny that if the manager can find an actor who naturally fills every physical requirement of a character as the author conceives him, it saves trouble. This actor may not play the part as well as would another who does not look the character before he goes into the dressing-room, but he is the 'type,' and that gets him the engagement."

"That's true," sighed the ingenue. "So what are you going to do about it?"

The ferule of the old-timer's cane struck the marble floor so emphatically that it rang again.



White

The burlesque on Mordkin and Pavlova of the Russian Ballet
SCENE IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

"I'll tell you what to do about it—what I did two seasons ago, and which gave me a part that I've kept ever since."

"Yes, I've seen you in it," broke in the ingenue. "It's *Richard Croswell,* the young fellow in 'A Man and His Money.' You have only a straight make-up, and yet—"

"Exactly. *Richard Croswell* is a tall, thin youngster, and I'm just the opposite. I am almost short, I am not very young, and I weigh nearly two hundred pounds. Of course I get the effect of height and slimness by the ordinary tricks of the dressing-room that every actor knows—'raisers' in my shoes, high heels, pompadour wig, vertical lines in making up the face, belting in, and so forth. There's nothing in that. Any actor who knows his business could look like *Richard Croswell.* The point is that I was the 'type' when I went after the engagement."

"Do you mean that you were slim at that time?"

"No. I was stouter than I am now, if anything—before I saw the manager. Yet as soon as he looked at me he decided that I was the 'type' he wanted. I saw it in his eye."

"You knew what the character was to look like before you went to him, of course?"

"Certainly. I got that from the agents. And it worried me, too, for I didn't know whether I could make it. However, I determined to have a good try, so I went to my room at the boarding house, locked myself in and worked in front of the mirror for two hours. At the end of that time I was a pretty fair *Richard Croswell,* so far as general appearance went. It was harder to make up for him then than it ever has been since. I had to use a light make-up on my face, and it took a lot of digging through my wardrobe to find tight-fitting clothes that I could wear. I found a striped suit that I hadn't used for three years—and I had been steadily getting heavier ever since. However, I squeezed into the coat and waistcoat and poured myself into the trousers. Then I put on a pair of special shoes that added two inches to my height, and topped off with a blonde wig brushed up in front, which gave me an inch or two more."

"That sounds well," observed the closely-listening ingenue, with professional discernment. "You must have looked *much* taller and thinner."

"I did. As soon as I was ready I hustled over to the manager's office. It was an inside room, looking into an air-shaft, with hardly any daylight. But I wouldn't have cared if it had been flooded with sunshine, for I felt sure my make-up was manager-proof. Anyhow, before I came out I had a promise of the part, and was told to drop in the next day to sign the contract."



White
GERTRUDE BRYAN AS "LITTLE BOY BLUE"

"Then you had to make up all over again?"

"Yes, but I didn't mind that. It was easier than the first time. Besides, one can afford a little trouble for the sake of a good engagement—and I was actually getting the salary I'd asked for."

"But when the manager saw you at rehearsal, didn't he notice the difference in your looks? Or did you make up all the time?"

"Only for the first two or three rehearsals, until the stage manager got used to me. After that he wasn't bothering about my appearance. He had too much else to do. All he wanted of me then was that I should get the lines and business, and I worked hard to do that. At the dress rehearsal I was careful to look the part, and I made a hit at the opening performance. That gave me a strangle-hold on the part, and I've kept it ever since."

"I wish I'd seen you before I called on Wahlman about *Nancy,*" murmured the girl.

"It isn't too late. You know what he wants now. Go home and make up for it, and give him another try to-morrow. If you look like it then, he'll think he didn't see straight to-day."

The ingenue shook her head doubtfully.

"I'll do it, but I haven't much hope. *You* wouldn't have if you'd heard Wahlman talk. He isn't very economizing."

Again the old-timer struck his cane on the floor with impatient force.

"I tell you, kiddo, you can get the engagement," he insisted. "Anyone can beat this 'type' thing if he only has the nerve. 'Type' be blowed! Suppose managers insisted on it for Shakespeare, where should we all be? *Juliet* is supposed to be sixteen years old. Did you ever know of a sixteen-year-old *Juliet* on the stage?"

"Florence Rockwell played the part at that age, didn't she?" ventured the ingenue.

"I believe so. But she was the exception that proves the rule," was the old-timer's quick rejoinder. "I never heard of any others. Julia Marlowe and Sarah Bernhardt are very young-looking *Juliets,* but they have both been out of their teens for some time. As for the *Romeos,* there are Sothern and Faversham, middle-aged men, who can and do look twenty, and there were Edwin Booth and Kyrle Bellew, well on in years, who were boyish enough to be well-matched lovers for *Juliet.*

GEORGE C. JENKS.



RICHARD CARLE AND HATTIE WILLIAMS
Now appearing in the leading rôles in "The Girl from Montmartre," at the Criterion

Shadings of Shylock



W. A. Sands

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS SHYLOCK

This popular actor will continue to appear in Shakespearian repertoire this season

CRITICS of the modern school, without attempting to be as iconoclastic as the late Count Tolstoi, are almost unanimous in the opinion that Shakespeare was a practical showman, as well as a poet. He wrote, not because the fire of genius burning within him created a desire on his part to raise his readers to an appreciation of lyric poetry, but for a reason far more common and commercial. With him, as with many of his successors, it was a matter of pounds and pence.

When, as a boy, Shakespeare turned his steps from quiet Stratford towards London, it is improbable that his heart yearned for the fame that is so often unaccompanied by material reward. He did not dream that the inscription above his tomb would one day be read with reverence and awe by a throng of pilgrims gathered from all parts of the world. He did not think of Shakespearian festivals and Shakespearian revivals—scenic and unscenic. It is more probable that he thought of himself as a man of affairs—a man whose face, to use his own words, would be seen "where merchants most do congregate." It was necessity, chance, if you prefer, that lead him to the theatre. It was luck that gave him his first work as an actor and ability that made him a stage director. The spark of genius had begun to blaze. Yet Shakespeare had not become an idealist.

At this time Shakespeare realized that there was money in the theatrical business if the patrons of the playhouses were pleased. As a dramatist and as a manager he endeavored to please. A well attended performance meant the same to Shakespeare as it does to Messrs. Belasco, Klaw and Erlanger, Brady or Shubert. It meant money, and it is to be believed that Shakespeare was just as ambitious to amass material goods as are his managerial brethren of the present day.

Shakespeare was, however, a real artist, possessed of certain ideas which he took pride in expressing through the medium of the theatre in which his plays were produced. Even Count Tolstoi ventured to say that these ideas were far in advance of the Elizabethan period. Here an obstacle presented itself to the poet-manager. In the case of Shylock this obstacle grew into a great barrier.

The Elizabethan Englishman had little consideration for the Jew. He demanded that the Jew on the stage be made a buffoon—a low comedy character. Shakespeare could not reconcile his own sentiments with those of his fellow countrymen. His mind was a century or more in advance of his time. To him the Jew was a fellow being, created by God and endowed not only with the same faculties, but the same rights as other men. When the two opposing forces came together—that is, the demands of the playgoers and the Shakespearian idea, the dramatist effected a compromise. He created a Jew whose character was so complex that the observer could find the essentials he wanted without suspecting that opposite elements were present in the creation. On the one hand, Shylock was revengeful, vicious, blood-thirsty; yet the real Shakespearian idea is to be found between the lines, and the money lender becomes a wronged man, a fond parent and an indulgent master who merely seeks retaliation for the abuse that has been heaped upon him.

This complexity of character offers a rich field for histrionic interpretation, and actors of the modern school have taken full advantage of the opportunities offered them for bringing out every shade of meaning intended by the author. A study of the Shylock of Mr. Irving or Mr. Mansfield as compared to that of Mr. Skinner, Mr. Mantell or the more extreme Mr. Greet will show the truth of this observation. The first-named actors based the interpretation of their rôles on the Shakespearian ideal. The last named, especially Mr. Greet, bring forth the Elizabethan conception of how the part should be played; the former inspires sympathy and even pity for the Jew, the latter dislike and aversion.

Sir Henry Irving, who is deemed by critics to have been the greatest of a long line of Shylocks, loved the part and it is said by his associates that he often shed real tears in the scene where Shylock laments the loss of his daughter. He first gained the sympathy of his audience by making his Shylock old and infirm with a shuffling step and a voice which trembled and broke whenever he was deeply moved by any emotion. In his first scene he played rapidly, coming to the point in which the bond is mentioned without that calculation and scheming that other actors have used who desired to portray Shylock as a confirmed villain, plotting to "catch Antonio upon the hip." In this last scene Shylock speaks of the wrongs done him by Antonio. The actor's tone was not defiant, but carried with it the note of complaint, like a child crying against a fancied injury done by its elders. It was not until after the elopement of Jessica that Mr. Irving began to emphasize the revengeful nature of the Jew. He was a parent, wronged by the daughter he loved and trusted. He was left alone in his old age and it was then that he sought reparation for the mistreatment he had been forced to endure. And as the court not only refuses to uphold his claim, but confiscates his property as well, he totters forth, we can easily imagine, to die



GLADYS HANSON

Who will play the leading rôle in Mr. Belasco's forthcoming production, "The Governor's Lady"

of a broken heart. Playing in this key, sounding strongly the minor notes throughout, it is no wonder that when the curtain descended on this scene, the audience should be weeping for Shylock rather than rejoicing in the good fortune of Antonio and his dowry hunting friend, Bassanio.

Following in a general way the interpretation laid down by Mr. Irving, the late Mr. Richard Mansfield gave us a Shylock which departed radically in its minute details from the creation of any other actor. He built up the part, surrounded it with a fine network of clever histrionism, making the Jew a fond father, a careful man of business, and in many ways a thoroughly likable old man.

There was one note which Mr. Mansfield sounded above all the rest and this was the Jewish love for virtue. The Mansfield Shylock brought this forth in a remarkable manner, and through it made the Shakespearean creation a living, breathing human. Shylock clung to his money bags simply because they were the only defense left the Venetian Jew of the period; but it was not the money bags that prompted Shylock to carry out his idea of revenge. That came later, when the honor of his daughter seemed to be in the balance, and the old Mosaic faith had been trampled under foot by the roistering young blades of Venice.

Those who closely followed Mr. Mansfield's method will also remember the little spark of humor that seemed to creep into the character like a tiny ray of sunlight peeping through the clouds. It was found in the scene where the shiftless Launcelot Gobbo came to deliver a message to Jessica. Shylock, believing that he has come to say farewell remarks: "The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder." At the recitation of this line Mr. Mansfield's face relaxed into a half smile while his voice broke almost into a chuckle. His eyes twinkled with merriment as he regarded the clownish Gobbo and he seemed to dwell upon the incongruity of the lazy Launcelot being a member of a well ordered Jewish family.

At the conclusion of the trial scene, when Shylock, suffering under defeat, leaves the court room, the audience usually has much to speculate upon. Where does Shylock go and what does he do? These questions are bound to arise in the mind of any intelligent and observing playgoer. Mr. Mansfield almost gave an answer. Clutching the knife with which he had intended to cut the pound of flesh he tottered slowly and nervously across the stage. Almost imperceptibly he tapped his breast with the knife. Imperceptible as this action was, it carried a wealth of meaning to an audience; it must have carried to every mind the suggestion of suicide.



White

JULIA SANDERSON,
who will play the leading rôle in "The Sunshine Girl"

To Mr. Otis Skinner belongs the credit of having created a unique Shylock. He reverted to the Elizabethan standards of interpretation without making Shylock a buffoon. He secured the result without lowering the dignity of the character. Where both the Irving and Mansfield Shylocks had shown an old and infirm man, able at best to offer but a feeble resistance, the Skinner Shylock was young, full of life and that vivacity of mind that has always been characteristic of the Jew. In appearance he was a man of middle age without even a touch of grey in his hair or beard. Such a character would arouse no sympathy because of his age, and when he appeared on the stage, dressed in rich attire, an ermine lined cloak thrown about his shoulders, and a well filled purse swinging at his belt, the audience was fully prepared to accept him as a harsh, cruel and aggressive enemy whose only thought was of money and revenge.

Mr. Skinner read his lines with an accent pronouncedly Jewish, and in his first scene he dwelt upon every word, weighing them carefully, and at the same time planning how he could best get the advantage of Antonio, whom he had long despised as a rival. Shylock was always the central figure on the stage, and at no time did there appear to be the ghost of a show for Antonio until Portia arose to her great climax in the trial scene. Jessica became insignificant in the life of Shylock. It must be said, that although Mr. Skinner's technique was almost perfect and his interpretation artistic, the character lost much of its fine flavor, which is generally found to rest in the paternal love characteristic of the Jew.

Ben Greet has been referred to as an extremist. He appears so on the surface, yet when one becomes acquainted with his real purpose, one sees that he is not extreme merely from a desire to be different. Mr. Greet is a scholar who has, perhaps, made a closer study of the Elizabethan stage than any other actor of the present day. His idea, expressed in a letter to the present writer, is set forth in the following words:

"I have not attempted to play Shakespeare as it was played in the poet's time. Tradition has left too little upon which to base such acting. My only desire is to play the works of the great master as they were written. My versions are uncut and I have not re-arranged the text in order to allow the exploitation of any star or to permit heightened climaxes or stage pictures."

The Shylock of Mr. Greet, based on this theory, stands little above the other characters of the play. Like Mr. Skinner, Mr. Greet has made Shylock comparatively young, with a reddish beard and wig. The character is developed carefully and there are few softened notes.

PAUL R. MARTIN.



Walery

In "Ruy Blas"



Van Bosch

In "Hamlet"



L'Art du Théâtre

In "Oedipus Rex"



Mairet

In "Patrie"

France Honors an Actor

EVERY once in a while there comes a period when complete stagnation results in a particular form of art. Sometimes this occurs from want of popular demand, sometimes it is due to a lack of the creative element. The theatrical world has seen this condition time and again, and in the field of the poetic and tragic drama a real scarcity among the players exists throughout the world at the present day. This is not simply the wail of the old-time patron of the drama, who insists that things are not as they formerly were and that the kings and queens of the tragic muse are no more; it is a real condition that confronts us. Study the situation here and abroad and it will be discovered that in not one country will there be found extant a player who measures up to the best of the previous decade. But at least one giant of the past still lives and occasionally appears. France still has Mounet-Sully, who at the age of seventy-two celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his début at the Comédie Française.

The celebration, which occurred on July 4 last, took the form of a special performance of Racine's tragedy, "Adromaque," in which M. Mounet-Sully again acted the part of Orestes, the rôle in which he made his début at the Français forty years before. "It was a wonderful evening," says *Comœdia Illustré* "and the tragedian will long remember it among the most notable of his exceptional career. Some of the most eminent artists on the French stage appeared with him. Paul Mounet, Madame Bartet, Madame Segond-Weber and others. The last act closed with a veritable rain of flowers, and after the curtain's fall the celebration was continued in the Green Room, where the tragedian was presented with golden palms." The festivities did not even end that evening, for they were followed the next day by a luncheon at the Pré Catelan, at which congratulatory telegrams were read and speeches made. Everyone of any distinction and importance in the artistic world of Paris was there. All the members of the Comédie Française and other well-known actors and actresses, famous authors, prominent members of the Chamber of Deputies, and prominent journalists, all crowded eagerly to do honor to France's most distinguished player. Telegrams were received from Edmond Rostand, Sarah Bernhardt, Paul Déroulède and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Speeches were made by Adolphe Brisson, Pierre Decourcelle, Jules Claretie, M. Silvain, vice doyen of the Comédie Française, and many others.



Photo Bert

MOUNET-SULLY

The distinguished French tragedian who recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his début on the stage

It was at Bergerac, a town in Gascony, on February 27th, 1841, that Jean Sully Mounet first saw the light. For stage purposes he transposed his patronymic, and as such has gained enduring fame in France as the legitimate successor to Talma in the great rôles of the romantic and classical repertoire. There is something in him of what is best associated with the literary ideals of the Gascon. Big physically, daring in spirit, romantic in bearing, he suggests outwardly the dashing D'Artagnan, while the poetical sensibility of Cyrano de Bergerac cannot be said to be lacking in his mental make-up. His family had destined him for the bar, but the spirit of the footlights was within him, and endowed with a noble and heroic figure and a voice which Jules Lemaitre later described as one of "bronze or Corinthian metal" he cast aside the dull processes of the law, went to Paris and, at the Conservatoire, took up a strict study of the stage under Bressant, who was then in charge of the curriculum. Mounet-Sully was then twenty-one years of age. His faith in his powers was later justified, for, in 1868, he took *Premier Accessit* and was duly enrolled as leading man at the Odéon, the second in importance of the municipally endowed theatres of Paris. Then came the Franco-Prussian war. Promptly offering his services to his country he was made a lieutenant of mounted infantry in the army of the Loire. Mounet-Sully was not only a brave officer, but an efficient one as well, and when the war was over the authorities were most anxious that he should remain in the regular service, but he felt that he had done his duty

and that the peaceful walks of art were for him, and so back to the capital he came to take up his interrupted artistic career.

At this time Emile Perrin was the director of the Comédie Française. For lack of proper material, especially for the leads, it had been impossible to properly produce the masterpieces of Racine and Corneille. The Hugo drama, too, was languishing for a suitable exponent of its picturesque and long winded heroes. Perrin was anxious to overcome all this and to give those plays their fitting place in the programmes of the great National Theatre. In hunting around for his object he ran across Bressant and told him of his difficulties. "If you can get him he is the very man you want," Bressant replied. "Mounet-Sully would fill the bill in every particular. While a member of my class he was nicknamed by his associates 'Midi à quatorze heures,' for he is a dreamy genius, but has voice, figure and temperament for the rôles you suggest." Perrin found the Gascon, and on July 4th, 1872, Mounet-Sully made his début at the Théâtre Français as Orestes in Racine's "Andromaque" and, in the familiar parlance of the stage, awoke the next day to find himself famous, lauded to the echo by Lemaitre, Sarcey and the other great critics of that period. Just twenty-two years later he essayed this same rôle at the Knickerbocker (then Abbey's) Theatre in this city. Then over fifty years of age, it was not surprising that there was something lacking in the juvenescent fire of his fate-pursued youth, but it was still instinct with the grace and finish of a noble school and an impersonation of great beauty and vibrant power.



White

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY AND FLORENCE MOORE
Who are appearing with great success in "Hanky Panky" at the Broadway Theatre

At the Comédie Française Mounet-Sully was also utilized in the modern drama, and in 1876 created the rôle of Gerald in "L'Etrangère" of Dumas fils, but he was not happy in the rôle. Conventional dress seemed to fetter and embarrass his art. Give him the robes of Greece, the enveloping folds of the Henri Quatre cloak, a sword and a waving plume and the fire and romance of the glorious past brought out and vivified all that was best in his feeling and execution. In "Zäire," "Ruy Blas," "Hernani" and "Oedipus Rex" new honors awaited him, but it was not until he essayed Hamlet that literary Paris hailed him with undisguised joy and pride. It was the metrical version of Shakspeare's famous tragedy prepared by Dumas fils and Paul Meurice that he presented and, strange enough, it was this very version that was rejected at the Français when offered forty years before.

In measuring the work of the leaders of the varying national schools in the presentation of the great histrionic rôles of the world-wide drama, one must employ a very catholic taste and bring to the effort a perfect freedom from insular prejudice. Hamlet is universal in his great human application, and there is, therefore, the widest range of difference in the manner and methods which Booth, Sonnenthal, Irving, Salvini, Beerbohm Tree, Fechter, Rossi, Forbes-Robertson and Mounet-Sully have severally employed in presenting the Prince of Denmark. Some of these notable players have been liked and admired in spots and aside from patriotic pride one has been declared supreme. In considering, therefore, the merits of Mounet-Sully's interpretation one must take into consideration the technic and methods of the French school of tragic acting. As is well known, it is coldly classical. The lilt of the Alexandrine, the almost universal method of expression, makes for monotony and gives the actor few chances for those terrific moments of tragic uplift which come when the verse is couched in the sometimes harsh, but always sonorous, vigor of the Anglo-Saxon speech.

Mounet-Sully's Hamlet (he played it here at Abbey's on April 9th, 1894) was thoroughly picturesque, graciously elegant and poetically competent. But it was a lachrymose Hamlet, a neurotic one, in which over-wrought nerves played a more prominent part than the vacillating purpose of a great and distressed mind. It was always interesting from the point of view, but something too effeminate and bizarre for the American taste. As indicative of the actor's mind and style, the following from Professor Brander Matthews' interesting work, "The Theatres of Paris," sheds illuminating light:

(*Continued on page ix*)



Sykes, Chicago

HELEN WARE

Who will be seen in New York, in October, in a new play called "The Trial Marriage"

Players I Have Known

BY A VETERAN CRITIC

OF the many distinguished English actors who visited this country during the last half of the nineteenth century, two that I recall with especial pleasure are Edward A. Sothern and George Rignold, the one the most popular light comedian of his day, the other probably the best Henry V. ever seen on our shores.

Mr. Sothern I first saw in "Our American Cousin," with Joe Jefferson as Asa Trenchard and Laura Keene as Florence Trenchard. In his rôle of Lord Dundreary, Mr. Sothern became so celebrated and played it so constantly that it is hard to recall him in different characters, yet he was deservedly popular in "David Garrick" and other rôles. Like most comedians, he often insisted that he should have been a tragedian. To demonstrate this, he once played "Othello" at a great benefit performance in New York with Billy Florence as Iago and Lotta as Desdemona. His Othello was very handsome, and magnificently dressed, and the play started off well, but ere long Lotta chucked Othello under the chin and Florence got in some comedy work that convulsed the audience, whereupon Sothern yielded to the inevitable and turned the great tragedy into broad comedy.



Sarony
E. A. Sothern as Dundreary

Years ago I knew a jolly Englishwoman, Miss Amy Crawford, then supporting Frank Mayo in "David Crockett," who told me a story illustrative of Sothern's fondness for joking. It appears that, at a party in England, Miss Crawford once met a young actor who told her that in his youth Sothern studied for the church and had given up with reluctance his desire to enter the ministry. Miss Crawford doubted the story and even wagered that it was untrue. She left the company about midnight, but before she had arisen in the morning received a telegram from Sothern at Liverpool, correctly addressed, which read, "I did not study for the church, but if you advise me that you so wish will leave the stage and prepare to take orders."

In 1881 I met, at Watch Hill, R. I., a gentleman named Dickinson, who had managed a theatre at Albany, N. Y., several years before, during the administration of Gov. John A. Dix. Sothern played an engagement at this theatre, in the course of which he played so many practical jokes on Mr. Dickinson that the latter determined to get square with the actor. This he did in a manner which he narrated to me as follows:

Dickinson had a friend employed in the executive department of the capitol, who, at his request procured him a letterhead and envelope with the lithographed head, "Executive Department." Upon the sheet Mr. Dickinson wrote with a disguised hand a letter purporting to be signed by the Governor, addressed to Mr. Sothern, stating that he had never had the pleasure of seeing him on the stage, and requesting that a box might be reserved for him that evening. The letter further requested Mr. Sothern to come to the executive department at five that evening to dine with the Governor.

This letter was sent by a boy to the theatre where Sothern was engaged in rehearsing and was handed to him on the stage. Reading it he summoned the messenger and asked, "Who is this from?" "From his excellency Governor Dix," said the boy who had been well coached. "All right," said Sothern, "Please say to his excellency that his request shall be complied with, and that a box will be placed at his disposal, and add that Mr. Sothern regrets that, owing to a want of writing material, he will have to defer answering the Governor in writing until he returns to the hotel." The boy bowed and left, and on his way out heard Sothern tell the treasurer to reserve a box for the Governor. All this was reported to Mr. Dickinson by the boy. As soon as the rehearsal was over Sothern went to see Mr. Dickinson with the invitation in his hand, saying, "Dick, what does this mean?" Reading the letter Dickinson broke out, "My boy, this is an honor, indeed, why this letter of John A. Dix will some day be very valuable, if only for the autograph of the man who wrote, 'If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!' Why, I myself will give you fifty dollars for that letter. The old gentleman rarely writes personally and you are in luck." "Is that so," said Sothern, evidently delighted. "Then I suppose I must accept the dinner invitation." "Of course," Dickinson replied. "Well, then, I will hurry to the hotel and write an acceptance." This was just what Dickinson had dreaded, for, had he done this, Sothern's letter would have gone direct to the Governor, which had to be prevented. So he said, "Why not save time and write here at my desk." Sothern complied and wrote a courteous letter of acceptance, when Dickinson called a friend, who was unknown to Sothern, but who was in the secret, and said, "Take this at once to the capitol." The messenger left and kept out of sight till Sothern went to his hotel, when he returned the letter to Mr. Dickinson.

A little before five o'clock Dickinson repaired to the executive room of the capitol and induced his friend there to hide him behind a screen in the anteroom. In a few moments there was a knock at the door, which was opened by a doorkeeper who was, of course, ignorant of the plot. Mr. Sothern was heard to say, "Is his excellency within?" "Yes, sir, but he is engaged." "Never mind, take in my card and say that Mr. Sothern is waiting." "It will be no use, sir, as he is very busy at an important matter." Sothern replied haughtily, "I tell you to take it in, as I am to dine with the Governor and——" Here Mr. Dickinson came from behind the screen, and, holding the letter of acceptance in his hand, said, "Won't it be just as well to dine with me, Ned?" "Oh, Good Lord, a sell, a sell!" cried Sothern, grasping Dickinson by the arm and leading him out to the elegant barouche in which he had driven up. "Oh Lord, what will Billy Florence and the boys say to this! But do let me tell them and promise that you won't tell anyone." This promise was not made, despite Sothern's implorations.

Later in the day Sothern sent Dickinson a letter purporting to be a copy of one sent by him to the Governor, apologizing for his message and call, on the ground that he had been grossly deceived by an irresponsible Albany bummer. In reply Dickinson returned a purported copy of a letter sent by him to Governor Dix, in which his excellency was requested to pay no attention to any communications from E. A. Sothern, the actor, on the ground that he was a monomaniac on the subject of writing to distinguished men in the hope that their necessary replies would flatter his insatiable vanity.

After the play Sothern went to Dickinson and said, "Why did you send that letter to the Governor. I never sent the one of which I sent you a copy." "No more did I," was the reply, "But, my dear Ned, you're sold again." "Oh Lord, let's quit," was his reply, and from that day he played



George Rignold as Henry V



White

BESSIE ABBOTT

The American prima donna now appearing as Maid Marian in the revival of "Robin Hood," at the Knickerbocker Theatre



Apeda

LUCY WESTON
England's leading comedienne in vaudeville

no more such tricks on his mischievous Albany manager.

It was some time in the early seventies that I first saw George Rignold, when he came to Hartford, Conn., to play "Henry V" under the management of Jarrett and Palmer, with a company so bad that between the acts he made a speech apologizing for "the scratch company" that had been furnished him. In one of the very first scenes of the play trouble began when the "Ambassadors of France," who bring in the box of tennis balls from the French Dauphin, did not enter when he called, and had to be almost dragged before the king on his throne. This incident had got Rignold's temper pretty well aroused, and a little later it got to the boiling point. The first scene of Act IV closes with Henry on his knees the night before the battle of Agincourt, uttering that beautiful prayer for the success of his army in the coming contest. The stage was in darkness, and a spot light was to be thrown on the figure of the kneeling monarch. By a stupid blunder the light was thrown about two feet above his head. The result was a delivery of the text about as follows:

"O, God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts
(Damn it, lower that light),
Possess them not with fear
(What the devil ails that light?),"

a revised version of the text that convulsed the audience.

Rignold was such a fine actor and splendid looking man on the stage that ere the evening was over he conquered all difficulties and won the audience. After the performance, he dropped into a ballroom next the theatre where some newspaper men were watching the dancers. In a few moments he accompanied some of us into an adjoining café, where he accidentally brushed against an Irishman who drew off and hit him ere he could apologize. Rignold promptly knocked the man down, and a free fight would probably have ensued, had not a reporter drawn Pat aside and told him that the man who had floored him was a fighter who "had licked a bunch of Frenchmen that very night." On this tip Pat left, as Rignold's physique was such that this tale of his prowess seemed entirely probable.

A year or so later, I was one of an immense audience at a benefit performance at Booth's Theatre, in New York, when Rignold appeared as Romeo to five different Juliets. My programme was burned in the great Baltimore Fire of 1904, but as I recall it, the ladies appeared in this order: Fanny Davenport, Ada Dyas, Minnie Cummings, Maude Granger and Marie Wainwright. Of these, Miss Davenport appeared to best advantage, though it was perhaps fortunate for her that Adelaide Neilson cancelled, at the last moment, an acceptance to be one of the quintette. The performance was curious, rather than interesting, and when Mr. Rignold was called out at the end of the play, much out of breath, his first words were, "You see, I have survived it."

"Henry V" had a long run at Booth's that winter with Rignold in the leading rôle, which he played superbly, having a handsome stage presence and kingly manner, and though he was not especially good looking in private life, he was then dividing the worship of the matinee girls with the very attractive Harry J. Montague of Wallack's. His support was excellent, and included Charley Bishop as Bardolph and Fred Thorn as Fluellin. He was the first to introduce the spectacular return of the victorious monarch, riding into the crowded streets of the city of London upon a handsome horse.

H. P. GODDARD.



Bangs

VIVIAN MARTIN
Appearing as Sadie Small in "Officer 666," at the Gaiety

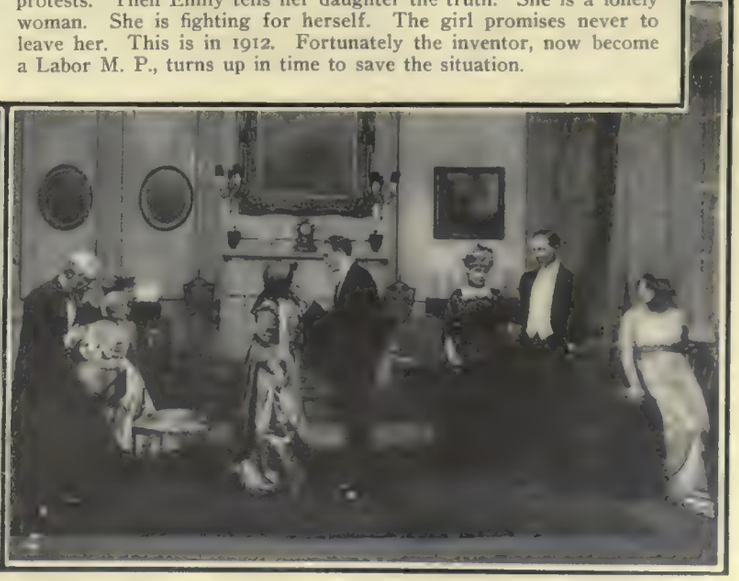






FEW plays produced of recent years in England can boast of success as complete and instantaneous as that scored by "Milestones," the new comedy by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. The piece, which has already had a tremendous run in London, has been secured for America by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and will be presented in New York at the Liberty on September 16 next and in Chicago, at the Blackstone, a week later. The story is in three episodes. In 1860 John Rhead is enthusiastic, young, miles ahead of his partners. An ironfounder, he realizes the day of the wooden ship has gone. His determination breaks partnership and friendship. The Sibleys are old-fashioned. Sam Sibley is engaged to Rhead's sister, Gertrude, but she gives him back his ring. Pretty Rose Sibley loves Rhead and believes in him. That was in 1860. Thence to 1885. Rhead is now portly, prosperous and fifty. He has married Rose, who has grown into a sweet-tempered, husband-adoring Victorian matron. Rhead is rich enough to buy a baronetcy. Gertrude is a sentimental middle-aged spinster. The Rheads have one daughter, Emily, who is in love with Arthur Preece, an inventor. Success has made Rhead obstinate. Iron ships have made his fortune, but the idea of steel ships fills him with contempt. Of course, he will have none of Preece. He has other ideas and Emily, after a few tears, consents to marry the amiable old Lord Monkhurst. This is in 1885. So in 1912, and the Rhead's golden wedding day. Sir John is nearly eighty, bent, tired, but still obstinate and forceful. His wife is sweeter and more lovable than ever. Emily is a handsome widow with two children—the boy a fool, the girl a beauty, who falls in love with an engineer. She is determined to marry him, regardless of family protests. Then Emily tells her daughter the truth. She is a lonely woman. She is fighting for herself. The girl promises never to leave her. This is in 1912. Fortunately the inventor, now become a Labor M. P., turns up in time to save the situation.





No. 1. Act 1—Ned conceals his enthusiasm for his sweetheart. No. 2. Act 2—John Rhead chides Gertrude for her attachment for Preece. No. 3. Act 2—Ned is surprised at Gertrude's coldness. No. 4. Act 3—Muriel bids her grandfather good night. No. 5. Act 3—Rose pleads for the young people

SCENES IN "MILESTONES," THE NEW PLAY BY ARNOLD BENNETT AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 5. Du Barry

THERE were million-dollar beauties before the Du Barry, and there have been many of them since she lived, but none had a more thrilling or spectacular career than the favorite of Louis XV. Her immediate predecessor, the Pompadour, lived and died as those before her had done—chiefly noblewomen of title or ancestry. Many of them were born amid the gaiety of courts and their advancement to what might be termed a stellar position was notable merely for the growth of their extravagance, the authority they were able to exercise with their sovereign lords and the popularity or enmity among the royal entourage. With no great stretch of the imagination, it would have been easy to prophesy the future of some women who became king's favorites. In some instances there were diplomatic affairs and political intrigues at work preceding the birth of several famous women of the "left hand," that continued throughout their lives, until they arrived near the throne. Their early training eminently fitted them for their later careers. They followed the rainbow from the days of their youth. In many ways there were pathetic incidents in their careers. Sorrow, suffering and even death overtook many of them. They paid the price for their follies.



Byron Mrs. Leslie Carter as Mme. Du Barry being taken to the scaffold

What is true of most of the others is true of Du Barry; but there are additional and extenuating circumstances, excuses for her excesses, greater tragedy in her death by the guillotine, and more precious sensations in her rise from the gutter to the dazzling heights of fame, where she swayed the sceptre over the world's greatest monarchy, to her ignoble ride in the death-cart, while the mob howled for her head.

Du Barry was the natural daughter of a seamstress. At one time in her life she would have laughed at the idea of anything like ancestors. It has been a question for a century and more whether her father was an unfrocked monk, called Gomard de Vaubernier, or a sailor, or possibly a tax collector. All of these claims have been made and maintained by circumstantial evidence, but the baby's first baptismal record was silent upon this matter, although a forged document took its place after the rise of the nameless child to a place of distinction.

Doubtless Jeanne Vaubernier, as she was known in her youth, had a pretty face, a quick wit and an engaging manner, although the stamp of the vulgarian was upon her, and even in the height of her power she was notable for the shocking liberties that she took with established precedents. She was the child of Anne Bécu, and was born in the same village as Jeanne d'Arc. The mother always claimed to be a descendant of the French heroine, but such a relationship doubtless existed merely in imagination, and the daughter never put forth such a claim, even in her mémoires, which were verbose when relating to purely personal matter, and were doubtless written by some one else, but some person who was well informed of the subject treated.

Soon after little Jeanne's birth, her mother found herself without means of support and taking her child with her, she went to Paris to attempt to earn a living. When the little girl was old enough she was provided with a tray of buckles and other shining ornaments, which she peddled in the street. And apparently she was a good saleswoman, for her next employment was in a fashionable millinery shop, where she not only had the opportunity to flirt with the aristocratic roués who frequented the place, but naturally rubbed elbows with the great social world of the day, for men and women alike, hung about the so-called millinery shop, eagerly inquiring for the latest trifle or foible from the loom or silversmith.

Jeanne seems to have distinguished herself at the shop. The gay flirts of Paris stood about her and listened to her talk, which was doubtless highly seasoned. The frank, crude and ready wit of the girl appealed to the jaded courtiers and it was natural that she passed from the millinery shop to a gambling



INA CLAIRE

This popular singing comedienne will continue to play the rôle of Prudence in "The Quaker Girl," this season



Moffett, Chicago

CHARLES CHERRY
This popular leading man will be seen this season in "Passers-By" and later in a new play.

parlor, where she succeeded in drawing the same element about her.

And even at this time she had not been without her violent love affairs. It was natural that she should have been always in the midst of some turbulent passion that in most cases had little or nothing to do with the outward life that people knew and gossiped about. Her first lover was doubtless a pastry cook who squandered upon her his earnings. Cosse-Brissac was a typical French lover and remained as such during the greater part of her life. Lamat spent so much money upon her that he repaired to England in disgrace. Many men were her slaves and perhaps even they could not have explained just what about her was so charming. But she fascinated and held them.

This power of hers was observed by Jean Du Barry, a spendthrift scamp, who later in life did not hesitate to ask for favors because he had been the means of obtaining her introduction to the King. He flattered and amused her, and together they plotted and intrigued for her advancement in the social world. Always he held before her the alluring picture of the Pompadour. France was without a royal favorite. Who should occupy that post? None other than she.

One night he arranged for her to meet the King's valet de chambre at a dinner, and as had been anticipated, that personage was captivated, and remarked that "she is worthy of a throne." And apparently he made just the report to his royal master that had been desired, for Louis had repeated many times, that he would select his favorite from outside court circles, although many men held before him the advantages of their several candidates for that position. Brothers did not hesitate to work for this "advancement" for their sisters; husbands were willing to "sacrifice" their wives, and even the church itself was not opposed to giving its approval or disapproval of persons mentioned.

But the King's curiosity had been piqued in regard to the woman of the streets, the millinery shop, and the gambling den, concerning whom wonderful reports had been made to him. So he caused her to be invited to a dinner to be attended by himself and the Duc de Richelieu. On this occasion the lady did not attempt any grand manner, and excepting in the most formal courtesies, did not seem to appreciate what it meant to be "on trial," as it proved to be, before the King. Consequently, she won him completely. She was exactly the woman he wanted to be near him. And before many days, the report reached Paris that the girl with the blonde hair from Labille's millinery shop was installed at Versailles in the royal palace, even occupying the apartments formerly reserved for the Princess Adelaide.

Immediately all France and other courts of Europe knew what was happening. Courtiers cultivated her, diplomats prostrated themselves and the wise old Marie Theresa wrote to her daughter, Marie Antionette, to show a more respectful attitude. But on the contrary, her enemies were busy. To disarm the latter, a forged entry was made in the register of births in the parish where she first saw the light of day. The King objected to the fact that she was single, instead of being a married woman, a point of delicacy that is laughable to-day, so Jean Du Barry was quickly on the scene with his brother from the country and the King's mistress was not only provided with an honorable ancestry, as proved by the books, but also with a husband, who must have retired from the ceremony

(*Continued on page vi*)



Copyright Charles Frohman

CHARLES FROHMAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE THEATRE BUILDING

A Busy Day With Charles Frohman

IT is a standing joke among Charles Frohman's lieutenants at the Empire that they know what time their chief gets up in the morning, but have no idea when he goes to bed. He may rehearse till three o'clock in the morning, and then as the clock strikes nine he will enter his offices smiling, leisurely and débonair.

Arriving at his office, which may be described as cloister-like, because of its Gothic architecture, on the third floor of the Empire Theatre Building, the little "big" manager is met by Peter, the swift-footed, close-mouthed sentry outside the huge stone doorway, who takes his hat, and softly closes the massive hand-carved Old English oak door after him. Going directly to his little table-desk—an antique treasure which Mr. Frohman prizes highly—set in the centre of the room, he sits down in his leather-upholstered arm chair, kicks off his Congress shoes and looks over his mail. While doing this he kicks his little feet in the air, for it is there that they dangle, anyway, unless he chooses to half-sit on the forward edge of the chair.

Following close upon his heels, it is thus that one finds him, sitting facing the only door to the large square room. A chair awaits you on one side of the table within arm's reach of this Commander-in-Chief of the greatest theatrical army in the world. As you draw up your chair closer to the table, you unavoidably kick one of his unusually small Congress shoes—comfortable-looking and doubtless easy and quickly to get on and off. As one gets to know Mr. Frohman, one realizes that the manager will have nothing to do with anything that takes any unnecessary time to bother with, or that requires any thought in using. He does not even carry a watch, because, as he has remarked, "Everybody else carries a watch," meaning that if he wanted to find out the time of day he could do it more quickly, and with less bother, by inquiring of his personal or business associates than by looking for a watch that he may have forgotten to wind up.

"Charley," says Daniel Frohman, his older brother, "has made it a rule in life not to do anything that he can hire somebody else to do, thus leaving himself all the time possible to do those things that he alone can do."

The moment the visitor sits down Charles Frohman gets up and begins pacing about the room, keeping up a rapid-fire of answers to your questions. His speech has a kind of declamatory tone, and is broken up into swift, pungent sentences, as if he had the habit from continuous reading of stage dialogue and the long practice of coaching actors in the delivery of their lines. He is quicker with his answers than you are with your questions, and you have to have your wits about you or you won't catch up with him.



Copyright, Central News

CHARLES FROHMAN

Charles Frohman—his associates call him C. F. for short—is a person of infinite surprises in conversation, as in everything else. Of two questions of equal importance, he is just as likely to answer the one with a negative shake of the head and the other with a ten-minute talk. It all depends on which question sets his fancy afire. To a single question which I asked him he made me a speech!

In order to keep my eyes on him while he was making this speech, since he was all the time pacing around the room, I noticed rows of photographs between statuary busts on his around-the-room five-foot-high bookcase of Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Billie Burke, Marie Tempest, Alla Nazimova, Otis Skinner, William Gillette, John Mason and many other of the Frohman "stars." These he calls "my people." In the midst of all these likenesses is a moon-faced clock that has a very pretty chime instead of a blatant alarm. Every morning before "the Chief" reaches his office, Peter sets the



Moffett MARY BOLAND
will appear in "The Perplexed Husband"



Bangs GUY BATES POST,
to be seen in "The Bird of Paradise"



Sarony LOUISE RUTTER
will be seen in "Passers-By"

chime so that it whirrs away a snatch of whatever song is in it seven or eight set times during the day. Just now it is a catchy little piece from "The Girl from Montmartre," Mr. Frohman's initial production for the new season, at the Criterion Theatre. Soon that will give way to something from either "The Marriage Market," the new musical comedy in three acts which he will present during the winter with Donald Brian as the singing and dancing star, or Leo Fall's new musical play, "The Doll Girl," to be produced in December, and that in turn for the best melody in "The Sunshine Girl," which he is to produce after Christmas with Miss Julia Sanderson in the title part.

Mr. Frohman was telling me about his having perfected an European theatrical circuit during his annual six months in London—he divides his time equally between New York and London. He said that one of the most important matters which he had settled was an arrangement with managers of theatres in the leading Continental cities for a circuit of playhouses similar to that in the United States. The cities included in the plan are Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Budapest, Lyons, Marseilles, Frankfort and Brussels. Managers of the principal theatres in these cities will provide bookings for the Frohman attractions and will be interested financially with him in the tours of companies. Through this arrangement, just as in America the leading cities and towns are booked with attractions in New York, so the leading Continental cities will hereafter be booked with attractions from Mr. Frohman's offices in the Globe Theatre, London. When a play has succeeded in London it will be sent to the Continent, and when a successful play has been produced in Paris it will go on tour to the other houses in the circuit. In this way the Continent will be supplied with the successes of the leading producing centres of Europe, and there will be a constant interchange of the big dramatic and musical pieces, not as now a sporadic tour of a success with an inferior cast.



White CLARA LIPMAN
To star this season in her own play, "It Depends on the Woman"

It would seem that Charles Frohman never stops dreaming. But he always realizes his dreams, wild as they at first sight may seem to be, and this by sheer force of his wonderful imaginative faculty and indomitable will. The manager has often said that imagination rules the world, and those who know him can only say that imagination rules him. Charles Frohman is, was and ever will be a dreamer. As Bernard Shaw once remarked of him, "He is the most wildly romantic and adventurous man of my acquaintance. As Charles XII became a famous soldier through his passion for putting himself in the way of being killed, so Charles Frohman has become a famous manager through his passion for putting himself in the way of being ruined."

All his life Mr. Frohman has demonstrated this. With but fifty cents in ready money, but, as always, an imagination on which he could draw for an endless fortune, the adventurous young "Charlie" Frohman spent his last cent to see the first per-



Gould & Marsden
WILLIAM FARNUM
will continue to star in "The Littlest Rebel"

formance of the great old war play, "Shenandoah," on the stage of the historic Boston Museum. Along with hundreds of others, he stood up at the rear of the crowded theatre. But he only stood there until he saw how the play was going to turn out. Then he hurried out to the offices of Mr. Fields, who owned the play and the theatre. Before midnight that night, with no other funds than self-confidence, born of an insurmountable imagination, he had bought the road rights to this great war-time play, as a gambler would say, "on a shoe-string!" This was but three or four years after he had marked out a theatrical career for himself at the age of seventeen by quitting his job as an advertising clerk in a newspaper office in New York and taking a company presenting that fine old play, "Our Boys," to Chicago. Three years after this first venture, before he was twenty-one, he organized Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels and took them to Europe. And three years after spending his last fifty cents to see the initial performance of "Shenandoah" he divided $200,000 among those who had come in with him on the scheme—Al Hayman, of San Francisco, and W. R. Hooley, of Chicago, whom he had persuaded to risk $1,500 each, besides paying $100,000 to the author, Bronson Howard. Four years later he entered this same Boston Museum as its manager and lessee.

Fast upon the initial start in Boston he secured a theatre in New York; then two more, and finally four altogether, with interests in others. Then he began to cast his theatrical net over theatres in nearly every city of any consequence in the country, and finally succeeded in doing the same thing in London. Now he has achieved beyond even his wildest speculations and has spread his net over Europe. There is but one thing left for him to do—to establish an around-the-world chain of theatres, a globe-encircling circuit.

Just then I was startled by the suddenness of a chime issuing from that same moon-faced clock, the hands of which now stood at 9:30. Instantly Mr. Frohman stepped over to his desk from the stone mantle-piece, by the side of which he was standing at that time, and picked up a typewritten slip of paper lying before him. On it were notes regarding the day's work. It read:

Rehearsals
- Criterion—"The Girl from Montmartre."
- Harris—"The Model."
- Empire—"The Perplexed Husband."
- Lyceum—"The Mind the Paint Girl."

Then, apparently forgetting that he was being interviewed and that he had a caller, he made a bee-line for the door. No matter who is present, when Mr. Frohman's chiming clock warns him of a rehearsal which he intends to attend he bursts out of the room without even an unceremonious nod of the head. The next hour or two the fixed answer for all who seek him is, "Gone to rehearsal."

And then he always goes alone—hurrying unseen and unseeing from theatre to theatre. So few know what Charles Frohman looks like that almost nobody recognizes him during the very rare moments that he is to be seen on the street. His air is that of a man catching a train. The door-tenders of his theatres speak of him as the "to and fro-man." They never know when he is coming and he is already out of the theatre by the front way while they are still standing at attention to let him out through the stage door.

Long before I could gather up my hat, pencil and paper he had disappeared, been swallowed up among actor-folk lounging about the sidewalks of Broadway. As I passed the different groups—an endless chain of actors telling each other of their "triumphs" on the road, to the discomfort of passers-by, leaving them barely room to squeeze through—such remarks as these greeted my ears:

"Frohman wrote me that he wanted me for the 'lead' in Gus Thomas' new play, and asked me to come to see him as soon as he got back from England, but 'the wife' likes to travel, so I guess I'll stick to the road again this season. Frohman is a good friend of mine; I've known him for years."



White
LINA ABARBANELL
To be seen in a new comic opera entitled "The Gypsy"

"I'm to see Frohman myself to-morrow," spoke up another self-possessed, chesty thespian, in a voice that echoed and re-echoed to Forty-second Streeet. "He has offered me the 'lead' with Ethel Barrymore this season."

And so on, and yet not one of these airy thespians recognized the great manager

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White
FRANK McINTYRE
will appear in "Oh, Oh, Delphine" this season.



Photos Byron

The courtyard of an English Inn with the platform on which strolling players are performing "The Nice Wanton." It was made by Mr. Joseph Wickes, under the direction of Mr. Hamilton Bell

An open place in an English village with the pageant wagon representing Noah's Ark. It was made by Mr. Joseph Wickes, under the direction of Mr. E. Hamilton Bell. Presented by Mr. Winthrop Ames

A DRAMA MUSEUM

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS, of Columbia University, is of the opinion that when you are in Rome you should do as the Romans do. That is, he is firmly of the opinion that when his students study Greek drama, their minds should not conjure it up as produced on the stage of the Empire Theatre, but should imagine it in the Theatre of Dionysus. And an idea of that theatre is much better gained by placing a model of it before the student than by all the written specifications he might read.

To that end, Professor Matthews has begun a Dramatic Museum which bids fair to be of vital importance. At present it is in its incipiency and it needs to be properly endowed, for the reproduction of models is not an inexpensive matter, inasmuch as the time spent on one is equivalent to the time spent on many a master's thesis. There are now in the museum five models of importance, not counting the model for the scene in "The Return of Peter Grimm," donated by Mr. Belasco. Through the kindness of the Paris Opéra, a model of the Valenciennes mystery stage was prepared and presented to the University. This has served as the nucleus for the collection. The second model came from Germany, and represents accurately, under the scholarly guidance of Dr. Fritsche, the Palais-Royal Theatre. erected by Richelieu for the performance of his own pieces. The stage afterwards became the scene of many of Molière's best-known comedies.

Mr. Hamilton Bell and Mr. Joseph Wickes have done much to aid Professor Matthews in the erection of these models. Theatre-goers will remember that at the New Theatre, as an illustration of a mystery play, recounting the wayward manner of Mrs. Noah, a pageant wagon was very accurately represented in the street of a mediæval English town. This model was donated to the museum, as was also Mr. Wickes' courtyard of a Tudor Inn. This latter was procured for Prof. Matthews through the courtesy of Mr. Winthrop Ames.



The Stage of the Mystery acted at Valenciennes in 1547. This is a duplicate of the model prepared for the Paris Exposition of 1878 and now in the library of the Opéra. It was made by MM. Duvigrand and Gabin, under the direction of M. Marius Sepet. Presented by Prof. Brander Matthews

But perhaps the most important model was that of the Fortune Theatre, which, through the munificence of Mr. Clarence Mackay, was won away from England, much to the disappointment of the English press. Now to show how delicate these models are, not only in material construction but in accuracy, it only has to be noted that in the shipment of this model damage was done to it. So much so that when it was opened at Columbia University many hours were spent in piecing it together. And this could not have been done but for the deftness of Mr. Wickes and the accurate knowledge of Professor Matthews. People may speak of the difficulty of putting together a cut-up puzzle; but there is much intellectual zest in thus piecing together what might be considered the material core of the stage of a past day.

Professor Matthews is eager to increase his collection. He has sent forth a pamphlet outlining what is most needed to enhance the value of this model-phase of his museum. He needs a model of the Theatre Dionysus, one of the Roman Theatre at Orange, one of the Spanish Theatre at the time of Lope da Vega, one of the so-called Antique Theatre, one of the stage on which the Italian comedy-of-masks was performed, and one of Drury Lane at the time Sheridan held sway with "The School for Scandal." To those who would like to gain some clear conception of the structure of these theatres, no better reference could be given than Professor Matthews' own book on "The Study of the Drama," wherein he persistently upholds the influence of the structural stage upon the form of drama through the ages.

But when these models are assembled, that will not be the sole exhibition in the Dramatic Museum. As soon as one begins forming such a collection, ramifications present themselves, without which a museum would be incomplete. Have people not wondered how much better it is to see the print of a costume than to read a description of it? Take Furness's "Variorum Shakespeare," or the more recent volume of Wm. Winter

on "Shakespeare on the Stage." There are many pages in both devoted to the variation in costumes as seen in the varying conceptions of actors in the same rôle.

Professor Matthews has already begun gathering prints which will illumine whatever reading his students do upon the subject. This history of stage costume is an important item, and when a manager produces a play of a particular era he wants to have at hand whatever contemporary records are available. None of the public libraries have deemed it necessary to specialize in this direction. Therefore, the Dramatic Museum has a field in which it may grow to significant power, being in a city of theatrical life.

Naturally, at Columbia, when Professor Matthews begins to collect data dealing with the architectural features of a theatre, the Avery Architectural Library will rightly wonder wherein the province of a Dramatic Museum ends. But I should say that it never ends; it should be inclusive of everything pertaining to the theatre. And when one reaches that conception, the museum becomes then only one phase of a greater institution, a Dramatic Library.



Model of the Fortune Theatre, Golden Lane, London. Built 1599-1600. This model exhibits the reconstruction of the Elizabethan Theatre (built by Edward Alleyn and Phillip Henslowe in the time of Shakespeare) made by Walter H. Godfrey, architect, of London, in 1907, from the original specifications preserved at Dulwich College. It embodies the views of Mr. William Archer, of London, concerning the arrangement of the staff insofar as the details were not distinctly specified. The original contract with the builder, Peter Streete, amounted to the sum of £400 sterling. The model was constructed from Mr. Godfrey's drawings by James P. Maginnis, engineer, of London, in 1911.

Everywhere and on all occasions the need for such an institution should be emphasized. When, not long ago, Mr. Frick, the financier, proposed to transfer the Lenox Library—now on the site he has bought for his new residence—to Central Park, and when his proposal was combatted by people who are rightly guarding the future of the Park, why was it that some one did not proclaim: "Here is just the house for Professor Matthews' Dramatic Museum?" For there is room in such a building for this incipient collection to grow vastly. Already Professor Matthews is beginning to assemble some valuable books to the aid of his students—books outside the regular richness of the Columbia Library. What he needs at hand are volumes of theatrical criticism as enlightening as those by Lamb and Hazlitt; and he also would pay attention to the gathering of playbills, such as those that dotted the walls of Mr. Aubrey Boucicault's home not so many years ago. How easy it would be for students to follow the dramatic progress of Dion Boucicault if there were a complete set of his playbills in existence! For when a man such as this writes, translates or transposes some three hundred plays, a chronological record is impossible without them.

A complete collection of theatrical biography is necessary, as throwing light upon the temper of the actor and upon the conventions of his time. A collection of American drama is essential, and though the student at Columbia University always may go to the New York Public Library to consult the very rich titles in the George Becks Collection, should the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University attain such proportions as to assure its future, all earnest students of the stage would like to see every valuable collection of such magnitude transferred to the museum, which will be a city affair as well as a university feature.

There is no doubt that in years to come, instead of seeing a student wasting his precious energies in tracing the significance of the split infinitive in Shakespeare, we shall see him doing laboratory work in the field of drama. Has the history of scene painting ever been exploited by the American student; has he ever studied the mechanical significance of stage effects throughout the dramatic periods; has he ever seriously examined into the claims of Gordon Craig, to determine whether this so-called New Art is really new? These are the fields opening before us and becoming more and more important.

When "Oliver Twist" was revived, in the lobby of the New Amsterdam Theatre there were collected whatever stage materials relating to Dickens the management thought would be of interest. There were costumes worn by Jefferson, E. L. Davenport, and Fanny Davenport in Dickens rôles; there were strange prints of the characters in Dickens' stories; there were playbills of past performances. And in this small collection there was shown vast public interest. Such a collection on a still larger scale is what Professor Matthews would like to see. He claims that Columbia may some day own original manuscripts of plays not now obtainable in print. And should the families of dramatists turn over to an institution such records as will make the dramatists available to the student, they will be doing a service to the future.

It is certain that had there been some initiative taken in the matter, New York would have seen a permanent dramatic memorial raised to Clyde Fitch. Instead of which Amherst College was bequeathed his library and a fund for a lecture-course. We want the farces of Charles Hoyt where they may be studied; we want the plays of Bronson Howard and such letters as will show his personality and his critical attitude. These are a few more of the features needed in such a museum as Professor Matthews has started. Much has been written on this subject, and an earnest appeal should be made wherever an opportunity presents itself—*for the preservation of dramatic records* in a safe and public place. Professor Matthews is to be thanked for this initial effort. Of course it is not a new idea, but it is new in America. The French Government has had a hand in the making of stage models ever since 1878, and many of these models have been transferred to the library of the Opéra. The Columbia idea was doubtless developed from that. But it is more than likely that its development was necessitated by Professor Matthews' insistent note in the classroom and in his books, that the physical aspects of the theatre are very necessary for consideration. It is always the playhouse and the play—never the play alone.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

Anecdotes of the Stage

Humor is the spice of life. He who has it not, misses the one thing that makes the daily grind endurable. Perhaps more than any other calling, the profession of the mummer has been productive of humor. The comic incidents that frequently occur on the stage and yet are not part of the entertainment, would fill volumes. It is our purpose to print, from time to time, short and true anecdotes of the stage and its people. Players and managers are invited to contribute any amusing experiences of this nature they may have had. The only condition imposed is that the stories be true, be brief and have humor and point.



EDWIN BOOTH was not given to luxurious living. His meals were at all times frugal, and he relished a dish of pork and beans with the same pleasure that the small boy experiences while licking the molasses from his bread. He disfavored pink teas, or teas of any other shade or color, and Welsh-rarebits were as scarce with him as writers' cramp to Milo de Venus. One day, however, a wealthy acquaintance escorted him into a fashionable dining-room where the *beau monde* usually congregated. Booth seated himself at the gorgeously-decked table with diffidence and reluctantly took the *menu* proffered him by the polite Parisian waiter. The great tragedian viewed the card in a perplexed way. It was all in French. Booth's friend had given his order fluently and the waiter stood waiting for the actor to say something. But the latter remained speechless, staring continually at the pasteboard before him. At last the waiter, growing impatient, exclaimed: "What ees eet you'll haf, monsieur?" Booth, seeing an opportunity for a little fun, replied: "Why, bring me some *e pluribus unum,* a little *vox populi* some *honi soit qui mal y pense* and a portion of *erin go braugh.*" The waiter, unabashed and without a smile, hurried away and imagine Booth's surprise, ten minutes later, when the foreign meal-manipulator returned with a big, deep dish heaped with—HASH! The joke was on Shakespeare's distinguished interpreter, and he enjoyed it immensely.

Mrs. Siddons had performed Lady Macbeth in the provincial theatres many years before she attempted the character in London. Referring to the first time this part was allotted to her, she says: "It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family had retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination and development of character at that time of my life had scarcely entered into my imagination. I went on with tolerable composure in the silence of the night (a night I can never forget) till I came to the assassination scene, when its horrors rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get further. I snatched up the candle and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out, and threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day, I rose to resume my task, but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it at night that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating any business for the remainder of my life."

The late Sir Henry Irving and May Robson, the well-known American actress, once happened to be playing engagements at the same time in San Francisco, and one evening they chanced to dine at the same hotel. The actress often tells how the celebrated English tragedian caused her to lose her dinner, though she was immoderately hungry. Whenever she would start to take a mouthful of food, Sir Henry would exclaim in a loud voice: "Why, Miss Robson, how can you make such a noise taking your soup? How can you run such a risk of ending your life by cutting your throat with your knife? See, how you are dropping your gravy all over the front of your dress? The actress, of course, was annoyed at so much attention being drawn to her. It was unlike Irving's usual courteous manner, and entirely uncalled for. Towards the end of the repast, totally unable to continue her dinner; and not having been able to enjoy a mouthful of food, she laid down her knife and fork, prepared to leave the table in disgust. Happening to look at a table opposite she observed there the most objectionable form of country bumpkin, who, in the eagerness of his desire to watch and overhear the conversation between the two stars, was guilty of all the bad breeding which Irving had so cleverly attributed to her, as his only way of reproving the offense.





Miss Robson and Ethel Barrymore were once playing in the same company. It was Ethel's duty to play on a piano in the wings a piece that May pretended to play upon the stage. The cue given to Ethel was when she heard May say very distinctly to her lover: "I will play for you to-night," she should start to play. When the time came and May walked to the piano and ran her hands over the keys, saying "I will play for you to-night," no music came. May thought she had not spoken loud enough, and so repeated her statement several times, each time in a louder key, while the lover and the audience waited in vain for the notes. Finally in despair May said, "I don't think I will play for you to-night," and walked off the stage in high dudgeon to find out what was the matter. She found Ethel totally oblivious to her surroundings and duties, stretched out on a sofa behind the scenes, enjoying the latest novel.

Few people have any idea what agonies actors suffer from sudden lapse of memory. James E. Murdoch, the tragedian, recounts that not long after his first appearance on the stage one night at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he was announced to recite a poem, then a great favorite with the public, entitled "The Sailor Boy's Dream." He says: "Fearing that the prompter, who was old and nervous, might fail to render me such service as I felt very sure I should require, I asked my friend, Mr. Edwin Thayer, to stand in the wings with the manuscript in his hand and watch the recitation word by word. He consented, and took the prompter's place, and I went on, made by bow, and began the poem. I was a little flustered at first, but soon recovered self-possession, gaining confidence at every line and warming up as my subject was developed. At the climax of the terrible wreck, however, as I struck the attitude of horror, I suddenly felt the ground swimming under me and all my blood seemed tending to my brain. I stole a glance at Thayer, who was standing with his eyes fixed on the manuscript, but he did not look at me. Clapping my hands to my head, I started forward with my eyes raised to Heaven, and began a wild apostrophe to the dread power of the "Storm King," altogether unconscious of what I said, while word after word poured from my lips in a vehement torrent, until I brought the stanza to an end amid a burst of hearty applause. As my excitement subsided, the missing words returned, and, well-nigh exhausted with the conflict between memory and emotion, I finished my recitation and bowed myself off. Scarcely was I out of sight of the audience when Thayer cried out, in a tone of wonder and admiration, "Where did you get that other verse?" "Why didn't you prompt me?" said I. "Prompt you!" he exclaimed; "you never did better in your life. Where did you get the new lines?" "Why," I replied, "I forgot the words, and in my fright I spoke what came uppermost, and don't know what I said." "Neither do I," said Thayer; "but, words or no words, accent and rhythm were perfect, and the effect was fine. You must try and recall those words." But I felt that they had fled to the chaos from which they came, never to return, unless perhaps in some recurrence of that fearful delirium called "stage-fright," which all actors dread above everything else, and which is more apt to paralyze the tongue than to keep it in motion.

John Quincy Adams was fond of the drama, and often might be seen in attendance at the theatre in Washington, where his bald head was a conspicuous object among many other distinguished lovers of good acting. He always preferred to occupy a comfortable seat in what was then termed the pit.





Moffett

DONALD BRIAN

This popular singing and dancing star will appear this season in "The Marriage Market"



There he could see and hear better than in any other part of the house, and moreover was not liable to be disturbed by people coming and going during the play or between the acts, the peculiar character and arrangement of the seats being such as to preclude the possibility of persons passing readily between or over them when occupied. One night Mr. Adams was seated in his favorite place in company with Hon. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky. The play was "Fazio," with Mr. and Miss Kemble in the principal characters. It was a benefit night, and the house was crowded with the most celebrated and fashionable people of the Capitol City. Mr. Adams was deeply interested in the play, but found time occasionally to observe the impression it was making on Mr. Johnson, whose impulsive nature required an admonitory hand now and then to keep him in his seat, from which he would occasionally start with sudden abruptness at some unusually effective passage in the acting of Miss Kemble, who seemed to have taken entire possession of that gentleman's faculties, so thoroughly was he absorbed in the trials and sufferings of the character she was representing. The last scene of the tragedy was on, and the audience had become completely engrossed in the contemplation of the life-like acting of the heroine. It had reached its climax. The frantic shrieks of the heartbroken Bianca rang through the theatre, while the curtain slowly descended and shut out the sorrows of the mimic world. Then the audience, gradually recovering from the sad impressions of the tragedy, began, as usual, to observe the state of things in front of the curtain. "But," in the words of Mr. Adams, "there sat Johnson perfectly entranced, wholly unconscious of everything around him, his head rigidly bent forward, with his hands clapped down on his knees, his hair all disordered from the previous spasmodic clutchings of his fingers, his eyes flashing and fixed steadily on the green curtain before him, which a few moments before had fallen on the frenzied and unearthly screams of the exhausted actress, the sound of whose voice seemed still to be ringing in his ears." As the strange figure was attracting the attention of the people around him in a manner that was not pleasant to Mr. Adams, he placed his hand on Mr. Johnson's shoulder, and shaking him gently, said, "Come, Johnson, come—the play is over!" Thus aroused, he started abruptly to his feet and exclaimed in an audible voice and in the most energetic manner, "By Heavens, Adams! she's a horse! she's a horse!" "Now," said Mr. Adams, who perfectly understood Johnson's eccentric manners, and who enjoyed the whole affair in his quiet way, "those who did not know the distinguished Kentuckian's passionate love for horses might think this a very rude thing to say about a lady; but as a fine horse to him was one of the grandest and most beautiful objects on earth, the honorable gentleman, enchanted as he was with her acting, could not have paid Miss Kemble a more genuine compliment or expressed his unbounded admiration in a more natural manner."

It was a benefit night at the Victoria Theatre, London, and the last appearance of J. B. Dale, an old-time actor, without a relative in the world, except a son, who had gone to Australia many years previously and had not since been heard of. One of the plays on the programme was "Luke the Laborer, or the Lost Son." As the time approached for the curtain to be rung up on the drama, it was discovered that the actor, who was to impersonate the son, was not in the theatre. Thereupon the stage manager went before the curtain, announced the fact to the audience, claimed their indulgence and said a member of the company would read the part. Instantly, a man in the pit rose from his seat, went to the stage door, asked for the stage manager, told him he was an actor and up in the part of the son and would play it if he would let him do so. The manager consented and when the father and son met on the stage J. B. Dale greeted his own son.

On another occasion in the same theatre, Charles Kean, the tragedian, a frequent visitor to that country, was playing the title role in "Louis XI." In the dying scene Billy Cahill had to go on and say, "The King is dying, the King is dying." This he did with a brogue. The gallery gods, with whom Cahill was a great favorite, immediately recognized his voice, and greeted him with applause and roars of laughter. Kean said entreatingly in a low tone, "Take him off, take him off. I cannot die with that man on the stage." After the curtain fell Kean sent for Cahill and said, "Mr. Cahill, you may be a very good comedian, but you cannot play tragedy. You must not appear any more during my engagement, and I will see to it that you receive your salary just the same." And he did.





If ever a certain utility actor was ever placed in a puzzled and nervous condition it was shortly after he had been cast for one of the minor characters in "Macbeth." The title-rôle was in the hands of the celebrated William Charles Macready, who was merciless to those artists whom he looked upon as his inferiors. When the utility man came on the stage at the first rehearsal Macready told him to stand at a particular spot on the stage, where a nail had been driven in, when he delivered his lines. When night came he walked on, but could not see it, and began walking round and round in an effort to discover its whereabouts. In a hoarse whisper Macready exclaimed, "What the Devil are you doing?" The answer came in quick but subdued tones: "Looking for the nail, sir, looking for the nail."

Many years ago in Dublin there was a musician who staged the operas for Bunn, the celebrated English manager. While an opera was in course of preparation a celebrated London star, whom we will call Mr. Brown, was engaged to play a few nights in tragedy. The manager was in a strait for members to fill up the small parts, only the principal performers coming over from London; and the young Irish musician being up to everything in the way of fun, agreed to "go on," for some of the small characters, when necessary, to oblige his friend, Mr. Bunn. The sequel he tells in his own words: "The part in question was Lucullus, the gentleman in 'Damon and Pythias.' That's the man that kills the horse, you know. Well, the young gentleman who was cast for the part got sick, and at a moment's notice I was summoned from the music-room to 'go on' for Lucullus. Mr. Brown wasn't exactly the man to take things aisy, he being a great gun, and I found him roaming about at large, pretty much as you might imagine a huge mastiff would that had lost his bone. Well, the tragedian looked at me and said, 'You're Mr. Murphy, are you?' 'Yes,' sez I, 'I am that same.' 'You're not the biggest man I ever saw,' he grumbled. 'No, sir,' sez I, 'but, you see, I'm an Irishman, and may make up in pluck what I lack in flesh.' 'Yes,' sez he, 'but the part you are to play is not a plucky one, as you are pleased to say. Lucullus is rather a timid gentleman, but a kind-hearted one, and, as you are so good as to help us in this emergency, so far the part will be suited.' 'Thank you, sir,' sez I. The rehearsal went on. I read the part, and when we came to the scene where Lucullus tells Damon how he killed his horse, Mr. Brown went over the business of the scene for me; he showed me how I was to stand, and how I was to kneel, and all about it. Well, he picked me up at the right time from my knees, and gently landed me on the other side of the stage with a bump that made me think all the lamps were lighted, and a full head of gas on at that. 'I beg your pardon,' sez he; 'you're lighter than I thought you were.' 'Yes, sir,' sez I; 'and bedad! you are a good deal stronger than I thought you were.' 'Well,' sez he, 'Mr. Murphy, you will oblige me and serve yourself if you will tie a twisted handkerchief around your body just under your arms, with the knot in front resting on your breast beneath the folds of your tunic.' 'And what will I do that for?' 'Why, sir,' sez he (and I thought he said with a sardonic smile), 'why, then, you see, when I clutch you in my fury I shall have something to hold on to stronger than the slight stuff of your dress; for I have known cases where the tunic wasn't strong, and it gave way in my clutch, and Lucullus was somewhat hurt.' 'Hurt?' sez I. 'Yes,' sez he; 'that is, frightened, maybe, more than hurt.'

"In this stage of the proceedings I made up my mind to trust to Providence and my lucky stars, that had often got me out of scrapes, but with this reservation—that if I escaped death at the hands of an infuriated tragedian this time, I would never tempt my fate again, outside of the dangers and perils of an opera at all events. I went home, read over the play, and got ready for the night. Well, seven o'clock came, and ten o'clock came, too. I got along pretty well till the scene where I have to tell him about the horse, and then—holy St. Francis!—what did I do? 'My horse! my horse!' sez he—'where's my horse?' 'I have killed him,' sez I, and then came a yell as if something hard had dropped on Damon's head. I looked up, and such a face I never saw outside of a menagerie. His hands were up above his head, his mouth frothing, and his eyes (*Continued on page vii*)



Tone



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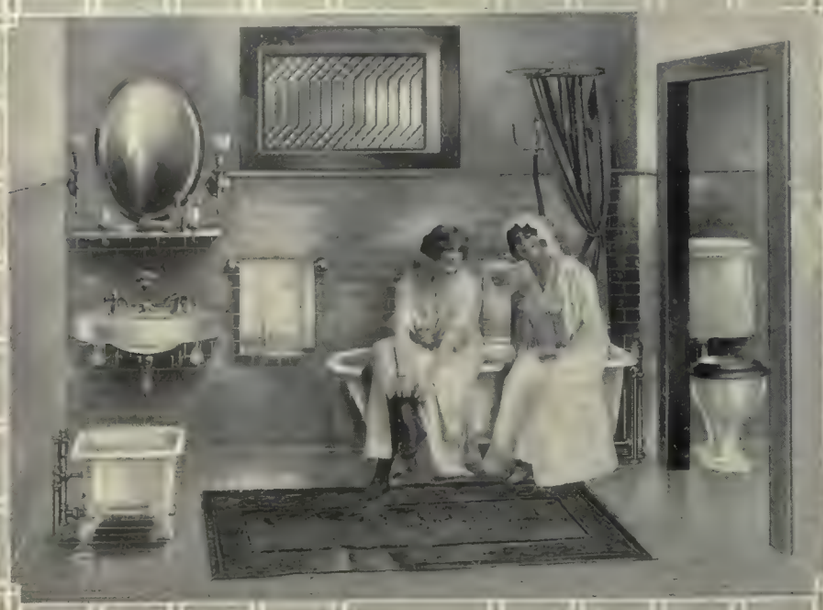
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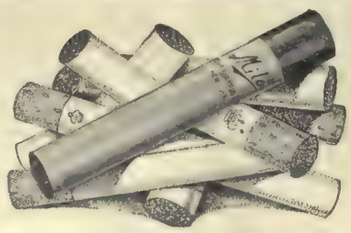
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FAMOUS WOMEN

(*Continued from page* 88)

well paid for the unmanly part he had played.

The months passed, and there was still one achievement that caused speculation on all hands. Would Louis present her formally at his court? The comtesse and Jean said that he would. They had set their hearts upon it. But there was much to be overcome. The king's daughters objected to the lack of reverence shown to their lately deceased mother. Du Barry's life-long enemies were intent upon denying her this favor. But the King spoke the word, and all humbly prostrated themselves before her.

And forthwith began the reign of extravagance that quickly squandered a fortune that had been estimated at from seven to twelve millions of dollars. Pompadour's "after us the deluge" was speedily coming to pass. The poor were starving. Money that should have paid for their bread was wrenched from their hands for a trinket of gold for the favorite. They howled and stormed, but she basked in royal favor, and although there is no reason to believe that she was even true to her royal lord, even after this great sacrifice, she dominated and ruled until a terrible attack of smallpox left her friendless.

Doubtless the most successful of all dramas making the Du Barry the central theme of a play was devised by David Belasco for Mrs. Leslie Carter, when that actress was at the height of her career. Jean Richepin, the Algerian-French poet and dramatist. long put forth the claim that he was the real author of the work. He proved that he had submitted to Belasco a drama upon the same theme, but the courts did not uphold his contention that the story was taken from him. Du Barry was history. Her life was free material to any and every dramatist who cared to make use of it. And Belasco's version became world-famous. Richepin's was but another attempt to make an historical character live in the drama.

ARCHIE BELL.

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A Book of the Opera

A most interesting volume, and one which probably will find its way to the bookshelves of every music lover, has just been published by the Victor Talking Machine Company. It is entitled "The Victor Book of the Opera" and contains stories of no fewer than seventy grand operas, with three hundred illustrations and descriptions of seven hundred opera records, the whole most attractively presented in a handy volume of nearly four hundred pages, handsomely bound in cloth and gold. The work is far more than a mere catalogue of the operatic records as the title might convey. The work takes each opera and tells about its history all that is worth knowing. It gives some account of the composer, details of the circumstances under which the opera was produced, together with a chronological record of its revivals. There are also given the complete casts and portraits of famous old and modern interpreters of the principal rôles. In addition to this there are many fine half-tone engravings, showing the principal scenes, and copious excerpts from the principal arias and a complete synopsis of each opera.

For every person who can attend the opera there are a thousand who cannot, and this latter class have quickly discovered that the operatic record is a very satisfactory substitute. They have found that it brings the actual voices of the great singers to the home with the added advantage that the artist will repeat the favorite aria as many times as may be wished, while at the Opera one must usually be content with a single hearing. Even though the scenery and costumes may be lacking the absence of these accessories will now be atoned for in some measure by the graphic descriptions and numerous illustrations in this new Victor Book of the Opera, a work unique in many respects. There are many books describing the plots of operas, but we do not know of any in which can be found all these features: Titles in various languages, with pronunciation of each; date and place of original production; date and place of first production in America; cast of characters and pronunciation of the same when necessary; brief and clearly stated synopses of plots of seventy different operas; translations (all or part) of the text of several hundred separate numbers; every act and scene indicated, with description of the stage setting; every separate number mentioned in its proper place in the opera, and the numbers placed in the order in which they occur. In a word, a most valuable and almost indispensable addition to any library.

Anecdotes of the Stage

(Continued from page 96)

rolling. My heart was beating so thick and fast I thought it must burst the knotted band that was tightening over my chest. 'I am standing here,' sez Damon, 'to see if the great gods will execute my vengeance.' I looked up at him, and felt that my hash would soon be settled; so, not waiting for what I felt would be instant death, I slipped gently off the stage and ran down under it, where they keep the stage-properties all jumbled up in the dark, and quietly hid myself in an old Tom-and-Jerry watch-box that stood conveniently open. Well, now, I know you'll ask me how Damon got out of the scrape I had got him into, but, as the man says in the play, 'If you want to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me.' All that I saw after that was only what I heard. First came the prompter's voice calling out, 'Lucullus! Lucullus!' while the people were thumping and howling away like mad. 'Lucullus! where in the devil's name are you? Damon is waiting for you, and storming like a fury.' 'I have no doubt he is,' sez I to myself. 'I would do just that same thing if I was Damon and somebody else Lucullus. But if I stir out of this till I'm hungry, the devil himself may get my supper.' And I didn't. I heard a great rumpus over my head on the stage, but it soon died out, and I was left in the dark. I leave you to imagine how that scene came to a close. All I have to say is, that it wasn't finished after the manner set down in the prompter's book. But one thing you may depend upon: Mr. Murphy was never called upon to 'go on' for any parts, large or small, where Mr. Brown or any other strong-muscled tragedian was concerned."

Ellen Terry, the distinguished English actress, says: "A successful actress must have a good heart, and the three i's, imagination, independence and industry."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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JULES MASSENET DEAD

Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet, the composer, died suddenly in Paris on August 13th last. He had been suffering for a long time from cancer, but his death was entirely unexpected.

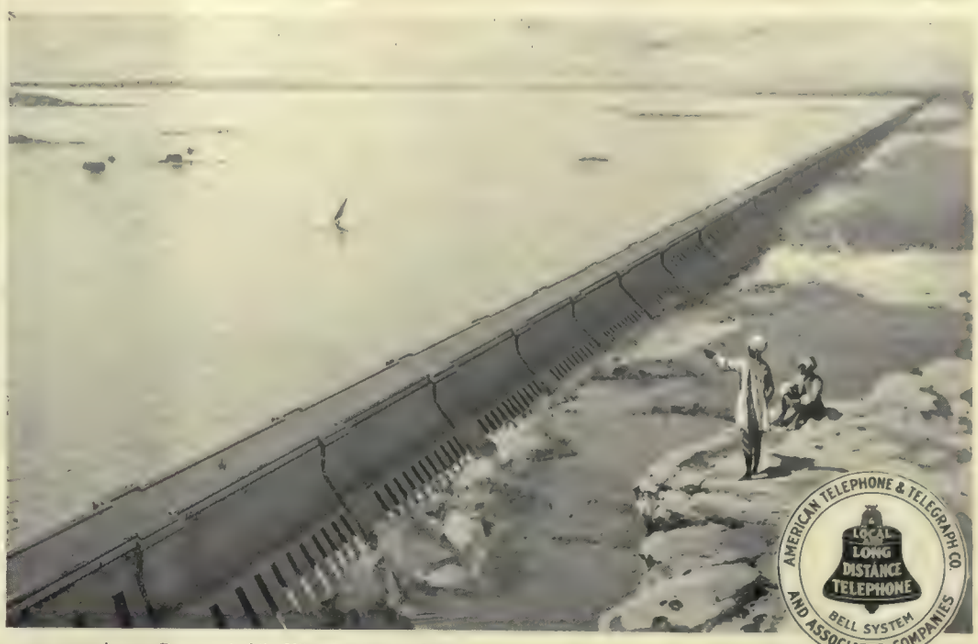


THE LATE JULES MASSENET

Massenet came of good parentage and inherited his talent from his mother. He was born in 1842. His father left the army to become a manufacturer; his grandfather was a professor of history at Strasburg. The family moved to Paris in 1848, and at the age of ten Jules presented himself at the Conservatoire. He was received unanimously after an astonishing execution of Beethoven's Opus 19. At this time he was very poor. His father gave him no allowance, and as he did not wish to be a burden to his aunt, with whom he lived, he secured an engagement to play the triangle in the orchestra of the Gymnase Theatre, receiving for his service the magnificent weekly stipend of 7 francs 50 centimes (about $1.50). In 1862 he carried off the Prix de Rome and took up residence in Italy. On his return to Paris the young musician came under the direct influence of the poet, Armand Silvestre, and his first compositions were inspired by Silvestre's poetry. Then at last came fame and fortune. The Legion of Honor was awarded to him in 1876, and in 1878 he was elected member of the Institute and became professor of composition at the Conservatoire. "Manon" was produced in 1885. The best-known of his later works are: "Werther" (1892); "Thaïs" (1894); "La Navarraise" (1894); "Sapho" (1897); "Cendrillon" (1899); "Griseledis" (1901); "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" (1902).

Patti's Palmy Days

Mr. James W. Morrissey has written a musical comedy, entitled "Patti's Palmy Days." It is in one act, and intended for vaudeville. It is dramatized from one of Mr. Morrissey's group of stories in his book "Noted Men and Women," and treats upon a financial operatic event in the artistic and social life of the world-famous diva, Adelina Patti, in her prime.



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A Busy Day With Frohman

(*Continued from page 91*)

as he brushed by them a moment or two before!

Had I not seen the typewritten rehearsal slip, Mr. Frohman would have been lost to me, but as it was I found him at the Criterion. Taking a seat in the rear of the dusky balcony unnoticed—for I was not supposed to be at the rehearsal—I strained my eyes to watch every move of the little "big" manager.

Ten minutes before the actual time set for the rehearsal found him in his seat, in the third row of the orchestra on an aisle of an absolutely empty auditorium. There must be but one other person in the theatre and that a secretary seated just behind the manager. Then, as at a regular performance, the footlights flash up, the curtain ascends, and the performance, in rehearsal, begins. It must be borne in mind that the preliminary work is done. Nobody can ever entice Charles Frohman to a rehearsal of a play while the actors and actresses are still holding their parts in their hands, not yet having memorized the lines. That is why he has three or four stage directors, all simultaneously conducting rehearsals at different theatres. It is torture to the manager to watch a tanglefoot rehearsal with parts. Besides, it is Mr. Frohman's contention that stage direction is "not so much teaching an actor to read his lines correctly, as to read between the lines intelligently." There must be but one manuscript visible when he come to the theatre, and that one only when the prompter steps out of the wings to help an actor halting in his lines.

The play goes on with apparent promise of continuing until the end without interruption. But all the while Mr. Frohman, sitting motionless, and gazing straight ahead, drinking in everything that is said and done without ever moving, is quietly murmuring to the secretary: "Good-bye," "cane," "chair," "lights" and similar points. Then the act ends and the curtain falls. But it has barely touched the stage than it crawls up again.

Mr. Frohman is up from his aisle seat. Hurrying towards the stage, he takes an animated position just in front of the brass rail enclosing the orchestra pit. His first act is to reassure everybody upon the stage that they have done well, for it has always been his theory that fifty or a hundred times more is got out of, or instilled into, a reassured than a frightened actor. And one who has watched the results obtained from this practice will agree with him. Having secured the friendly and close attention of the players, he turns to his secretary, who whispers the last point—"lights." On hearing it, Mr. Frohman calls for the electrician, who scrambles on to the stage and leans over the "foots" to hear what "the chief" has to say. Toward this man in the blue jeans, as toward the actors, there is first of all the same reassuring manner, first putting the man at his ease and then making it possible for him to listen attentively and to understand.

"The effect you are getting in this scene," says the manager, leaning towards the workman, who peers through the glare of the footlights, "is one of twilight. Now, the front of the stage is the fourth wall of your room, so you cannot begin to dim your lights at the footlights. You must begin with the sky through those windows at the rear. Check your border lights, beginning at the back and move forward. Now try it."

The experiment is made quickly.

"That's it; but not quite so fast. Now, once more. That's it. Fine! fine!"

While this is going on the players stand by and drink it all in. It sort of transfixes them when they see the part that lights play and the ease with which they respond to the manager's will. Then it comes their turn.

"Chair," whispers the secretary.

"Now, Miss So and So," Mr. Frohman begins, looking towards a very pretty and demure-like soubrette, "that chair annoys you; it is in your way. But the chair is all right. Later it is needed just where it is, so you see you are in the chair's way. Don't worry about it though, and don't try to dodge it; that makes you act awkwardly. Sit down on it. That's it. It is just a small point, and I'm sure you will feel more comfortable now."

The secretary whispers "cane."

"Mr. So and So, you are not a drum-major, but a young bon-vivant. Don't carry your cane as though it were a gun one minute and a sword the next. What is the cane, anyway?"

"Why, why—a walking stick," half-stammered the young actor, much perturbed.

"Then use it as such. Now, let me see, just walk over to that chair. That's it. Don't you feel now that you have a walking-stick in your hand. Of course you do, and I think it makes you do the scene infinitely better. You have the idea."

And so on through a number of points.

If you want to know what a hundred horse-power dynamo would act like in full operation, if it had five senses and a soul, follow Charles Frohman from one rehearsal to another at the opening of a theatrical season. In making from fifty to sixty productions a season in two countries, covering plays each requiring from ten to two hundred players, you can easily appreciate the pace he sets for himself, and how difficult it is for one to dog his tracks at rehearsal time. WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

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France Honors An Actor

(*Continued from page* 80)

"He is a born actor, not the made actor, and certainly not the actor who, born with genius, has strengthened it by study. He can act merely as he feels to-day. He rarely plays the same part twice alike, and this is a sure sign of imperfect art, for when an actor has once found the proper emphasis, the proper tone and the proper gesture for a phrase he should always seek to give the phrase just that emphasis, just that tone and accompany it by just that gesture. At one time he may be able to do it more effectively than another, but he should always try to do this. To this fundamental principle of the art of acting, which all great actors have complied with, Mounet-Sully cannot conform. He cannot think out a part in all its details and gain a mechanical mastery over them, leaving his mind free to the full effect of his emotion. He is only good when the part exactly suits his oriental and barbaric and somewhat ferocious temperament." It will thus be seen that he and Coquelin did not agree in their construction of the Diderot Paradox, and once when called upon to play the lead in a modern comedy the author, Emile Augier, found that what the actor acquired one day he lost the next. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "try to have a little less genius and a little more talent."

"Le désorde du génie" would seem to apply to the practical details of this actor's art, for a description of the various dressing rooms at the Comédie, printed years since, describes the one occupied by Mounet-Sully as follows: "He lives in the midst of a picturesque confusion which is the despair of the sweeper Dennis. 'One must touch nothing, disturb nothing. Those dusty yellow papers must be left there on the chimney-piece just as they are.' *Faut pas toucher!* And on the walls in lieu of pictures are dusty wreaths of paper laurel and oak leaves, radiant with faded ribbons and inscriptions in letters of gold that record by-gone scenic triumphs. The portières are old silk stuffs; the furniture consists of Spanish coffers bristling with wrought-iron clasps and arabesques; the ornaments are antique arms, bows and arrows, Homeric quivers, Æschylean javelins, a queer mixture of players trappings and bric-à-brac."

Yet these surroundings are not surprising for a player whose greater activities were devoted to the title rôle of "Hernani," a part which he ever played with royal romanticism and picturesque plenitude; with Ruy Blas, the servant lover of a queen; with Hamlet, with Othello, scenes only; but he must have made a gorgeous picture as the noble Moor; with Creon in "Antigone," and last, but not least, with that marvelously pitiable figure Œdipus Rex in Jules Lacronx's adaptation of the Sophoclean drama.

It would seem that Mounet-Sully's lasting reputation would rest upon his assumption of the fate-pursued Theban King. It was from first to last a noble and compelling creation. Poseur, as some have been inclined to style him, that weakness became an asset of real value in the majestic and classical pictures he presented during the earlier scenes of the play, while the true note of awesome terror and ghastly anguish were denoted with moving strength as the horror of his awful situation dawned upon him. And what a regal figure of piteous solitude he made as he blindly groped his way into the open in expiation of his crime against the gods.

It is only occasionally now that Mounet-Sully appears in public, but as he practically confines himself to this rôle it can truthfully be said of him that he never lags superfluous on the stage.

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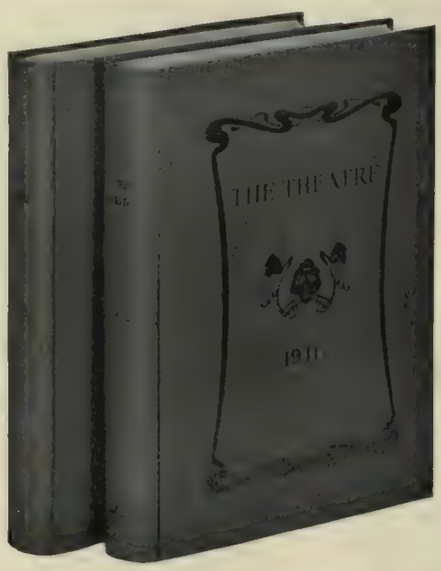




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THE NEW SEASON

(Continued from page 69)

hopes also to present Tennyson's play, "Becket," made famous in this country by the late Henry Irving. Three more Scotch companies are being brought over for the production of "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

John Cort promises at least five important productions for the season 1912-13. Lina Abarbanell will sing the title rôle in "The Gypsy," a new comic opera by Pixley and Luders, to be seen in November. Mrs. Leslie Carter will begin her season early in October with a new comedy entitled "Whom Does Helen Belong To?" The piece is an adaptation by Ferdinand Gottschalk from the German "Wem Gehort Helene?" by Eberhard Buchner. The Cort Theatre, which is in the course of construction in West Forty-eighth Street, directly opposite William A. Brady's Playhouse, will be completed early in October. This theatre will be opened with Laurette Taylor in a new play by Hartley Manners, entitled, "Peg o' My Heart." Miss Taylor will be under Oliver Morosco's management. Margaret Illington will continue in "Kindling," beginning her second season at the Belasco Theatre, Washington, on November 4th.

THE NEW PLAYS

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE. "JUST LIKE JOHN." A farcical play in three acts by George Broadhurst and Mark Swan Produced on August 12th with this cast:

Mrs. Cornelia Dawley, Florine Arnold; Patty Emerson, Lola May; Dora Endicott, Helene Lackaye; Montague Baxter, Wilfred Clarke; Harry Kenyon, Wallace Worsley; John Endicott, Walter Jones; Marime La Guerra, Helen Robertson; Prince Vladimir Vlaskowski, Louis Massen; A Page, Elmer E. Redmond; An Officer, Thomas Parnot; A Waiter, Robert Andrews; A Detective, Walter Craven.

Even though the moving picture industry seems disposed to gobble up the older and more antiquated of the playhouses plenteous capital seems equally ready to put up two new theatres for every one of the old ones diverted from their original purpose. The newest home of the drama, the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, threw open its doors for the first time on August 12th and a very pretty and comfortable one it is. It seats about one thousand persons and in lines suggests the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Ivory white and light green make up the color scheme, the seats are roomy and each one commands an unobstructed view of the stage. Its proportions are excellent and the acoustics admirable for the proper performance of intimate comedy and repressed drama. Its destinies will be directed by the hustling Mr. W. A. Brady, who for his initial offering presented what the programme described as a frankly farcical play in three acts called "Just Like John." At a guess, and it is probably not very wide of the mark, the greater part of the piece came from Mr. Swan's pen. As Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld would describe it, Mr. Broadhurst undoubtedly supplied the "colloquial embellishments," for the dialogue has all the ear-marks of his facile, up-to-date wit. "Just Like John" may eventually be whipped into better shape, but in its original form it lacks the consecutive and consistent rattle of successful farce. There is too much talk in establishing its premises, and like a joke which needs a full and elaborate setting "in three" fails of its purpose.

CRITERION. "THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE." Farce with music in three acts by Georges Feydeau and Rudolph Schanzer. Music by Henry Bereny and Jerome D. Kern; American version by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. Produced on August 5th with the following cast:

Dr. Petypon, Richard Carle; Gabrielle, Marion Abbott; Dr. Brumage, William Danforth; General Petypon, Al. Hart; Clementine, Moya Mannering; Lieutenant Corignon, George Lydecker; Andre, Alan Mudie; Duchess de Valmonte, Bertha Holly; Loulon, Lennox Pawle; Abbe, Percy F. Leach; Mme. Sauverel, Mercita Esmond; Mme. Hautignol, Louise Donovan; Mme. De Claux, Dai Turgeon; Mme. Vautier, Lela Lee; Mme. Veron, Hazel Troutman; Mme. King, Clara Eckstrom; Baroness de Granelle, Mary Gilmore; Baron de Granelle, George T. Chance; Mons. Sauverel, John Hamilton; Mme. Ottalie, Alice Carrington; Etienne, Ralph Nairn; Praline, Hattie Williams.

For musical comedy libretto nowadays the disposition seems to be to search the past for some successful farce and turn it into a book with a new musical setting. This is what Charles Frohman has done in the matter of "The Girl From

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Montmartre," for it was just thirteen years ago to the very month that at this same playhouse Mr. Frohman produced "The Girl From Maxims," the basis for the new vehicle which presents Hattie Williams and Richard Carle as joint stars, a combination, which it is later projected, shall be sent to England. It is to be hoped by that time that another and more entertaining medium will be secured for them, as "The Girl From Montmartre" is not an inspiring production.

Georges Feydeau's original farce is a composition of rapid and involved movement. It concerns a Dr. Petypon (originated here by W. J. Ferguson) who after a night out unconsciously brings back to his home Praline, the girl from Montmartre. His wife is as jealous as she is unprepossessing and his efforts to account for her presence are further complicated by the doctor's uncle, who mistakes "the girl" for the wife and invites her to the marriage of his niece. Praline loves the bridegroom-elect, the prospective bride loves someone else, so the complications which ensue can easily be imagined. But farce of this kind, which depends upon its logical sequence, cannot be arbitrarily interrupted by interpolated song and dance, and so there is a constant advance to a comic crescendo, which never gets there. For musical purposes Rudolph Schanzer made the version and for use here the Messrs. Smith, H. B. and Robert B., brought into play their respective fountain pens. Their accomplishment would suggest that their Attic ink was running low; nor will Henry Bereny's music add anything to his reputation. There is an ingenious use of the Vitascope in the final act.

Richard Carle, as the philandering doctor, is seriously funny and the dashing Praline is good, maturedly portrayed by Miss Williams. But Parisian verve and dash and vocal niceties are not to be numbered among her accomplishments. Al. Hart is his usual self as Dr. Brumage and Marion Abbott gives the real touch of comedy to her assumption of the ugly wife. A pair of uninteresting lovers, who have nothing to do, are agreeably cared for by Moya Mannering and Alan Mudie. Lennox Pawle, a comedian of talent and resource, is wasted on a vaccuous part, and so is Ralph Nairn as a footman.

BROADWAY. "HANKY PANKY." A jumble of jollification in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith, lyrics by E. Ray Goetz and music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced on August 5th with the following cast:

Cutie Wriggle, Flo May; Dopie Wriggle, Myrtle Gilbert; Ponsonby, Byrd Goolsby; Sir J. Rufus Wallingford, Hugh Cameron; Herman Bierheister, Bobby North; Wilhelm Rausmitt, Max Rogers; Solomon Bumpski, Harry Cooper; Clorinda Scribblem, Florence Moore; Iona Carr, Virginia Evans; Blackie Daw, Carter De Haven; Cleopatra, Christine Neilsen; Harry Manleigh, Hugh Cameron; Hiney Rausmitt, William Montgomery.

"Hanky Panky" is the same opera, of the same ownership, once known as "Hokey Pokey," the former production perhaps having less hanky pankyness and the present one less hoky pokyness. It is more definitely described on the bills as "a jumble of jollification in two acts." It is the kind of thing evolved by the producer, who, at the final rehearsal, stamps on the stage and cries aloud, "A laugh, a laugh, anything for a laugh," and forthwith proceeds to cut out all lines dealing with the story because they are not funny, and substitutes "gags" that have been proven by long use to be to the purpose. The result is a series of disconnected and generally unintelligible ideas. He proceeds on a system, ignorant of the definition of comedy, but sure of his laughter. This is the case with many of these musical productions avowedly designed to amuse and nothing more. They have touches of humor, but they have a superfluity of farce and a lack of consistent comedy. It would be well if the people concerned understood the distinction. "Hanky Panky" was pieced together to entertain. Pieced together fits the case, because the opera is no more or less than a (generally) diverting hodge-podge that rattles about the stage for a set time. It could have been longer or shorter to fit any time limit. Promising threads of plot interest crop out in ravelled ends here and there, but they always hark away from where the biggest crowd on the stage is busy and where some real fun is going on. Hugh Cameron, a good enough comedian, does not look the character of Chester, but he does well enough in circumstances not altogether favorable. As the stenographer, Miss Florence Moore, according to her part, "didn't give a—a—ahem for anybody," but she works with an energy that tends to disprove it. No other girl can wrinkle her nose and utter a witticism with quite the same effect. Her performance, with her husband, William Montgomery, was one of the brightest spots in the piece.

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

S. E. W., Jr., New Orleans, La.—Q.—Did the English actor, C. Aubrey Smith, ever appear with Marie Doro in "The Morals of Marcus?" A.—"The Morals of Marcus" was produced November 18, 1908, with C. Aubrey Smith as Sir Marcus Ordeyne and Marie Doro as Carlotta.

A Reader, Mobile, Ala.—Q.—Can you inform me as to how stories are written for moving pictures? Do they require a complete story or just a plot or synopsis? A.—There is a book published by The Magazine Maker Publishing Company entitled, "How to Write a Photoplay" which will give you the information you desire. The address of the publishers is 241 Fourth Ave., New York City.

L. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Can you inform me who wrote the lyrics in the "Quaker Girl?" A.—The lyrics were written by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Q.—Is May Vokes in the cast and what part does she take? A.—Miss Vokes plays Phœbe.

A Reader, Jersey City, N. J.—Q.—How can I keep posted on the plays in New York City? A.—Subscribe to the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

L. L. C., Detroit.—Q.—Please give an account of Sallie Fisher's stage career. A.—Sallie Fisher made her début in 1900, singing in the chorus of "The Burgomaster," followed by a season in "The Chaperon." In 1902 she played for a few weeks the leading ingenué rôle in "The Chaperon," and later was given the prima donna rôle in "The Billionaire." She appeared the greater part of that season at Daly's Theatre, supporting Jerome Sykes. On the death of Mr. Sykes in 1903 she joined Frank Daniel's forces. From that time she has played in "The Office Boy," "Sergeant Blue," "The Man from Now," "The Tattooed Man," "A Knight for a Day," "A Stubborn Cinderella" and "Modest Suzanne."

A. M. B., Seattle, Wash.—Q.—Where can I get pictures of the stage setting of "Mrs. Dott?" A.—Write to Byron, Marbridge Building, New York City.

A. M. Z.—Q.—Can you furnish the address of a reliable play-broker. A.—There are many. Miss Elizabeth Marbury, 105 West 40th St.; Sanger & Jordan, 1430 Broadway, N. Y. City; John W. Rumsey, 152 West 46th St., and others.

D. C., Brockton, Mass.—Q.—What is the best way of getting a play read? A.—Be persevering in sending it to actors and managers. Q.—Have you ever published interviews with Bruce McRae and Madame Simone? A.—See the February, 1912, and November, 1911, issues.

C. G., Los Angeles, Cal.—Q.—What is the birthplace of Mrs. Fiske; of Maude Adams? A.—Mrs. Fiske was born in New Orleans, La.; Miss Adams' birthplace is Salt Lake City. Q.—What is E. H. Sothern's full name? A.—Edward Hugh Sothern.

E. N. H., New Haven, Conn.—Q.—In what numbers have you published pictures of Lily Elsie and Gabrielle Ray? A.—We have never published a picture of Gabrielle Ray, but you will find a picture of Lily Elsie in the October, 1911, issue.

S. L., Boston, Mass.—Q.—How can I copyright a play? A.—Send the title and a fee of one dollar to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, and the proper papers will be sent to you.

M. L. B., Rome, N. Y.—Q.—Give a short sketch of Ethel Johnson's stage career. A.—She was born in Chicago, and made her début in that city in 1901 in the chorus of "The Burgomaster." Shortly afterward she was given a part in that play. She then appeared in "The Tenderfoot," "The Storks," "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," "The Red Mill," and "The Old Town."

R. J., Allenhurst.—Q.—Can you give the name of a book dealing with the opera singers of to-day? A.—There is a book entitled "Stars of the Opera," published by Funk & Wagnalls, which gives sketches of the lives of the present-day opera artists.

C. G. W., New Orleans, La.—Q.—Please give a sketch of Eleanor Robson's life. A.—Eleanor Robson comes of a theatrical family, and was born in Wigan, Lancashire, England. She was brought to America at the age of five and received her education at a convent on Staten Island. Her début was made on September 18, 1897, when she played Margery Knox in "Men and Women." She played in Milwaukee, St. Louis and Denver until 1900, when Liebler & Co., of New York, engaged her to appear in "Arizona." Later she was seen in "Unleavened Bread," "In a Balcony," "A Gentleman of France," "Audrey," "Merely Mary Ann," "Nurse Marjory," "Salomy Jane," etc.; all of which plays have proven successful. A few years ago she married and retired from the stage.

J. L. J., N. Y. C.—Q.—In what number of your magazine have you published a picture of Douglas Fairbanks? A.—In the January, 1912, issue. You can obtain the number direct from this office.

E. E. G., Washington, D. C.—Q.—In what number of your magazine have you published recent pictures of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern? A.—See the August 1911, issue.

Librarian, Ferndale, Cal.—A.—We do not sell pictures of artists. Pictures of Mr. Bellew or any other actor or actress can be had at Sarony, 256 Fifth Ave.

B. N., Greenville, S. C.—Q.—Please tell me if John Drew ever played in "His House in Order." A.—John Drew appeared in "His House in Order" at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 3, 1906.

F. G. H., New York City.—Q.—Have you published any pictures of the Coburn Players? A.—See the contents illustration of this issue. Q.—Are these players still appearing in New York City? A.—No.

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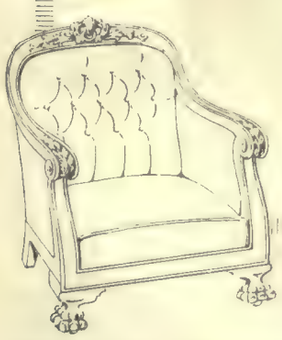
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A CHAT ON FALL FASHIONS



COSTUME BY PREMET: HANDSOME GOWN OF ACCORDIAN PLAITED BLUE VOILE DE SOIE

HAVE you noticed all the specialty shops that are opening up in the fashionable shopping centres of New York?

These, together with the exclusive shops of long standing, are catering largely to the gowning of the women who find it so much more satisfactory to select from a stock of ready-to-wear garments.

So large is the demand for this class of wearing apparel that many of the prominent dressmaking establishments throughout the country now find it advisable to have on hand gowns, not as display models, but for actual sale.

Purchasing a gown in one of these exclusive shops precludes the danger of duplication, which is the chief objection to ready-made garments and it ensures excellent style.

The creations of the specialty shop are copies of exclusive French models and so in this convenient shop it is possible to purchase an exact reproduction of, for instance, a Paquin costume at New York prices. Duplication is so remote that it is scarcely worth consideration.

The other day I happened to be in a prominent shop of this class when a woman entered and remarked to the attendant: "I must have a little street dress in a hurry. Can you give me anything ready-made in a good style?"

Immediately there were brought forth three models in charmeuse, and, as I glanced at them, I perceived that they embodied all the very latest style features.

I will tell you about the one the customer selected and you can judge for yourself. It was of black charmeuse made up in one of the latest modifications of the panier. The front of the skirt was plain, thus retaining the fashionable straight line, and the panier was adjusted at the back and side normal waist line in flat pleats that formed a puff two-thirds down the skirt and gave a pleasing, graceful effect. The Robespierre waist had a little vest of white satin, with a touch of cerise, trimmed with tiny black velvet buttons and edged with a double frill of white net. A sash



MODEL BY DRECOLL: EMBROIDERED WHITE LINON WITH BLACK TULLE BELT AND SASH

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combining the black and cerise encircled the waist. No doubt the price, $39.50, will surprise you as much as it did me.

In another shop I saw a suit of wool corduroy. By the way, this is one of the new fashionable materials. The velvet velours and peaux de souris are very beautiful, too, and many of the fall walking suits are made up in these handsome weaves. The one I saw was in a mixture of oxford and royal blue. It was made up in one of the new pleated skirts that are going to be so popular. The pleats being at the side, front and back, near the bottom, in no wise detracted from the long, slender lines of the present fashionable figure. The beautiful soutache braided collar and half cuffs had a touch of blue and the revers and turned-back cuffs were of an exquisite fur-finished velvet in oxford, together with the large buttons, giving the suit a decidedly smart effect.

The present vogue of white skirt and colored coats has created a strong demand for the white satin waists in semi-tailored designs. Of course, the Directoire influence dominates here as well as in all ready-made garments this season

Charmeuse is a favorite material and I noticed a pretty model in one of the shops the other day. It is in white, with the collar, tie and cuffs of colored charmeuse, and the idea is to have this color match the suit. The firm will make these waists to order for only $7.50. This charming little waist which closes with white horn, ball-shaped buttons, has a Robespierre collar forming deep points at the side and ending in a flowing tie at the low front opening.

Brocades will be very much worn during the coming season, and in the same shop is an exquisite waist in white brocade satin, not a heavy design, but a delicate tracery, and this model also shows the popularity of color combination. Amber is a particular favorite in combination with white, and this waist closes with amber buttons down the front and at the sleeves. The Robespierre collar is finished with a picot edge tie of amber silk.

In waists the satin charmeuse and messalines are favorites. Chiffon continues to be popular for the dressy models, but tulle and net are considered a little newer. Where colored waists are selected the suit colorings must be followed.

In mentioning ready-made garments, I must not overlook the new coats. A prominent Fifth Avenue shop is showing a line of smart English top coats. They are in the popular seven-eighths length and the material is the soft, imported chinchilla which gives warmth without weight, and which is one of the new favorite coating fabrics. I particularly admired a model in taupe. It has a matching lining of soft silk and a soft crush collar, which, by the way, is new and exceedingly fetching.

This new collar is a modification of the Directoire idea and quite different from what we had had. It is now considered smart to have the high collar closed to the throat, but it is so arranged that it can be folded back and worn open, in rever style. These top coats have the regulation sleeve

In the motor and utility coats there are beautiful models in bouclés, wool velours, cheviots, diagonals and fancy mixtures.

The heavy, imported bouclés in the new illuminated colors are especially attractive and look so comfy. They have the new raglan, deep set on sleeve and the high, convertible Robespierre collar and deep cuffs are of matching velvet. Large buttons add to the smartness of the coat, which can be had in brown, green, blue, black and white.

Mentioning white coats reminds me of the white mackinaws I saw a few days ago at the surprisingly low price of $12.50. These belted Norfolk coats are just the thing for present country wear and will do for out-door sport wear. They have adjustable collars and large pearl buttons, and are a very chic garment of excellent value.

The specialty shops have long ago become noted centres for the exclusive millinery trade, and these are now displaying beautiful models, prominent among which are the combinations of velvet and maline that are now in such favor in Paris.

For early fall the demand is largely for tailored hats, and so the other day I looked around in a Fifth Avenue parlor where tailored and semi-dress hats are featured.



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The velours, with their simple grosgrain band, are very smart and excellent types of the fashionable tailored hat, and the velvets and plushes, that embraced the semi-dress variety, combine all the latest Parisian ideas.

The shapes especially are very smart. Among them are some large hats that will be worn later in the season, but in the small and medium-sized shapes that will prevail for early fall it is apparent that the crowns are smaller both in height and circumference, and that they fit the normal head.

The display shows that black and white effects have lost none of their popularity, and particularly fetching is one hat of black velvet with the fashionable, low, round crown and slightly tilting brim.

The trimming consists of a band of white picot edge ribbon encircling the front half of the crown and terminating at each side in a downward turning white brush aigrette. This is a decidedly smart model.

In fact, this entire exhibition of hats impressed me with their superior degree of elegance and smartness, which shows the amount of thought and care expended in designing the tailored and semi-dress hats that now hold such a prominent place in fashion's realm.

"Shall I get crystal buttons for my fall suit? If not, please tell me what to get and where you would recommend me to purchase them."

This is a recent query that came to me, and as it is one of interest at the beginning of a new season, I will give you the latest information on this point.

Of course, you know buttons are to be a leading factor in fall trimmings just as they have been all summer. The crystal button has had a continuous popularity throughout the season and is seen on many of the new dresses, but its present vogue seems to be more centered upon waists and light-colored dresses.

For fall the horn and bone buttons will be largely used on dresses for general wear, but for all dressy gowns the crochet button will be employed.

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The objection to the unsatisfactory wearing qualities of the crochet button has been overcome by one manufacturer who shows a beautiful assortment of buttons made up of a specially prepared silk called "Sida floss." Women have long been using this same floss for embroidery purposes and I have frequently heard its durability extolled.

These crochet buttons are being shown in all sizes from the tiny trimming button to the beautiful, large specimens that will adorn the handsome fur coats of the coming season.

As buttons are more of a trimming feature, they are being shown in novel shapes. The ball effects are probably the favorites, but the cone, barrel and olive shapes are given a large representation and the crochet patterns are varied and extremely pretty.

These buttons are made up in the two hundred different shades of the floss, so you can imagine there will be no difficulty in matching any material. Particularly fetching are the black and white combinations which, of course, will be in great demand, since we are to have another black and white season.

As metal is the dominating note of the new trimmings, this firm is now producing handsome novelties, in tinsel crochet buttons. There are six colorings, among which the antique gold, which is the leading tone in the coming season's metal effects, is prominent. These tinsel buttons are the latest novelty. As they are untarnishable, as well as an attractive trimming, they will, no doubt, prove popular.

The shapes are circular, oval and square and the ball shapes are prominent. In sizes there is a wide range, the smallest being about the size of a pea.

Mentioning trimming reminds me of the strong vogue of lace that we have had all summer. The new fall displays give the assurance of the continued lavish use of this material. We see it in its various types with Venise in the lead, but macremé is still a favorite, while in the lighter effects the shadow and Chantilly divide favors. The Bohemian characteristics are very prominent in the new laces. The combination idea is also apparent, and we have beautiful laces combining shadow and Chantilly with Venise and Bohemian.

Metallic effects are very prominent, and here again the old gold is the favorite. An elegant dress pattern that I noticed in one of the exclusive shops is of fine black Brussels net; by the way, the nets bid fair to supersede the chiffons before the end of the season.

This net has an exquisitely embroidered border, thirteen inches wide, combining black silk with the metal effects, in which the various tones of gold blend beautifully with the silver shadings and produce a result at once delicate and handsome.

The waist length has a three-and-a-half-inch-wide border to match that of the skirt. I never came nearer breaking the tenth commandment than I did when I gazed upon this charmingly beautiful dress material.

Among the queries this month is one that has been so frequently asked that I am going to quote the letter: "I am going to be married early in October. It is to be a church wedding, and my friends insist that it would be a dreadful breach of etiquette to wear anything but white. Now, I look perfectly hideous in white, and I am sure no one ought to blame me for wanting to look my best upon my wedding day. Please advise me."

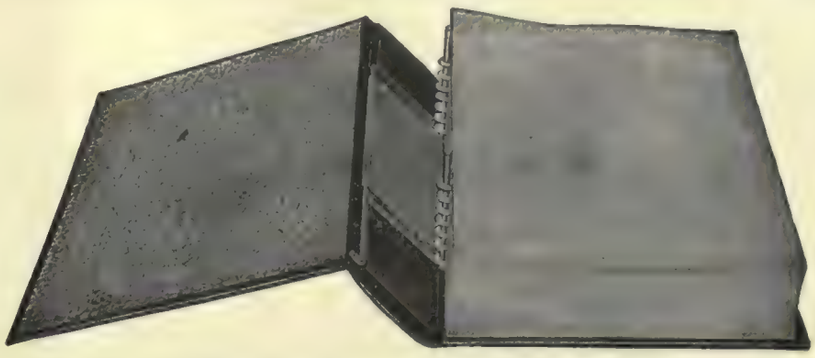
I hope my reply brought happiness to the little October bride, because, in renouncing white, she is right in line with the reformers of fashion who have, for some time, been agitating this question. At several recent fashionable weddings in London the brides were attired in gowns of delicate pink, which is the color selected as a substitute for the cold white that so many brides object to. That this color should be selected is but natural, since leading dressmakers have, for some time, been using a shell pink lining for the white satin bridal gown, in order to give it a soft, becoming glow. A prominent modiste told me recently that she has several orders for pink wedding gowns to be worn at coming fall weddings.



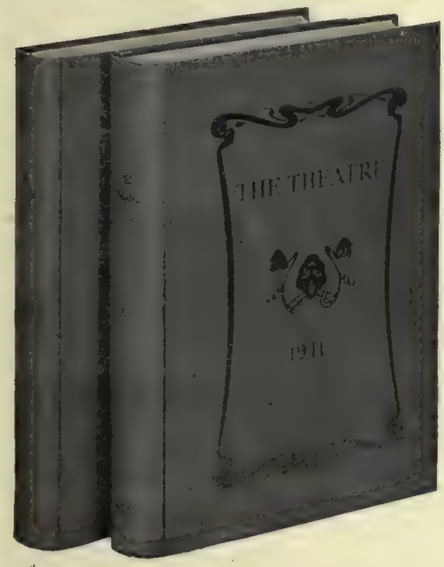
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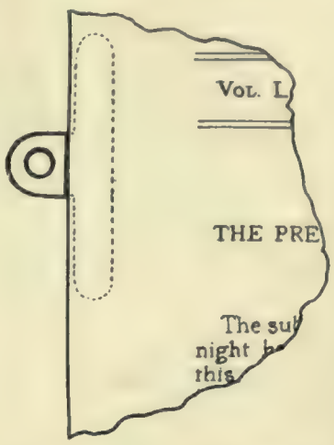
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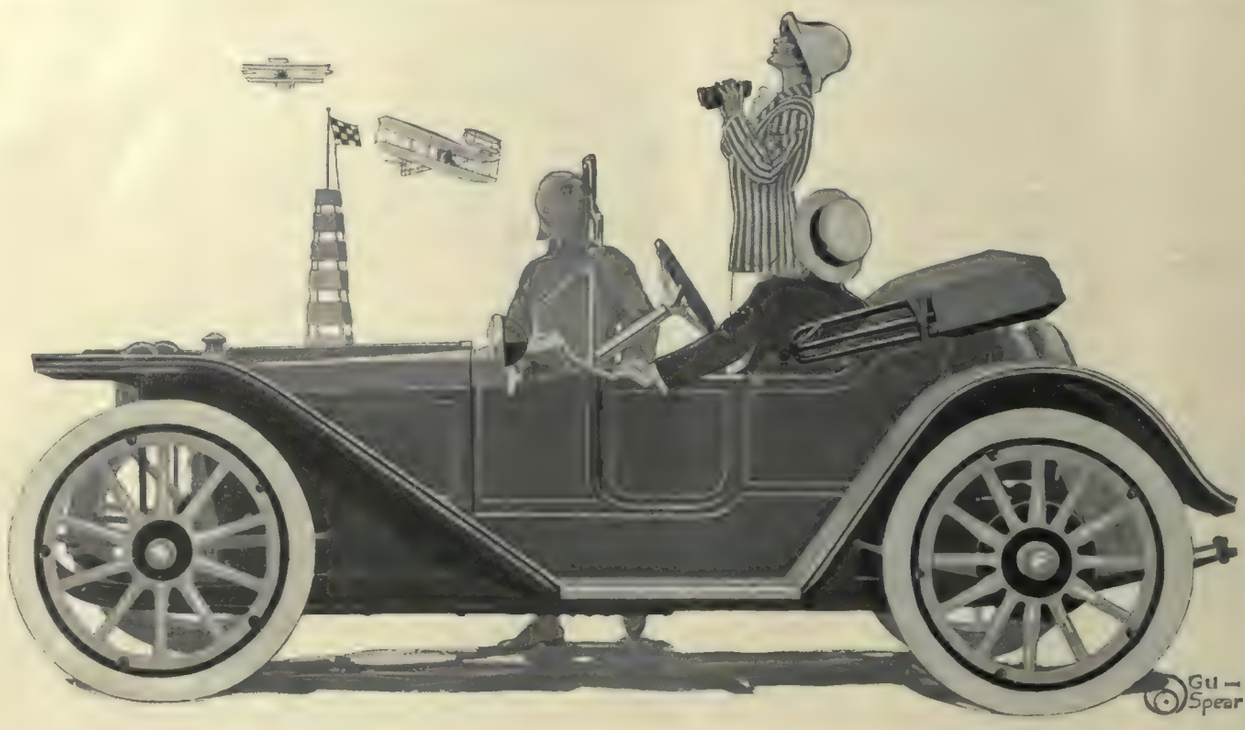
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THE THEATRE

VOL XVI OCTOBER, 1912 No. 140

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White

Richard Gilder (Orme Caldara) — Mary Turner (Jane Cowl)

Act III. Richard: "Talk to me! Don't lose your nerve. Talk to me!"

SCENE IN BAYARD VEILLER'S PLAY, "WITHIN THE LAW," AT THE ELTINGE FORTY-SECOND STREET THEATRE



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BILLIE BURKE SINGING "MIND THE PAINT" IN "THE 'MIND-THE-PAINT' GIRL" AT THE LYCEUM

THE NEW PLAYS

EMPIRE. "The Perplexed Husband." Comedy in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced on September 2 last with this cast:

Thomas Pelling.....John Drew
Clarence Woodhouse.....Hubert Druce
Pitts .....Walter Soderling
Sophie Pelling.....Nina Sevening
Dulcie Elstead.....Margaret Watson
Agatha Margel.....Alice John
Kalleia .....Mary Boland

In "The Perplexed Husband" we have a little too much of Sutro and not quite enough of John Drew, but the popularity of this actor shows no trace of diminishment. He is always equal to his play, and sometimes better than his play, as in this instance. He is refined in personality and methods, and while he is always John Drew, he is infinite and unfailing in expression. What he does in this play, according to the prescription of the plot, is not very edifying or altogether reasonable, but he does it with so much humor and light and shade, and so humanly, that Sutro's more or less mechanical figure becomes real and delightful.

A man returns home after an absence of several months expecting to be greeted with the customary effusive love of his wife. Her manner has changed. She has found out that she has a soul of her own, and that a wife's attitude toward her husband should not be that of a dependent or in any way the inferior. She has installed in the house a leader in the feminist movement, called the Master, along with a suffragette friend, a strongminded woman. The husband's sister counsels strategy to get rid of the intruders and to bring the wife to her senses. The plan is simple enough, but artificial. The husband has had a typist, a beautiful and romantic creature so possessed of a Greek soul and high imaginings that he had discharged her. He now brings her to his home to measure temperaments and aspirations with the Master. The result is that the wife becomes jealous, the Master and the Greek dreamer are sent away to visit Athens together, and the wife returns to the arms of her husband, more than ever anxious to hold him by all feminine charms of dress, love and obedience. Thus, the play is hardly one that deals directly with the suffragist movement. It is delicate satire, but the dramatic argument does not touch the general question. It is as if the play were designed to enable Mr. Drew to express as many light emotions as possible in his own inimitable way. He begins with perplexity, passes through mild and incredulous surprise, uses self-suppression, is angry, mollified, specious in cajolery, gentle, firm, persuasive, everything in turn. Miss Mary Boland, as the typist, with the adopted Greek name of Kalleia, is the airy figure of good-nature satire employed by Sutro. Her gowns are classic and beautiful, designed by herself; her soul is really pure. In short, Kalleia, as played by Mary Boland, is a delightful piece of beautiful nonsense. The small cast is capable and agreeable.



Photo Sarony

BASIL GILL
Who will play the Emperor in "The Daughter of Heaven" at the Century Theatre

---

LYCEUM. "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Comedy in four acts by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced September 9, with this cast:

Viscount Farncombe, William Raymond; Colonel the Hon. Arthur Stidulph, J. Palmer Collins; Baron Von Rettenmayer, Ernest W. Laceby; Captain Nicholas Jeyes, H. E. Herbert; Lionel Roper, Morton Selton; Sam De Castro, Leo Cooper; Herbert Fulkerson, E. Douglas; Stewart Heneage, David Hawthorne; Gerald Grimwood, John Morley; Carlton Smythe, Louis F. Massen; Douglas Glynn, Arthur Fitzgerald; Albert Falk, Kenneth Lee; Wilfred Tavish, Barnett Barker; Sigsmund Shirley, Cecil Newton; Vincent Bland, Bernard Merefield; Morris Cooling, Erskholm E. Clive; Luigi, Arthur Luzzi; Waiter, Louis H. Geist; Hon. Mrs. Stidulph, Jeanette Lowrie; Lily Parradell, Billie Burke; Jimmy Birch, Carroll McComas; Gabrielle Kato, Mabel Frenyear; Enid Moncrieff, Edith Campbell; Daphne Dure, Ruth Boyce; Nita Trevenna, Hazel Leslie; Flo Connify, Vera Mellish; Sybil Dermott, Jeanne Shelby; Olga Cook, Jeanne Eagles; Evangeline Ventris, Anna Rose; Mrs. Upjohn, Lydia Rachel; Gladys, Marie Fitzgerald; Maud, Louise Reed.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero is not an elderly man, but the output of his later years certainly shows a Jovian disposition to nod. "Preserving Mr. Panmure," added nothing to his reputation and it cannot be said that "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" (a clumsy title at best), now on view at the Lyceum, will add a tittle or jot to the reputation he gained as the author of "The Second Mrs. Tangueray," or "The Magistrate," to cite extremes of his facile art.

When he so skilfully, sympathetically and charmingly depicted stage life of the mid-Victorian period in "Trelawney of the Wells," he sketched something akin to a masterpiece. Life on the stage is again the subject of this, his latest output. But sympathy and charm have yielded to the sordid material spirit of modern times and while the new comedy is undoubtedly a veritable transcript of London life behind the scenes as it exists today, it is neither as profitable nor as entertaining as its wholesome predecessor.

Miss Billie Burke assumes the rôle of Lily Parradell, reigning

favorite at the Pandora (thin disguise for the Gaiety). She is marvelously popular, graciously beautiful and splendidly chaste in spite of her surroundings. A man of family, but man of purpose, Captain Nicholas Jeyes has squandered his opportunities in dancing attendance on her for several years. Then comes along one of the pampered aristocracy, the young Viscount Farncombe. Smitten, he urges her to be his bride. But, after telling him of the more than lowly nature of her birth and up-bringing, she feels she is pledged to Jeyes, whose intimacy with the family is misunderstood by Farncombe. The Captain, however, resolves not to stand in Lily's way—which several, including her mother, regard as a eugenic necessity to British posterity—makes the sacrifice, retires to Rhodesia, and Lily and the Viscount await the ringing of the marriage bells.

Not a vast amount of dramatic significance on which to build a play, but sufficient to supply two admirable theatrical scenes, in one of which the Captain telling of the futility of a theatrical hanger-on, retails his wasted years with cynical fervor and dramatic realism. Admirably played, too, was this part by H. E. Herbert, while the nice youthful enthusiasm of the Viscount was earnestly expressed by William Raymond. The title rôle is acted with vivacity, charm, spirit and feeling by Miss Burke.

The stage settings are rich and handsome, the company is a large one and a host of well drawn, if conventional figures, are carefully portrayed; but mention should be made of Louis Massen's individual characterization of the theatrical manager. "The 'Mind The Paint' Girl," in spite of good dialogue, is something of a disappointment, but "it will do."

CASINO. "THE MERRY COUNTESS." Play in three acts. Music by Johann Strauss, lyrics by Arthur Anderson, book by Gladys Unger. Produced on August 20 with this cast:

Ilka, Fritzie Van Busing; Gabor Szabo, Maurice Farkoa; Leopold, Robert Feuhrer; Countess Cliquot, Jose Collins; Dr. Berncastler, Claude Flemming; Count Cliquot, Forrest Huff; Hochheimer, Tom. A. Shale; Adele, Yancsi Dolly; Felice, Rozsika Dolly; Minna, Mabel Burnege; Prince Orloffsky, Martin Brown; Inspector of Police, Frank Ross; Neirsteiner, Frank Farrington; A Warder, George Lyman; Mattoni, A. W. Baskcomb.

The Casino finds its novelty this season in an old opera, "Die Fledermaus," with its merits added to and its faults subtracted. The original Strauss music is largely retained, while the great composer's works have been drawn upon for additional melodies. "The Merry Countess" has taken on a livelier movement in its action than the original opera had in any of its several versions used in New York. Miss Gladys Unger's new libretto is not to be described as more than clumsily skilful, but the new episodes do add needed comedy. The fantastic prison of the last act is the scene of farcical doings not entirely in keeping with the romantic foolery of the old story, but it is all exceedingly amusing. Apart from the irresistible Strauss waltzes and captivating melodies, it is as a production that "The Merry Countess" excels, beautiful to the eye and animated with interpolated dances.

Miss Jose Collins as the Countess was a revelation, being new an being equal to the exacting nature of the music of the part. She rendered the celebrated aria in the second act in a manner that won her unstinted applause. She is young and a novice in acting, but her unheralded qualities will go far toward sustaining the success of the opera, which draws new life from so many quarters. Maurice Farkoa, as Gabor, was another artistic success, equally in singing and acting. Miss Fritzie Van Busing has the difficult part of Ilka and sang with charm. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb was very droll as the jailer. Martin Brown and the Dolly Sisters, in a dance with plenty of grace and spirit in it, touched with oddity, gave us something new. That the production was engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt for a private performance at Newport is a mere incident in the career of the production which which has opened the Casino so auspiciously.



White

MIRIAM CLEMENTS
Now appearing in "Discovering America," at Daly's

REPUBLIC. "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY." A play in three acts by Alice Bradley. Produced September 10 with the following cast:

Daniel S. Slade.....Emmett Corrigan	William .....Jack Smith
Senator Strickland...William H. Tooker	Martin .....Franklin Handy
Robert Hayes.....Milton Sills	Jake .....John N. Wheeler
Wesley Merritt.....Robert McWade, Jr.	Mary Slade.....Emma Dunn
Bingham Hunt.....Bert Hyde	Katherine Strickland.....Gladys Hanson
Ex-Governor Hibbard....John A. Dewey	Mrs. Merritt....Teresa Maxwell-Conover
Colonel Smith.....Will H. Nicholson	Susan .....Jane Briggs
John Hart.....Albert Lane	A Girl of the Streets.....Eloise Murray
Charles Ingram.....Harry B. Wilson	A Scrubwoman.....Judith Smith

When Miss Alice Bradley was enthusiastically summoned before the footlights on the first night of "The Governor's Lady," through her spokesman she said that she had brought to Mr. Belasco "only an idea," and that the play which had moved so genuinely and entertained so thoroughly was really his.

Be that as it may, the idea is a very human one and the treatment shows that the master hand of American stagecraft had been working overtime. Daniel Slade prospers, grows ambitious politically and socially, and so outdistances the homely companion of his earlier struggles, who finds no pleasure nor satisfaction in her new surroundings of luxury and wealth. He wants a divorce, that he may marry Katherine Strickland, young and a social factor. Horrified at the thought that their long friendship is to be dissolved, Mrs. Slade refuses the suggestion, but resolves to make herself the helpmate her husband so needs. But he replies that it is too late, and in the scenes between them growing out of this situation there is a world of emotional depth. Mrs. Slade, however, agrees to a separation, and then follows an interview in which the wife and her would-be successor meet. Touched by the older woman's beautiful devotion, Miss Strickland resolves to sacrifice herself and so tells the wife, who then learns for the first time that it was on account of a woman that Slade wanted a divorce. Now comes her chance for revenge. Since youth and beauty have thrown him over it is her turn now to secure a divorce, but in an epilogue which occurs in a Childs' restaurant—a wonderfully graphic reproduction of the real thing—they are brought together again.

It is, of course, the human equation, the big and moving struggle between the coldly stern man of successful affairs and his shrinking wife that make the scenes, and they are, indeed, incidents of a marvelously touching kind, handled with virile force and dogged determination by Emmett Corrigan and by Emma Dunn, whose impersonation of the wife is beautiful in its sweet simplicity. The political characters which project the underplot are skilfully drawn. The rôles of Wesley Merritt, the editor, and his scheming wife are portrayed with great humorous truth and fidelity by Robert McWade, Jr., and Teresa Maxwell-Conover, while Gladys Hanson shows grace and feeling as Miss Strickland and her devoted admirer, a young lawyer is acted with manly fervor by Milton Sills. It is a long cast which is employed in this wonderfully interesting and perfectly staged play and acquits itself with that thorough finish and skill always to be found in a Belasco production. The four scenes are perfect in their suggestive appropriateness.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "READY MONEY." A comedy in three acts by James Montgomery. Produced on August 19 with this cast:

Stephen Baird.....William Courtenay	Quinn.....Gordon Burby
William Stewart.....Norman Tharp	Flynn.....Smith Davies
Sidney Rosenbaum.....Leo Donnelly	Neil .....Guy Nichols
Sam Welch.....Henry Miller, Jr.	Paul .....Alfred A. Hesse
Sumner Holbrook....George L. Tucker	Reddy .....Clarence Rockefeller
James E. Morgan.....Scott Cooper	Grace Tyler.....Margaret Greene
Hon. James H. Tyler...James Bradbury	Ida Tyler.....Fay Wallace
Jackson Ives.....Joseph Kilgour	Mrs. James H. Tyler.....Ida Darling
Captain West.....Ben Johnson	Margaret Elliott.....Elizabeth Nelson

The extraordinary number of plays featuring rascals, during



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Clarence Woodhouse (Hubert Druce) Thomas Pelling (John Drew) Kalleia (Mary Boland)

Act IV. Thomas Pelling: "Explain some more. Tell her in Greek."

SCENE IN ALFRED SUTRO'S COMEDY, "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND," NOW AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



Warburton Gamble as Sam Sibley | Eugenie Vernie as Mrs. Rhead | Gillian Scaife as Rose Rhead | Edith Barwell as Nancy Sibley | Auriol Lee as Gertrude Rhead | Leslie Faber as John Rhead

CHARACTERS IN ARNOLD BENNETT'S AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S PLAY, "MILESTONES" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

the last season or two, does not mean that theatre-goers are becoming criminal in their tastes. The popularity of this type of attraction is merely because the particular offenders of the law are shown as not only human—having emotions and processes of thought like other people—but as exceptionally bright into the bargain. In "Ready Money" a counterfeiter is featured; and the audiences applaud to see him outwit the honest minions of the law. To be sure he isn't the worst counterfeiter in the world, for he confines his efforts to one thousand dollar certificates, and he succors a young man who is down and out by letting him pass the bogus currency on a fifty per cent. commission. He may have played a trick on his audience as well as his victims, for he mentions a head of Washington as being on a thousand dollar bill and there are probably not many who know enough about it to say nay.

Stephen Baird, a young fellow with plenty of friends, manners and good looks (to say nothing of a sweet fiancée), but no money, is half owner of the Skyrocket Gold Mine in Gallup, Arizona. He bought it for thirty thousand dollars. The mine has produced nothing as yet, because Steve has been vainly trying to sell stock, and his partner, Mike, awaiting money to buy adequate machinery, is unable to work it to any appreciable degree. It is New Year's Eve, and on January 2 Morgan is going to take the mine for his mortgage. Steve is staying at the apartment of his wealthy friend, Sam Welch. While there he meets Jackson Ives, occupation unknown, who offers to assist him. Ives finally pledges him to secrecy, introduces himself as a master counterfeiter, and invites Steve to take a wad of his bogus money, not to spend it, but just to show it and keep fifty per cent. Steve, facing ruin with a quarter in his pocket, finally accepts. One glimpse of the money, and Steve's friends, believing he must have struck gold, crowd to buy his stock. They will have none of his explanations. His heretofore antagonistic mother-in-law-to-be calls him her dear boy, and his fiancée promises to read the circulars concerning his mine. This literature he places in her bag, which appendage she duly leaves behind her at departure. Morgan, not knowning of the sudden rise of his young friend, gives him an indefinite loan of five hundred dollars. This money Steve sends to his partner, who promptly puts on a double shift to dig for gold. Ives appears. He is being trailed by detectives of the Secret Service. He knows that he cannot be touched if he has no evidence in his possession, so he places the counterfeit money, which Steve has, into an envelope addressed to Steve's office. But before Steve can mail it, it is found on him. He secretly substitutes that envelope for the one in the forgotten bag of his fiancée. The unsuspecting detective bids him give the envelope to Ives that Ives may be arrested. He does so. They spend the night in the Tombs and are discharged in the morning when nothing but the stock circulars are found. Steve's fiancée brings the other envelope to his office. The detectives appear, seize it and arrest Steve and Ives. Ives bids them examine the money. They do so, declare it genuine and depart baffled. Steve pays off his mortgage to Morgan. Word comes that Steve's partner has struck gold, and Ives, with an artist's pride, destroys his false certificates rather than have them doubted, promising in addition to lead a better life.

All this is the best kind of fun; the sheer cleverness and the un-

The Critic

Oh, creature with the heart of stone,
And frigid manner all thine own,
  Why plague us so?
To thee no playwright knows his art;
No actor comprehends his part;
  All—all is woe!
Rare clown indeed who e'er beguiles
Thy frozen features into smiles!

A scribe thou art whose careless pen,
Must earn a dollar now and then,
  To banish debt;
Sarcasm, wit—a deadly brew—
With ridicule and venom, too,
  Dost thou beget.
A critic? No! I still insist,
Thou art but petty humorist!

LESLIE CURTIS.

expected turns are highly diverting. Nothing but admiration may be expressed for William Courtenay's portrayal of Steve, or of Joseph Kilgour's delineation of the smooth and tactful Ives, alias Walker. Ben Johnson, pleasantly remembered for his work at the late New Theatre, made a shrewd and suave detective. Margaret Greene and Ida Darling were excellent as the fiancée and her mother. James Bradbury, Leo Donnelly, Henry Miller, Jr., Alfred A. Hesse and the entire company deserve commendation for work of the first order. The settings are adequate.



Copyright, Charles Frohman — Louise (Gail Kane) — Louise: "You mustn't hold me" — Duncan Coverly (Frederick Perry)

SCENE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' NEW PLAY, "THE MODEL," RECENTLY SEEN AT THE HARRIS THEATRE

LYRIC. "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL." Play in four acts by Charles Klein, founded on the novel of Rex Beach. Produced on Sept. 2 with this cast:

Kirk Anthony	Hale Hamilton	Head Waiter	Stuart Johnson
D. K. Anthony	DeWitt C. Jennings	Higgins	Sidney Blair
James Weeks	Robert Fischer	Betts	Edgar Nelson
Stephen Cortland	Orlando Daly	Ringold	Jos. R. Garry
Remon Alfarez	Macey Harlam	Edith Cortland	Katharine Kaelred
Cushing	R. B. Keggereis	Stella Weeks	Beatrice Noyes
Hogan	George Staley	Mrs. Jolson	Ethel Jennings
Allan	F. X. Conlon	La Naranjera	Carmen De Gonzales
Jefferson Locke	Franklyn Searight	Mrs. Runnels	Beatrice Craven
Padden	F. W. Strong	Mrs. Bedloe	Rachel Arliss

Every pack has a joker in it—even that belonging to Charles Klein. He has held a good many aces in a long playwriting experience; but sooner or later his joker was bound to turn up. Still, it may not be his joker, after all, for the program "presents Rex Beach's novel" and not Charles Klein's play. However, the distinction is well drawn because the piece is told along in a narrative fashion, inventing situations as required, and with little relation between beginning and end.

Kirk Anthony, college athlete and millionaire's son, thrown aboard ship in a drunken stupor in the name of a criminal anxious to mislead his pursuers, is disinherited by his father and compelled to work on the Panama Canal. He is aided by a Mrs. Cortland, who knows his condition, and with whom he is in love. Her husband, misconstruing her motives, presents Anthony with his wife in the presence of friends he has invited for the occasion. Soon after he is found dead. Anthony is jailed for his murder and about to be hanged. His father appears, bribes officials generally, rescues Kirk with the crew of his yacht disguised as United States marines, and approves of the widowed Mrs. Cortland sailing back to New York with him. In the first place, it is melodrama pure and simple; and in the second place, melodramatic heroes are made of better stuff than Kirk Anthony, who remains shiftless to the end of the chapter. The Ne'er-Do-Well never does, and little sympathy is to be bestowed upon him because he makes practically no effort to help himself. Kirk has no right to show love for a married woman, much less to the wife of his host, or she to encourage it. The husband was eminently right in suspecting his wife, and in place of being a villain he is more of a gentleman than the worthless rounder who supplants him. The interposition of the father is a clog to the wheels of justice, for there is nothing to prove that Kirk Anthony did not murder Cortland. He said he was going to, and one didn't see how Cortland really did die. One of the most truly dramatic scenes in the piece is Cortland's denunciation of Anthony and his wife.

As to the rest, there are occasionally bright moments loosely thrown together in a rambling design. For all the Panama Canal has to do with it, the action could have taken place in Lima, Ohio—where the beans come from. Katherine Kaelred has a very limited opportunity, but she does ample justice to the part of Mrs. Cortland. We would, however, like to examine the diacritical marks in her dictionary. Hale Hamilton is exceedingly convincing in the title rôle. The U. S. Consul became a bright spot as illuminated by Robert Fischer, and the saucy daughter found a pert interpreter in Beatrice Noyes. Macey Harlam, as Remon Alfrez, a local pooh-bah, acted a difficult part with spirit and significance.

(*Continued on page xi*)



Photos White

No. 1. Gladys Hanson, Milton Sills, Teresa Maxwell-Conover. Act 2. Fannie: "I always said to him, 'Rob, she'll come home to you in the end.'" No. 2. Robert McWade, Jr. and Teresa Maxwell-Conover. Act 2. Wesley Merritt (Mr. McWade, Jr.): "I've mortgaged my property up to the hilt for clothes, now." No. 3. Emmett Corrigan and Emma Dunn. Act 3. Daniel Slade (Mr. Corrigan): "Oh, hell, what's the use! Nothing but trouble and scandal." No. 4. Milton Sills, Emma Dunn, Gladys Hanson. Act 3. Mary becomes convinced that Katherine is the other woman. No. 5. Emma Dunn and Emmett Corrigan. Act. 4. Daniel Slade (Mr. Corrigan)—"I'll introduce you to them after we're married"

SCENES IN ALICE BRADLEY'S PLAY "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY" AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

Staging a Popular Restaurant

DAVID BELASCO has staged almost everything from a rainstorm to the rising of the sun, and all so realistically that the audience was taken back to nature unawares and absolutely forgot that they were in a theatre. He conquered, for stage purposes, all of the elements. Then he went after the unseen, and in his famous Japanese play, "The Darling of the Gods," he produced a remarkable scene showing the River of Life, with the souls of the dead passing through the ether to the Promised Land.

Not content with this scenic triumph he next proved—on the stage, at least—that the dead do return to this earth again. This time he brought a spirit back to life in its earthly form in a wonderful manner in his spiritualistic play, "The Return of Peter Grimm." But whereas he employed gauzes and lights to send away the dead in the one play, he relied wholly on the power of the spoken word to bring the spirit back to life. In "The Return of Peter Grimm" the lights were used only at the entrances of Peter simply to accentuate them and to get him on the stage. As soon as he had entered upon the scene the spotlights that were trained on the door through which the spirit entered were removed and the footlights and border lights, used to light the scene itself, were turned on. From then on just two things did the trick. For it was a trick, a mental one, such as the sleight-o'-hand performer distracts the attention of his onlookers from his hands with, by saying something that tricks their minds so that they fail to see the slip of the hand.



Photo White THE RESTAURANT SCENE IN "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY" AT THE REPUBLIC

A Belasco production is nothing if not realistic in every detail. All of the fixtures, the tables, chairs, coffee boilers, dishes used in the restaurant scene in the new play were obtained from Childs' Restaurant Equipment Company and were installed by employees of that firm exactly as if a new restaurant were being opened on the stage

In this play Mr. Belasco achieved the highest possible point, since he actually, through the lines of the drama itself, put the audience into a receptive state, and so much so that there was hardly a single person at any performance but that looked upon David Warfield as a spirit in the "dead" scenes of the play. But, too, had it not been for the remarkable quality of Mr. Warfield's voice that first attracted Mr. Belasco to this actor when he was a burlesque music hall performer, even with all of the master hand's strokes it would have been impossible to get the spirit of this play over the footlights.

Having done these things in the pursuit of stage realism, there was nothing else for Mr. Belasco to do but to come back to earth and select some ordinary, every-day scene for stage representation. After reading the manuscript of "The Governor's Lady," which called for a restaurant setting in the last act, instead of placing the scene in a Broadway lobster palace, as nine out of every ten managers would have done, especially as the time of the action was to be around midnight, Mr. Belasco got right down to every-day life, the thing that counts most of all on the stage, and chose one of Childs' restaurants as the scene, a thing that perhaps no other manager would have dared to do.

In the setting of the last act of this play he may in all truth be said to have surpassed himself. That scene, representing as it does the interior of a Childs' restaurant in New York City on a midnight in the depth of winter, must stand as the last word in stage realism. None other, save perhaps a Zola, could have held in his mind's eye its multitudinous detail, or have had the art to translate that detail into concrete terms. But then, alas for Zola! France has no Childs'. Childs' is essentially an American institution, and even more than American is it essentially of New York. There is no genre picture of New York life, or that of Philadelphia, or a half dozen other cities, to be painted without a Childs' restaurant occupying its proper place in the perspective; a Childs' with its geometrically arranged assortments of provender, its burnished coffee boilers, its neat, white-aproned "Ham-an" waiters, and, most significant and characteristic of all else, its motley gathering of hungry and hasty patrons—people recruited from literally every walk of life, for who so rich or so mighty has not some time or other invaded the democratic precincts of Childs'.

All this atmosphere Mr. Belasco has succeeded in transferring to the stage of the Republic Theatre in the last act of Miss Alice Bradley's social and domestic play. It is as if he had taken the audience out between the intermission, walked them around the corner of Seventh Avenue, and seated them to one side of the Childs' restaurant at that location and let the last act be played there.

But, having in mind the comfort of his patrons, Mr. Belasco let them remain in their cushioned seats and instead he brought the restaurant to them! This is a fact. He actually transported a real Childs' restaurant to the stage of the theatre, strange as this may seem.

Everyone by this time knows that a Belasco production is nothing if not realistic in every detail. Several years ago, when he introduced a rainstorm in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," he rigged up water pipes having holes such as are in a shower bath tubing over the stage and turned on real water, which fell to the stage and spattered and formed puddles. So when he planned a Childs' setting for the last act of "The Governor's Lady," instead of calling in his scenic artists and ordering them to paint a canvas scene, as most managers would have done, he wrote a letter to the Childs' Restaurant Company and told them what he wanted and negotiated for a complete restaurant equipment. He had installed on the stage of the Republic Theatre a Childs' restaurant, complete in every detail.

All of the fixtures—tables, chairs, hat and coat racks and stands, cash desk, cash register, cigar counter and food counters, coffee boilers, ovens, heaters, dishes, ice-box and the griddle-cake cooker in the window—were obtained from the Childs' Restaurant Equipment Company, and were installed by employees of the concern exactly as if a new restaurant was being opened! It is complete even to the signs: *"Watch Your Hat and Overcoat," "Not Responsible for Personal Property Unless Checked by the Manager,"* and the milk sign; also a framed picture of Childs' new restaurant, seating 1,000, at Tennessee Avenue and Boardwalk, Atlantic City. There is, also, the familiar white clock, keeping actual time, on the scene.

The counters and ice-box are of tile, exactly the same as one finds in the numerous eating-places of the same name, and the griddle-cake cooker is the real article, heated by electricity, as are the later improved models used in the newer and larger restaurants. By the griddle cooker, also, is the little nickel-plated dumb waiter to send "cakes"

(Continued on page x)



The priest offers prayer to the god Dionysus, the patron of the drama. This ceremony was condensed from the ancient Greek rites performed at the opening of their dramatic festivals, but is not usually given in American productions of Greek plays.

Students in a Greek Play

A GREEK play, whether given in Greek or in English, is still regarded in this country as something of a curiosity. But there have been, since the first one at Harvard in 1881, at least forty performances of which there is record. They have been produced in all sorts of conditions and under all possible theories of stage management, with costumes all the way from bed-sheets, as once at Bryn Mawr, to the most accurate archeological restorations studied out in Athens itself as at Harvard in 1906. Little Beloit College, in Wisconsin, has the record for number, having given six, more or less informally. One remarkable performance was given at Hull House, Chicago, by Greek boys of the slums declaiming the ancient lines with modern Greek pronunciation. But the most active "producing center" just now is Wabash College. in Crawfordsville, Ind., which last spring gave as its fifth annual production the "Elektra" of Sophocles.

Professor Hains, of the Wabash Greek department, and one of the present authorities on ancient Greek life, was the "angel" of the performances. The actors and the "chorus girls" were all men, as in the ancient Greek productions. The costumes and settings were accurately studied out from Greek vases and statues, but were all purchased and made in the little town of Crawfordsville. Greek costumes were extremely simple, the *chiton,* or undergarment, being merely a loose linen shirt clasped at the shoulders and gathered at the waist, and the outer garment nothing more than a rectangular piece of cloth about six feet by eight. Professor and Mrs. Hains bought quantities of unbleached muslin at 5 cents a yard, cut it, dyed it, stenciled the classic designs on the borders, and produced costumes which have stood every test of historic accuracy except for the details too minute to be seen across the "footlights."

The scenery, as may be seen in the accompanying photographs, was unusually elaborate in every little detail, enabling the promoters to create the true classic atmosphere, without which no Greek play can be adequately or satisfactorily presented.

And so with all the properties. The sacrificial lambs were hired from a neighboring farmer, and behaved very well, except when the priest inadvertently burned their tails.

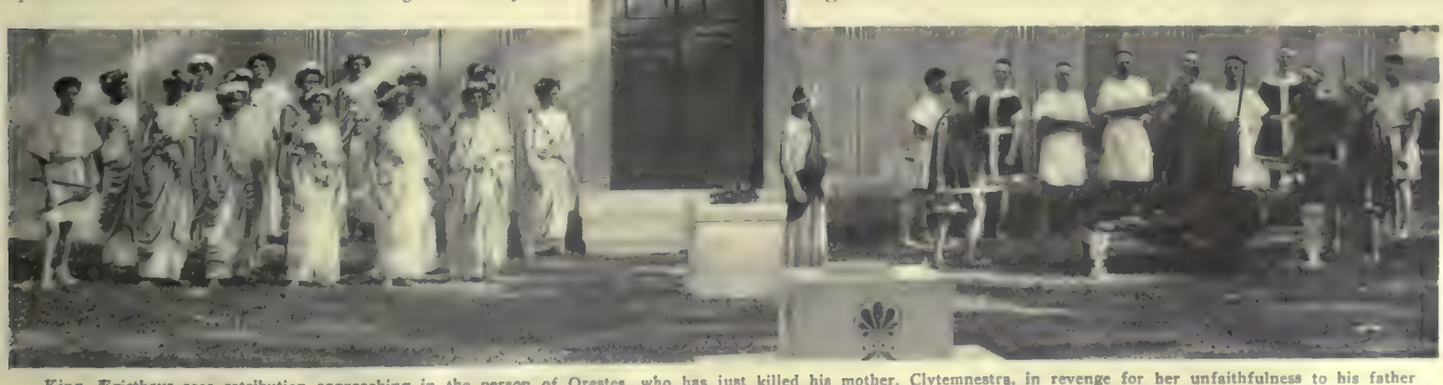
For part of the costumes of the Sythian "barbarians" (accurately copied from excavations in Asia Minor) Professor Hains used as a pattern his own pajamas.

But Professor Hains is no purist or mere archeologist. He wants to prove that the Greek plays are not dead but very much alive, and he holds it as one of the crowning moments of his life when, at the climax of his "Oedipus Rex," a great part of the audience was seen to be in tears.

He does not object to anything that will strengthen the effect. He even uses a spotlight to follow the "lead" about the stage in important scenes. Each author receives a particular sort of stage management.

"Euripides' stuff," Professor Hains says, "is mostly melodrama, but it certainly gets across." He is trying to prove, in his annual Wabash production, that Greek plays are good stage plays, and always, when adequately presented, "get across."

H. K. MODERWELL.



King Ægistheus sees retribution approaching in the person of Orestes, who has just killed his mother, Clytemnestra, in revenge for her unfaithfulness to his father

Schnitzler's "Anatol" a New Form of Play

WHEN Mr. Ames presents at the Little Theatre next month Arthur Schnitzler's "Anatol," he will introduce to American theatregoers a novel form of dramatic composition—a sequence of dialogues. Instead of sitting through three or four acts, during which we become intimately acquainted with a group of people, sometimes an entire community, watching the unfolding of that part of their lives interesting and climactic enough to serve as a plot, we shall have a glimpse at five episodes in the life of a very episodical young gentleman from Vienna. Each episode is complete in itself, like a perfect bead, but it is only when they are strung together that they become the finished piece of jewelry. The string that holds them is the unfolding of Anatol's personality. Each bead has a different color, given to it by the individuality of the *vis-à-vis* in the episode—always a woman, of course. Anatol is an arch-connoisseur of love. In his life there is never one great climax to be portrayed, but many little crises, each to be depicted in a separate sketch.



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
Author of "The Affairs of Anatol"

In a letter to a friend, Schnitzler explains his choice of this dramatic form. It is his forte. In conventional drama, he is never quite successful. "My dear friend," he writes, "as far as that grotesque realism is concerned, which considers it its duty to get along without stage-manager and prompter, that realism in which a fifth act frequently fails to be reached because a tile has fallen upon the hero's head in the second act—I am not interested. As for myself, I let the curtain go up when it begins to be amusing, and I let it go down at the moment which I consider fit."

"Anatol" is not a new play, nor is Schnitzler a new dramatist. The play is over twenty years old, and its author this summer celebrated his fiftieth birthday. A practicing physician of Vienna, Arthur Schnitzler has made literature his vocation, and in that capacity has attained first rank among Austrian and German writers. On the continent he has long been a favorite among playgoers, and in this country as well as in England he is rediscovered spasmodically. His work includes a long list of plays and novels, many of which have been translated into English. At the Irving Place Theatre in New York several of his one-act plays have, at different times, been given in the original, as well as two of his longer plays, "Liebelei" in 1897 and "Freiwild" in 1899. At the Berkeley Lyceum a few years ago Charlotte Wiehe appeared in a French version of "The Last Supper," one of the "Anatol" dialogues. To the English-speaking public of this country he is known through "Liebelei," which was produced under the title "Flirtation" by the Progressive Stage Society in New York in 1904, and as "The Reckoning" in 1907, when Katherine Grey played the part created in this country by Agnes Sorma, and through "The Green Kakadu," which was produced by Mrs. Fiske as a curtain-raiser to "Hannele" in 1910.

In reading the English version of "Anatol," by Granville Barker—even in reading the original German—one gets the impression that the author must be a Parisian, so sprightly and champagne-like is the dialogue. That is because Schnitzler is a Viennese, and because the Viennese are more like the Parisians than their neighbors, the Germans, in their handling of life, love and literature.

"Anatol" and "Liebelei" are generally regarded as Schnitzler's best works. The title of the latter, "Flirtation," indicates the theme, which might be summed up in the slogan: *"A bas la grande passion; vive l'amourette!"* The physician as playwright applies medical methods in distinguishing symptoms from causes and in diagnosing the cases of hypochondriacs of love. For his characters, emotion, and not the will, is the firmament of life. They do not try to master the situation in which they find themselves, but are content to let it master them. They weave fantasy and romance about somewhat ordinary love affairs, and prefer their own illusions to reality. Nowhere is this brought out more clearly than in the first "Anatol" episode, "Ask No Questions and You Will Hear No Stories."

Anatol, sceptical of the faithfulness of his present lady-love, decides to test her by questioning her sub-conscious self (which is supposed to be reliably truthful) when she is in a hypnotic state. Having put her into a trance—for that is one of his powers—he prepares to cross-examine her, but when it comes to *the* vital question he loses courage. How horrible to know the truth, if she does not really love him and him alone! He knows he is a coward, braces himself for a last effort, and speaks sternly, judiciously:

"Hilda—do you?"—— (*He fails, then makes a further effort.*)

"Hilda—are you?"—— (*He fails again and turns distractedly away. Then for the third time:*)

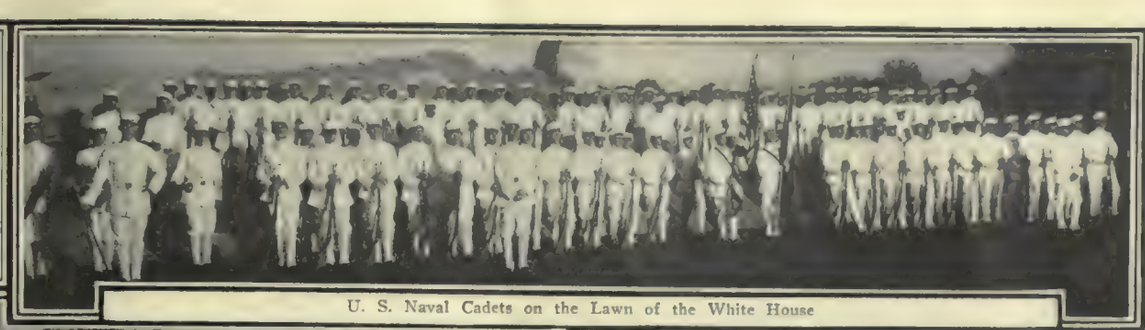
"Hilda—have you?"—— (*He begins to sweat with the emotion of it.*)

"Oh, Lord! Hilda—Hilda"—— (*He throws conscience to the winds and himself on his knees beside the pretty girl.*)

"Oh! wake up, my darling, and give me a kiss."

It is because of this—that no matter how many illusions are shattered, there is always a new one to replace the old—that the cynicism threading these episodes does not seem convincing. One feels that it is expressed more out of a desire to appear clever than through conviction. Though the episodes are essentially comedy, they are tainted with a melancholy of sadness here and there—the melancholy of the incompleteness of a life of little loves that is inevitable with the peripatetic amourist. Schnitzler traces for us in these episodes the psychology of intimacy, the contempt it may breed and the sometimes incomprehensible forgetfulness that may follow it. There is always separation, always a going-away. And so, even at the last, when Anatol leaves to go to his own wedding, one doesn't feel in the least sure that he isn't going to go away from there also; for, as he says himself elsewhere, "It's always somebody else one gets married to."

Anatol is a bachelor of leisure, whose vocation in life is the dangerous and fascinating one of falling in and out of love. A man of moods, he may be regarded as the product, in temperament and taste, of the over-civilization and the over-cultivation of the times. "What a lot one loses by being a man!" is his view "There are a dozen ways of being an interesting invalid, and a fellow can choose his own. But there is only one way of being in rude health—and that's such a dull one." He is not, in the true



U. S. Naval Cadets on the Lawn of the White House



A Berlin Summer Garden



Scotch lassies dancing the Highland Fling



Picturesque Dutch peasants crowding a market place in Holland



A Fishing Village in Brittany



Girls of Brittany at play

SCENES IN THE SUMPTUOUS NEW SPECTACLE AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME

sense, a modern Don Juan, because he does not grow and develop through his experiences, but merely passes from one *petit amour* to the next, like a bee sipping honey from a row of lovely flowers. He calls himself a Toy-Philosopher; dreams of being a hero, and knows himself to be a fool.

His feminine friends, though there are a few naïve and unsophisticated among them, are often smarter and quicker even than he. They are all attractive and alluring, of course, and different enough to display the conquering hero's versatility and catholicity of taste. There is Gabriel, the virtuous one, who, having family traditions and a real social status to uphold, resists temptations and settles down to a soul-killing domesticity; Mimi, the insolent, heartless flirt, who might be called a grafter *"au coquetterie,"* and Lona, the elemental woman, who gives vent to a natural temper in a very elemental, natural way. Hilda is just a plain girl (and she's prosaic enough to end up by marrying a milkman), and Bibi, a "useless bit of baggage," who is, unknowingly, the dealer of the heaviest blow to Anatol's pride.

If Anatol is the string that holds these episodes together, then Max, his confidant, is the clasp of the chain. According to his own statement, his principal task is to foster his friend's illusions. When he does try to prick Anatol's bubble, to make him see the plain facts in a given situation, his only success lies in receiving Anatol's pity for being a man who walks through the world with eyes open and imagination shut! "You swallow life whole, Max—I taste it." There is "an honest, unromantic" air about him that makes him a refreshing antidote to the over-sensitized, sentimental Anatol. Much as the hero pretends to scorn the philistine views of the prosaic Max, one knows that the latter is absolutely essential in the capacity of equilibrator to the daring young man who takes too frequent and too lofty flights into the realms of the little love-gods. He must also serve as the guardian of a precious and inimitable past (done up in a bundle and deposited in his rooms by Anatol, about to take a holiday); and in more instances than one he must play the part of the accomplice who gets the hero out of a tight place or the new broom that sweeps obstacles—such as dead loves—from his path. He is not merely a good-natured fool, but always a good friend who is willing to help and advise, and accepts as rewards for all his services the pleasure and the satisfaction of seeing Anatol's discomfiture when he has failed to take advantage of those services or that advice.



Photos White 1. Betty Scott. 2. Helen Cleggett. 3. Celeste Campbell
THREE PLAYERS NOW APPEARING IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912"

In "The Last Supper" we see how useful Max may be, and how Anatol sometimes "gets it in the neck"—to use a very vulgar phrase to comment upon a very polished young man. Anatol is perturbed in spirit; he has lost his interest in Mimi, finds that she bores him, and finds a substitute who bores him not. He believes, above all, in honesty in these matters of the heart, at least in this case he does, for did he not say to Mimi, at first, when they were very much in love, "Whichever first discovers that the thing is wearing thin, must tell the other one straight out." With him, now, it has not only worn thin, it is positively threadbare. But how tell her?

In a private room of a fashionable restaurant, where he is waiting for Mimi, who is to be his guest, Max is taken into consultation. A plan whereby the ally is to break the news in an exceedingly gentle and tactful manner is well under way, when the subject of the discussion enters. Over the oysters, which she eats with a relish, she justifies her interruption of these plans by making them unnecessary with the announcement that her "thing" has worn thin, too. Anatol, hurt and indignant, demands a thousand explanations, which Mimi vouchsafes with a joyousness of spirit that increases as the supply of champagne diminishes.

"It's him your considering, not me," declares the dismissed lover.

MIMI (*with friendly candor*): I don't think I ever really liked you, Anatol.

ANATOL: Thank you. I'm happy to say that leaves me cold.

MIMI: Don't be nasty.

ANATOL: Would you be sur-



White

No. 1. Edith Cortland (Katherine Kaelred), Kirk Anthony (Hale Hamilton). Act I. Kirk: "I wish you had a sister." No. 2. Act. 1. On Board the S. S. "Santa Marta." Edith: "We have sighted land, Mr. Anthony." No. 3. Act II. Hale Hamilton, Carmen De Gonzales and Francis X. Conlon. The Spanish girl tries to sell her oranges. No. 4. Act. 3. Stephen Cortland (Orlando Daly): "I am going to give you my wife. You've had her from the first; now she's yours"

SCENES IN "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

prised to hear that I hope to get on very well without you in the future.

MIMI: Really? (*Anatol throws his belated bomb.*)

ANATOL: I am in love, too. (*It is received by Mimi with the indifference of scepticism.*)

MIMI: Think of that.

ANATOL: And have been for some time. Ask Max. I was telling him when you came in. (*She smiles at this in a most irritating way.*)

MIMI: Yes, . . . I'm sure you were.

ANATOL (*piling it up*): She's younger and rather prettier than you.

MIMI: I'm sure she is.

ANATOL: And I'd throw six hundred and seventy of your sort into the sea for her. (*Mimi, not in the least impressed or distressed, laughs loud.*) You needn't laugh. Ask Max.

MIMI: If I were you I should have invented all that a little earlier.

ANATOL (*aghast*): But it's true. I haven't cared that much about you since . . . ! You've been boring me till I could only stay in the room with you by sitting and thinking of her.

But it all sounds so ineffective that Anatol, summoning his virile imagination to his aid hints at blacker and baser deceit than this even. Mimi, having retaliated by calling him a cad and a brute, a pretty scene threatens when the timely waiter brings in another course and causes the lady to change the conversation.

"Ices," cries Mimi, and does them the same justice as she has the other courses of a very palatable dinner—for is she not going to renounce all delicacies when she is "on with the new," a penurious but rising star in the profession? Anatol's æsthetic sense is shocked by this display of materialism. He cries:

"Can you eat ices at a moment like this?"

MAX (*starting on his, too*): Yes, of course she can. It's good-bye to them forever.

MIMI (*between the spoonfuls*): No more ices—no more claret—no more champagne. (*Then, as she gets up to go*) And, thank goodness—no more Anatol. (*But on her way to the door she notices on the sideboard the cigars. She helps herself to a handful. Then turns with the sweetest of smiles.*) Not for me. They're for him. (*She departs.*)

MAX: I said it'd go off all right. (*Anatol is speechless.*)

To the question whether these episodes are moral, one is tempted to equivocate by saying that they are artistic. Schnitzler's writing is always refined; there is nothing ugly or coarse or vulgar, nothing repellent here. One must be grateful to him for what he does not say. He has the gift of silence and says the unsayable without asteriks and without offending.

E. E. VOM BAUR.

Belasco's New Leading Woman

FROM the land of roses and magnolia trees, from that wonderful Georgian Atlanta which arose, phœnix-like, from the ashes and devastation of the Civil War, came five years ago Gladys Hanson, the interesting and talented young Southern actress, who is now appearing at the Republic as the principal woman character of Alice Bradley's play, "The Governor's Lady," Mr. Belasco's first production of the new theatrical year.

An exceptional stage presence hers! A beautiful head, with nobility of mind and soul reflected in the face, and lovely hair, arranged simply and naturally set exquisitely upon the noble column of her neck, which rises above her matchless shoulders to create an imposing silhouette, and superb feminine lines, she is physically almost without a rival among women players. Beauty unallied to talent is like the camellia without fragrance. Miss Hanson has both. She not only exhales charm, she is the full-bloom, perfect rose. Grace is in her slightest movements, in her uprisings and down-sittings, in her gestures, her outbursts of feeling, her repressed passion, and, most of all, in her beautifully trained and well-modulated voice. She is an artist to her finger tips, and that the emotional fervor of the South exerts a considerable influence on her stage work is seen in her portrayal of her new character.



GLADYS HANSON AS THE QUEEN IN "HAMLET"

It was in "Dundreary," the season when E. H. Sothern revived his father's famous play, that the charm and temperamental power of Gladys Hanson were first recognized. In this revival, in which she played the part of Georgina, she received much praise from the critics for a spirited and finished performance. It was not her first experience on the New York stage, however, for it was in Daniel Frohman's production of Rex Beach's play, "The Spoilers," that she was given her initial opportunity. The run of the piece was interupted after a month, but Miss Hanson did not suffer, for Mr. Frohman quietly informed Mr. Sothern of her exceptional ability. The star immediately offered her an engagement, and then followed a busy, hard-working time in Shakespearian repertoire. During that period she played such parts as the Queen in "Hamlet," Katherine in "If I Were King," the sister in "The Fool Hath Said," Lucy in "Richard Lovelace," Julie in "Richelieu," and the Duchess in "Don Quixote."

After two years of this invaluable training and experience, she was engaged by Charles Frohman to support Kyrle Bellew in "The Builder of Bridges." The following year she was seen in "The Scandal" and later in "Raffles." Last year her season began in Mrs. Fiske's production of "The New Marriage." The play was not a success, but, undaunted and with a firm belief in her own powers, she assumed the title rôle in the Chicago Company of "The Woman," continuing in that part successfully throughout the winter until last spring, when she was given the part of Katherine Strickland in "The Governor's Lady."

These varied impersonations have proved her versatility, her faculty of so assimilating a part as to make it seem a phase of her own experience. From childhood she has been taught to know and like the best in plays, in music, in books, in art of any sort, in people—so that her cultivated powers of discrimination have helped along the progress upward. Her mother, an accomplished musician, cultivated her musical ear from infancy, and from this influence we are indebted for the melodious tones of her speaking voice. Her parents tried to dissuade her from choosing the stage as a career, but her thoughts and desires constantly urged her thither.

One of her critics has described her as "a creature of destiny, a living witness to prove that over the mountains lie the Hills o' Dreams, which are only to be reached by physical, intellectual and spiritual effort."

Herein lies the secret of Gladys Hanson's success. All of these attributes are hers. She has beauty, mentality and talent. Under Mr. Belasco's guidance there are no heights in the drama to which she may not reach.

ELEANOR RAEBURN.



Sarony

BILLIE BURKE

This popular young actress is now appearing in "The Mind The Paint Girl" at the Lyceum Theatre



MARY FULLER
A popular Edison player



MARC McDERMOTT
A popular Edison leading man



ALICE JOYCE
A favorite Kalem player



MAURICE COSTELLO
A well-known Vitagraph player

Players of the Film Drama

WHILE the moving picture owes its popularity chiefly to the wonderful mechanism that makes it possible, the players who create the characters seen on the screen should not be overlooked. They contribute no inconsiderable share to the astonishing success which has attended the growth of this remarkable theatrical industry. Although it is silent drama, as revealed to the public, the personality of the player is as important a factor as in a regular stage production. The actor or actress having a so-called "magnetic personality" loses none, or very little, of this subtle quality when seen in film plays. In fact, the same attributes possessed by celebrities of the stage, such as good looks and attractive personality, are found to characterize the players who have been successful in their portrayals before the moving picture camera. The truth of this is recognized by the manufacturers themselves. Progressive picture producers and theatre managers now feature the players in their advertising matter almost as prominently as the picture itself.

Some of the leading players of the film drama have become very popular throughout the country. At first the identity of the actors was not known. Nobody cared. But after seeing the same faces in pictures time after time, patrons of the "movies" began to pick out their favorites and learn their names. They now watch for announcements of photo-plays in which their particular favorite appears, and endeavor to see all of that player's characterizations. There are matinée idols of the "movies" as well as of the legitimate stage. While admirers of a star of the real theatre may have an opportunity to see their favorite once a season and in one part, the popular motion picture players may be seen every week in different rôles, and during the course of a year they play many parts.

Of more than ordinary interest is the manner in which these actors and actresses, who devote all their time to this new branch of the profession, perform their duties. Their work differs essentially from the methods in vogue on the regular stage. Owing to the swiftness with which new pictures must be produced, the players are not afforded the same opportunity to study their parts as in stage work. There are no lines to commit to memory, as all motion picture plays are written in the form of scenarios, which give the story briefly, the scenes, and important stage business.

Only the leading members of a company prepare for their rôles in advance. They obtain the scenario from the stage director, read it over to form a conception of the part, and to decide upon their costumes. The minor members know nothing of the story or the parts they are to play until the picture is called for rehearsal. Then they are simply told by the director to "make up" for a policeman, a butler, a maid, a merchant, an Indian, or whatever the case may be. By the time everybody is made up and dressed, the scene is set and properties there to work with. The director explains the story, and tells the players how he wants it to proceed, for this aids them in giving a realistic portrayal.

A scene is rehearsed several times, and when it is satisfactory to the director, he calls out, "All right, this is the picture!"—which in film parlance means "camera man get busy" and "actors do your best." The players then go through the scene as rehearsed, and it is photographed by the motion picture camera.

Although interior scenes are taken in the studio with "set" scenery specially painted for each play, the exterior scenes, with but few exceptions, are rehearsed and photographed outside the studio—in the street, in the park, on the water, or wherever the locale of the story demands. Moving picture actors, made up for their parts, may often be seen on Broadway or other prominent thoroughfares playing a scene for some photo-play.

The players seem to derive a great deal of enjoyment from their work. There is a sort of intermingling of toil and pleasure in posing for pictures, as it affords opportunities for outings in the country, automobile rides, visits to the beach, and other

(*Continued on page ix*)



MIRIAM NESBITT
Well-known leading woman with the Edison Company



JOHN BUNNY
A popular player with the Vitagraph Company

Scenes in "Ready Money" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre



White Leo Donnelly, Elizabeth Nelson, Ida Darling, Fay Wallace, Norman Tharp, James Bradbury, Margaret Greene, Henry Miller, Jr.
Act I. "Where is Stephen?"



White William Courtenay Joseph Kilgour Scott Cooper
Act III. Stephen Baird (William Courtenay): "Here is your check, Mr. Morgan"



Gilbert & Bacon

Sarony

THREE CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS OF LOTTA CRABTREE, THE MOST FAMOUS COMEDIENNE OF HER TIME

America's Richest Actress

ONE night last spring a certain auburn-haired actress of great renown and popularity was playing an entertaining little comedy at the Hollis Streeet Theatre in Boston. After the play was over a petite, lovable old lady, who had been sitting in a stage box watching the performance, made her way with an escort back of the scenes and met the fair young star with the reddish tresses. Then for the first time bystanders, members of the company, and even the stage hands—who knew the identity of the elderly lady—noticed that the young star was almost exactly the size of the visitor, and that, curiously enough, the hair of each was almost the same color. Excepting occasional streaks of grey the hair of the elderly visitor was almost as attractive a red as that of the star who was receiving the homage of a dozen admirers.

"Miss Burke," remarked Victor E. De Kiraly, the affable business manager of the fair Billie, "let me present to you Miss Crabtree."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Crabtree," replied Miss William Burke, extending her hand cordially.

"And I am pleased to meet you, too, my dear," responded the charming and gracious lady. "For several years my friends have told me that in you they have seen me reincarnated as I was in my younger days."

The large round eyes of Billie Burke grew even rounder and larger. "Really?" she smiled. "Then you were on the stage, too?"

Miss Crabtree sighed, and there was almost a note of regret in the wistful way she spoke.

"My dear child," she said kindly, "I retired from the stage before you were born. The public has little use for us after we have passed the meridian of life. That is why I am delighted to see you so successful when you are young, beautiful, fascinating, magnetic. Make the most of your wonderful youth, my dear. Guard it carefully. Take no liberties that will tarnish that splendid beauty which now so becomes you. Ah, yes, you are indeed very like what I was when I was your age, my dear Miss Burke, and now see—it has been so many years since I was a star that even to the elder generation I am only a name. Yet it seems only yesterday that I was playing in crowded theatres to capacity audiences and receiving the applause of the multitude. Not that I regret that it is all past. No, no! I have lived my life, I have been successful and I have retired. The stage demands new faces, new ideas, new stars; and I am glad since they have taken you to their hearts that after all, in a way, you are something like what I was like when I was your age. It is an indirect compliment to me, my dear. And now, my dear Miss Burke, that I have seen you, talked with you, and learned to love you also, I must say adieu. It is very late for an old woman like me to be around. My car is waiting, so I must go. Come and lunch with me to-morrow—I love to look at your auburn hair, for mine, too, was red when I was young. Good-bye."



Photo Chas. S. Howard

LOTTA AS SHE LOOKS TO-DAY

And, aided by her escort, the little elderly lady bowed gracefully with the air of a grand dame making her exit after a big scene, walked to the stage door and disappeared into the handsome limousine car which was waiting outside.

"What a dear old lady," cried Miss Burke, in an amused kind of way, after the visitor had gone. "Who was she?"

"That," replied Mr. De Kiraly seriously, "was Lotta. In the days of her greatest renown she was the most famous comedienne

of her time. Also, she was the most popular. She is to-day the richest actress in America."

And for the benefit of others besides Miss William Burke it may be added that Lotta—otherwise Miss Charlotte Crabtree—is to-day the possessor of a fortune estimated by her closest associates at not less than $4,000,000. Most of this great fortune is invested in Boston real estate, where she owns outright the Park Theatre, valued at over $600,000 and two hotels in the heart of the business district, the two together conservatively estimated at being worth $1,500,000. She owns a dozen other splendid pieces of real estate, a large farm in the suburbs, and countless stocks and bonds in various railroad and industrial enterprises.

Furthermore, every dollar of this enormous fortune was made on the stage, although a few lucky investments added to the bulk of Lotta's fortune after she had retired. In fact, she made far more than $4,000,000 during her stage career, and except for a few bad business speculations, in which large sums of money are said to have been lost, she would be worth nearer ten millions to-day than the paltry four millions at her disposal.



LOTTA WITH ONE OF HER STABLE PETS
The actress's affection for animals is well known, and she is particularly fond of horses

Lotta—as she was briefly and affectionately known during her entire stage career—is the daughter of a Scotchman, James Crabtree, who emigrated to California during the early days of the gold rush. He took with him his wife, his little daughter, then about six years old, and a son two years younger, William Crabtree. Lotta was then a little tot with bright red hair, who sang and danced to entertain the miners. As she grew older she found that the Californians liked the spectacle of a red-haired kid dancing, singing and playing the banjo, and she found it profitable to travel from one camp to another. Her mother was always with her on these travels, and soon Lotta—as she was billed—became a popular entertainer all along the California coast.

By the time Lotta was sixteen it is said that she was such a favorite in the dance halls and mining camps that whenever she sang and danced—and played the banjo as an accompaniment—the miners fairly rose to their feet and threw gold coins upon the stage to show their appreciation.

In these dance halls and saloons, with an improvised stage for the entertainers, and no price of admission, it was always customary for the generous patrons to throw small coins upon the stage as pay for the performers, but until the advent of Lotta it is not recorded that anyone ever received a deluge of $5 gold pieces.

Lotta herself, in telling of her early days in California, has often told her associates that when her mother came out to pick up all the coins in a small basket after her act there would often be as much as $400 and $500 in one collection.

During the time from 1855 until 1865 Lotta sang and danced her way up and down the Pacific Coast. Then her shrewd mother, who by this time had become her manager and mentor—owing to the death of her father—conceived the idea that Lotta could make a great deal of money if some one would provide her with a play to be given in a regular theatre at full admission prices. Between mother and daughter, and with the assistance of the brother, they evolved a nondescript kind of entertainment which could scarcely be called either a play or a comedy, in which Lotta was shown as a waif of the mining camps, in a little ragged dress, the guardian angel of a good-hearted but poor miner, who was so discouraged that he had taken to drink. Then, of course, the little ray of sunshine came in to cheer him up and make him persevere, until at last he struck the gold quartz which made him a millionaire.

The whole idea was to give Lotta a chance to fill out a full evening's entertainment, with the assistance of several actors, and Lotta put in most of the time doing her specialties. But even in these early ventures Lotta struck a sympathetic and pathetic note which showed that even though a comedienne she could draw tears as well as smiles.

An invasion of the East came naturally enough, and her success was absolute and unqualified. Under the wise management of her mother, Lotta appeared in dozens of plays, all of the same general Western character, except "Little Nell and the Marchioness," which was her most ambitious dramatic achievement. In all of the Western comedy dramas Lotta was the neglected waif of either the mining



Lotta having fun with her favorite dog



A corner of Lotta's summer home at Squantum, Mass.

camp or the street, or the poor sister in a Cinderella drama who, in spite of hardships and adversity, was still bright, cheerful, happy and gay, with a philosophy of cheerfulness. And at intervals the plot always stopped abruptly to give her a chance to sing, dance, or play the banjo. The best known of Lotta's plays were "Zip," "Musette," "The Little Detective," and "Mam'selle Nitouche." The last named was from the French, and Lotta scored her greatest success in this.

The plays in which Lotta appeared would seem archaic enough in these days of the theatre, no doubt, but in the twenty years between 1865 and 1885, the American public revelled in the offerings of Lotta. Wherever she appeared, the theatres were packed. In San Francisco, the town which had first witnessed her triumphs, the City Council passed a resolution accepting an offer of Lotta to present to the city a fountain to be placed on Market Street, in the heart of the town, and this fountain — still known as Lotta's Fountain—is one of the sights of the city which endured earthquake and fire.

In the office of John B. Schoeffel, the veteran manager of the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and who incidentally was the manager of Lotta for several seasons, is an interesting book of the receipts of the Park Theatre for the season 1882-83. In this book, turning casually the dusty pages a few weeks ago, I noticed that Edwin Booth played at the Park Theatre for four weeks to receipts of about $7,500 weekly; Lawrence Barrett played his classic repertoire to only about $4,000 weekly, and then Lotta inaugurated a four weeks' engagement in her popular repertoire. Instantly the receipts jumped up to $9,500 the first week; $9,700 the second week, and the last two weeks were played to approximately $10,000 a week.

An interesting and rather unusual feature of this entry of thirty years ago in Mr. Schoeffel's book is the fact that every night the book showed such items as "Paid to Mrs. Crabtree, $831.67," or some other unusual amount. This is explained by the fact that Mrs. Crabtree was a unique business genius, who personally managed her daughter's affairs, and trusted no one. It is the custom of most theatres playing stars and companies on sharing terms—that is, dividing the gross receipts according to a certain percentage—to make the settlements at the end of the week. This is because the average company manager does not want to collect money every night and carry around several thousand dollars in his pockets. Mrs. Crabtree, however, would never trust any theatre over night. She often said that if the theatre burned down during the night she would have her money, and therefore she preferred to collect at every performance.



Copyright Moffett, Chicago

GRACE GEORGE

To appear this season in "Turandot," a Chinese play by Volmoeller, which Prof. Max Reinhardt produced in Berlin with great success

But the dear old lady also didn't like to carry money around, and so she usually asked for a check. And thereby hangs a funny story as told by Mr. Schoeffel.

"I think it was that very season of 1882-83," said Mr. Schoeffel, "while Lotta was playing the Park Theatre to such enormous receipts. I owned the Park Theatre then in association with my partner, the late Henry E. Abbey. Mr. Abbey was operating in New York, putting on several big productions. He scarcely ever knew the value of money, or how hard it is to accumulate it. All he knew was how to spend it in case he wanted to obtain a certain result. This led him to wire me one day: 'Must have $25,000 to-morrow by two o'clock.'

"This was no small order, for I happened to know that my bank balance was very light, and I wondered how I would raise the money. I finally went to my friend, the president of a certain bank where I carried my account, and told him I must have $25,000 that very day.

"He excused himself, went in to see the cashier, came back in a few minutes, and said: 'Of course you shall have it. Just write out your check.'

"I explained that my bank balance was not big enough for me to write any such check, and that I was at least $20,000 short.

"'Nonsense,' he replied. 'The cashier says your account is now over $26,000. Simply write out your check and we will cash it for that amount.'

"I hurried back to the theatre, went over my check book carefully, and then compared it with the bank statement. Would you believe it, not one of the checks I had given Mrs. Crabtree during the past month had been cashed, and the good lady who was so afraid of the theatre burning down, had checks of mine for over $20,000, which she carried around in her handbag. She showed them all to me that night at the theatre. That was an example of her careless business methods. I made her cash the checks, and then the bank kindly took my note for ten days for the amount Mr. Abbey needed."

At the height of her success as a star, in 1888, and without any farewell tour, Lotta suddenly retired from the stage. What reason actuated her, no one knows.

(*Continued on page viii*)



Photo Larcher, Paris

THE HARI-KARI SCENE IN PAUL ANTHELME'S DRAMA, "JAPANESE HONOR," TO BE PRESENTED HERE BY CHARLES FROHMAN

French Successes Shortly To Be Seen Here

ARRANGED for production in New York during the coming season are two plays that were received favorably in the theatres of Paris, which receive a subsidy from the State—these are "Primerose," now in the repertory of the Théâtre Français, and "L'Honneur Japonais," which was seen at the close of the last season at the Odéon. Of this tale of old Japan and "Primerose," which is a scene of modern Parisian society of to-day, there is nothing in common, it is needless to say, except that for both pieces translation and not adaptation would suffice.

Paul Anthelme, author of "Japanese Honor," a drama in five acts and six scenes, is an old man; there are indications that his play is not of recent composition, but had been awaiting that timeliness which is happy for author, play and theatre alike. "Japanese Honor" is old-fashioned, agreeably so, and bears no family likeness to recent Oriental plays, as, for instance, "The Typhoon." Its success might inspire publishers to bring out a new edition of Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," a book long crowded to the wall by the interpretations of Pierre Loti, Percival Lowell and Lafcadio Hearn. Possibly, however, the popularity of "Japanese Honor" is due more to its sound construction on good, if antiquated lines, than to its theme.

Readers will make a mistake if they believe that because these two plays come from the two subsidized Parisian theatres they are equally endorsed by the French, and their appeal was made to exactly similar audiences. For Frenchmen the cachet of the Français cannot be duplicated. No other theatre in Paris has a history like that the large, dim salle and dingy dome of the Comédie can boast. The "traditions" of this theatre are not mere catchwords, but a most beneficent reality essential to the customary comfort of Parisian life. The Odéon is not in any degree a rival of the Théâtre Français, though it is a smaller copy of that establishment. Its function is to operate as a *pépinière* or nursery for its elder—to try young talents, shape them, make them flexible, and then hand them over to the upper house. The arrival of an author at the Français is an incontestibly greater event. It was assuredly the triumph in the career of Messrs. G. A. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, who have been writing for a dozen years for the smaller theatres, to have their "Primerose" given there. The piece was a success, as it amply deserved to be, but there are many Parisians who could not forgive M. Claretie for bringing out "Primerose" on the first French stage It is a pretty little story, and as modest as Zola's "Le Reve," but while everyone admires, indeed, the restraint exhibited by the authors of it (who wrote also "Le Bois Sacré," a piece spoiled for us last year under the absurd title of "Decorating Clementine"), everyone must marvel, also, at its lack of theatrical "situation." "Primerose," with de Féraudy as Cardinal de Merance. Mlle. Leconte in the name rôle, and Grand as Pierre de Lancrey, was played as well as possible, and upholstered even better. The first scene, a hall in an ancient château at Angers, for splendor and perfection of detail gave even the Parisians something to rave about; but the piece was said—in whispers—to be, according to the vulgar phrase, "too thin" for the Théâtre Français. Upholstery has never played such a part at this State theatre as during the reign, now a long one, of the present director. He proved very early that he was a radical, and he has introduced a hundred novelties. During his administration—a brilliant one—the Théâtre Français has made money. This it had rarely done before, and conservative Parisians, who think an institution so closely protected should be able to cultivate art for art's sake, complain that to make money is beneath the dignity of a rich State theatre.

The story of "Primerose" can be told in a few paragraphs. Maria Rose, whose "little" name "Primerose" lends the play its charming title, is a delightful young member of the aristocracy, whose sweetness of manner and nobility of character endear her to children and grown-ups alike. She has a rich count for father, a beautiful and kind stepmother, an adoring and match-making aunt, a cardinal for an uncle, and a pretty but whining young nephew. Surrounded by these persons and others who represent amusingly and sufficiently realistically modern French society this young woman has grown up until she has passed, by a year

or two the accepted marriageable age. This is a disappointment to most of the relatives, but a real grief to the matchmaking Mme. de Sermaize, whose joy appears a little excessive when "Primerose," in a deliciously written scene, confesses that her heart has been touched at last, and that she has written an avowal of love to Pierre de Lancry, a man of forty, rich and cosmopolitan. To this letter, which she caused to be given Pierre on the day of a religious fête, when her uncle the cardinal is performing the ancient ceremony of "blessing the dogs," Primerose is nervously awaiting an answer. Between receiving it and the time appointed for his reply, Pierre gets word of his utter loss of fortune. It would be dishonorable, of course, for him to expose the great heiress, and as delicately as possible Pierre rejects her. Business, he explains, calls him back to Texas, where his funds are invested. In passing it may be noted how intimately Pierre knows Texas, for he has penetrated so far into the darkness of that State as to become acquainted with a tribe of cannibals!

Primerose, not to be fribbled off with excuses, assures Pierre that she will wait for him; he will not permit this—at length she is forced to believe that he does not love her. What is left? The convent. Uncle Cardinal permits himself to be used to expedite her retirement from the world.

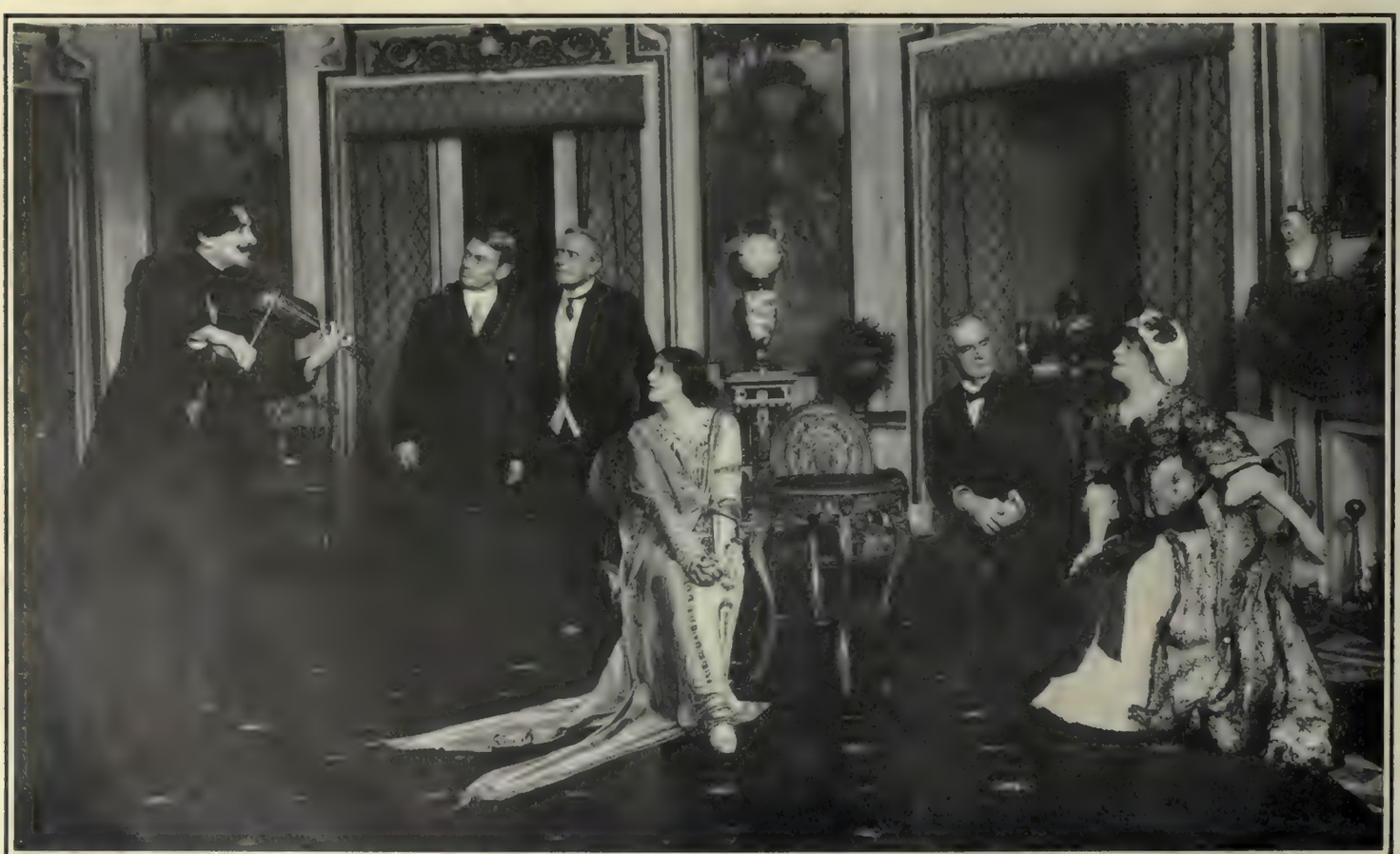
In the second act Primerose, having passed her novitiate, is sent out in her habit and accompanied by a nun to "make commissions." Her first is to her own family, and there she encounters Pierre returned from cannibalistic Texas with a new fortune, able to reveal his love without dishonor, and to clear away the doubts his abrupt refusal had caused. But it is too late. The lovers hold back their tears and Primerose returns to her cell.

The French Government, no less, obligingly provides material for a third act and a happy ending by sequestrating the property of religious orders and banishing such sisters as refuse to return to a secular life and habit. The mother superior of Primerose's convent takes refuge in Belgium, and writes to the young woman to join her, but once convinced—the Cardinal convinces her—that her spiritual marriage is dissolved, Primerose promises to make herself and Pierre happy. This is the little story, embellished, it is true, by the well-known sparkle of the collaborators, and made moving by the artful use of old devices. To make it go surely required the resources of the Comédie Française, of actors and decorations.

The opportunities of M. Anthelme's play fall to the men of the cast. This is as it should be in a theme so masculine as a story of the old Samurai, a caste which no longer exists in Japan. The time is one of transition, falling at the period of the final extinction of these noblemen, and perhaps at the beginning of the reign of the progressive emperor, who died last August. This dignitary appears impressively in the last scene of the final act of "L'Honneur Japonais," and the words which he speaks to bring down the curtain foretell the extirpation of all antique models, including that of honor. The play, as a dramatic composition, seems to go back to the date of the "Tour de Nesle" and similar pieces where common intrigue and simple breakage of a certain commandment were not sufficient theatrical food for Parisians, whose palates demanded monsters of virtue and vice with murders interpolated — a vast, delightful complication of crime. Yagoro, the hero played by Joubé, Prince Osaka by Des Jardins, and the other male characters have everything to do with the plot, and Mlle. Delmas, very much admired at the Odéon, was obliged to be contented with "Chrysanthème," a small, decorative bit.

All things considered, the tragedy of "Japanese Honor" is a decent tragedy; it may be almost said, provokingly decent. True, one of its acts, the third, passes in a teahouse, where the characters of the ladies are no better than they should be, but the spectator is too wide awake not to be sure that Yagoro is passing his time there not because he loves loose company, but that he may hoodwink his enemies into believing that he has fallen out of honor, and so be in a better position to perfect his conspiracy against them. We feel, throughout, that Yagoro is an amiable Japanese, driven by fate to commit crimes of which murder is but one, and for him we have all through the warmest sympathy.

The plot of the piece turns on an incident which Western minds would consider trivial, while Orientals esteem it of deep consequence. In order to compliment Prince Sendai, a fellow nobleman, Prince Osaka presents him with a fan signed by a famous painter, Yorinobon. The recipient of the gift is delighted, and turns over, in his mind and aloud, to members of his band of



White Pedro de Cordoba Forrest Robinson Malcolm Williams Florence Reed Benjamin Graham Eva Randolph

Act III. Bettina (Florence Reed): "Did I not tell you he had an inspiration?"

SCENE IN " THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE



White

Richard Dennison
(William Morris)

Mrs. Richard Dennison
(Olive Harper Thorne)

Act II. Mrs. Dennison searches for the lady whom she thinks her husband is hiding

SCENE IN "LITTLE MISS BROWN," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE

Samurai, ways of acknowledging the compliment, when the artist Yorinobon is introduced, looks at the fan, denies that he decorated it, and pronounces the signature a forgery. Sendai, outraged, begins at once to think of vengeance. He accuses Osaka of insulting him by means of a counterfeit. Osaka protests his innocence, Sendai's rage increases, and he insults Osaka by striking him across the face publicly. There is nothing left for Osaka but disembowelment—hari-kari,—and he suicides in this unpleasant but strictly Japanese fashion, leaving to his Samurai, of which band Yagoro is the chief, the task of avenging him; not an easy task, for Sendai is protected by his vast wealth, his numerous retainers, and, more than all, by the friendship of the Emperor. Moreover, it is, or was, customary for the Samurai who have lost their head, to renounce home and family ties, and to wander lawlessly about the country, a band of Roudins. This tradition is faithfully observed by Yagoro and his fellows, and the fable marches through many disagreeable incidents, which we are induced to pardon—nay, admiringly to witness—because they are agreeably mingled with some exquisite display of affection, to the denouement which can be nothing less than the violent murder of Prince Sendai.



From Comœdia Illustré

Mlle. Guintini leaving the Paris Conservatoire after winning the first prize for tragedy. The ordeal badly overtaxed her strength, for she is escorted to the cab in an almost fainting condition

Antique, it must be admitted, as is the machinery of "L'Honneur Japonais," the dialogue is not contemporary with the piece by Dumas, nor to the "Juif Errant," which may be called the father of this kind of play. It is, on the other hand, quite modern in a certain nervous aptness to the situation, as may be seen by the following translation of the concluding scene of Act IV:

(*Yagoro's beautiful daughter Miya has just been married to Kintzei, a Samurai of Osaka, when his chief returns to call him to aid in the assassination of Prince Sendai.*)

MIYA (*supplicating*): Even should the attack succeed, they would not let Prince Sendai's murderers live. You are lost to me.

YAGORO: Silence, my daughter! Kintzei, I have seen you grow up, I admire your character. To-night I come to announce the great honor that has befallen you, and to rejoice with your friends. We are glad to put you at our head, because you are a trained warrior, and our society has for its end the forming of courageous men.

KINTZEI: If I refuse, you will despise me?

YAGORO: Before we set out I wish you to know what kind of men you refuse to associate with, so that you may measure the depth of shame into which you fall. This man (designating one) is Kobayashi, he never was a Samurai. He never took the oath. Nothing obliges him to follow us, but he was a devoted servant of his master. The morning after Prince Osaka's death he humbly solicited the favor of joining us. I was obliged to tell him that in a warlike enterprise none could join who was not exercised in arms. He understood me; he has practiced and drilled assiduously, and at the first sign he has come hither to aid in our vengeance.

KOBAYASHI: I thank you again for admitting a poor slave like me in your noble work. I will cheerfully shoulder my share of the task.

YAGORO: Here is Ouakami, who leaves behind him with two children only their father's reputation. This is Yamato, who has quitted a newly wedded wife. And this man is not of those who bathed his hand in the blood of our master, yet he is with us. Tell him why, Ouakami.

OUAKAMI: He is Saito, Takeshimaya's son. He was not at the taking of the oath, but his father was. That father died before the great day of retribution. On his deathbed he gave his sword to this son and bade him receive the oath as a legacy.

SAITO: Happy am I to be able to prove my respect to the memory of my father.

YAGORO: Tell him how Otori was bound to us.

OUAKAMI: He tenderly loved his old mother, a woman like your own.

YAGORO (*to Kintzei*): You remember her—your mother?

OUAKAMI: That noble lady seeing that he hesitated, fearing to leave her alone in the world, killed herself after uttering to her son these words: "I would not see you unfaithful to your lord, out of tenderness for me. Execute your project."

OTORI: I have not only to avenge our prince, but my mother also. If anyone has pity on Prince Sendai, it will not be I.

YAGORO (*to Kintzei*): These are the men whose company you disdain. They are not exceptional; our country counts them by millions, ready to die for their duty. Consider well before you refuse to join us.

KINTZEI (*sadly*): Your conduct will be admirable; I would be one of you if I could. Every man knows what he can do. All the Samurai of Osaka are not here. There are others like me who do not feel obliged to follow you.

YAGORO: Since you desire the safety of cowards, adieu!

THE SAMURAI: Adieu, Kintzei.

OUAKAMI: Adieu, Kintzei. May the memory of this night prove not too heavy to bear. (*They go out.*)

MIYA: Let them go. Not a man will return from that doomed enterprise.

YAGORO'S WIFE: Well, is it not a Samurai's profession to know how to die?

KINTZEI (*deciding to join his father-in-law*): Miya, my well-beloved, adieu!

MIYA (*freeing herself from the arms of her mother and precipitating herself into those of Kintzei*): What do you mean?

KINTZEI: Do you believe that a man of my rank can endure an affront of this kind? I would have it here—in my heart—forever.

MIYA: You swore to me but an instant ago that you lived only for me. Why have you so quickly changed?

KINTZEI: I have looked shame in the face. Because I love you with all my soul, I am going where duty calls me. Heaven has made you too rare a creature ever to be the wife of a dishonored man! (*He rushes away, and Miya falls weeping in her mother's arms.*)

The taste of an exhibition of barbarism like "Japanese Honor" may be questioned by American audiences; but there are in this play qualities which should bring it success here. It has a kind of rude but robust moral, and it has also a sort of nobility of sentiment. One would have to be a genuine student of historical Japan before he could say that the story of this novel drama, as a picture of ancient manners and morals, is not garbled, but having accepted the view of a strange society, one would hesitate to pronounce it untrue to human nature.

WILLIS STEELL.

The Mimic Stage

Four acts! There you have a play,
A mimic world, true now as if 'twere yesterday,
Recording as the finger of the fates
Those few, strange, simple aggregates
That make up at the basis of all life
The story of our human strife.
Birth, marriage, death, the life to come,
These are the separate items in life's sum;
And these four pictured on the stage
Are all the play from prehistoric age.
Act one reveals temptation's puny birth;
Follows the wedding of corruption with true worth,
Whereon the second crisis in the play appears;
Then at the curtain's rise upon act three
We look upon the death of purity,
And tears are in our eyes. But, lo!
Act four breeds hope again. It is the afterglow.

ELIZABETH JELLIFFE MACINTIRE.

Royalty's Favorite Player

WHEREVER you happen to meet Sidney Valentine, you are liable to note that he wears a handsome pin in his tie. If you chance to meet him often, you will observe that he always wears the same pin. There is for this fidelity to a stickpin a commendable reason, which an examination of the pin will reveal. It is fashioned in the form of a crown, beneath which is built, of small diamonds like the crown, the letter "E." Upon the diamond "E" rests a figure seven wrought in rubies. "Edward VII, King of England," is the message signalled by the actor's favorite pin. It was a Yule gift from the late King, after one of three command performances given by him at the behest of his sovereign, two of which were at Sandringham, where the monarch retired to spend his birthday anniversaries, and where he entertained and did what he liked, sans all court formalities.

"Here I enjoy myself as does any country gentleman," said Edward VII of Sandringham.

After another of these command performances Mr. Valentine received a similar token of his monarch's good will, a pair of sleeve-links of similar design.

But quite as much as this the actor treasures the evidence of the admiration of that uncrowned monarch, the American theatre-going public. "At last," he wrote on the margin of an American newspaper which he sent to his devoted wife in London. For the newspaper contained a review of the opening of The Little Theatre, with "The Pigeon," and emphasized the versatility of Sidney Valentine, whom we saw playing the polished advocate in "The Butterfly on the Wheel," and later the sodden reprobate, a gin-soaked, drunken cabby.

For which discovery America makes claim to a greater critical perspicacity, since Mr. Valentine had been playing in London for twenty-three years, having left off coquetting with the provinces in 1889, and held the post of an established and admired actor in the world's metropolis for that time, yet in that long term of service no British analyst of an actor's quality had ever referred to his exceeding versatility. His name had been coupled with "thorough," "painstaking," "finished," "artistic," but he had to come to the States to acquire the deserved term, "versatile." When he played in "The Terrible Meek" a Roman captain, being a voice in the dark for fully fifty minutes, audiences recognized in him rare values of elocution, and critics wrote "very" and "remarkably" and "exceedingly" before "versatile."

Mr. Valentine's methods are an example of "infinite pains." He trusts no iota of a performance to the inspiration of the moment. Every inflection, every slightest gesture, every movement, is the result of searching study. His rendering of a rôle is as complete as a master workman's finished mosaic. He has been for thirty-one years on the stage, his début having occurred on Boxing Day, 1881, at Wellington Hall, Dover. Joining T. R. Nugent's Stock Company touring Wales, he ran the gamut from pantomime to Shakespeare. This wandering repertoire company frequently gave six pieces in one week, besides farces and burlesques. This hard but invaluable experience was followed by a similar one with Mr. Walter Searle in a stock season in Scotland.

Thus, according to Mr. Valentine's conviction, he "was started right." Circumstances compelled him to play every part that came his way. Any line the stage manager chose to fling him was his line. Thus was the foundation for versatility laid. In his opinion, all actors should be versatile. "He should be able to play any part," he says: "That is what actors are for."



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SIDNEY VALENTINE

He joined Mr. Collette's company, playing Richard Forester in "The Colonel" for two years. His début in London was made at The Prince of Wales Theatre, playing whatever the stage manager chose and varying from utility to leads in "My Awful Dad," "The Liar," "A Game of Speculation" and "Cut Off With a Shilling."

Yet a taste of this quality as an actor was sufficient to lead Edward Compton to assign him the rôles of Young Marlowe, Joseph Surface, Captain Dudley Smooth, and The Squire in "David Garrick." In 1886 he played Tony Lumpkins in "She Stoops to Conquer" with signal success. This engagement at the Strand Theatre aligned him with the London favorite players.

Serious illness menacing his career on the stage, even his life, followed and continued for two years. Recovering, he joined Sir Charles Wyndham's company, remaining at the Criterion for four years, during which he was never out of the cast. By the following year, when he achieved distinction in the rôle of Diggory in "She Stoops to Conquer," it became apparent that the more marked an individuality the happier was he in his rendering of it. He received emphatic testimony of this when he played Mr. Stoach, M.P., in "The Bauble Shop," with such force that the pit angrily jeered the person and utterances of the character he portrayed. Subsequently he went to the vaudeville. For a considerable time he was a member of the Lyceum Company. As a member of Sir Henry Irving's company he played Nathan Oldworthy in "Nance Oldfield," Jerome in "The Lyons Mail," and Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice."

ADA PATTERSON.



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In "A Marriage of Convenience"



In "A Privy Council"



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In "Frander's Widow"

An American Oberammergau



REV. WILLIAM N. GUTHRIE
Rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, who plans to create an organization in New York comparable with the Oberammergau players

IT has long been prophesied and at last the prediction is coming true—the American stage is redeeming itself. In this the stage is only following the lead of the drama itself, which of late has been striving and in a large measure has attained redemption. This is self-evident in the vast improvement noticeable both in the themes and technic of the plays produced during the last decade.

As in most things artistic, we are far behind Europe in matters pertaining to the dramatic art, but we are fast gaining ground and there is hope that America may yet lead the world in this art, as she is destined to do in other things that make for human progress. But the stage, at least, has much to learn as yet from the older centres of art and there are at least two European theatrical movements which as yet have found no counterparts in America. These are Oberammergau and Bayreuth. An earnest attempt, however, is now being made to establish an enterprise in America which shall embody many of the features of the Passion Playhouse, and which may in time include all that is best in Wagner's consecrated festival theatre.

As is proper, this enterprise emanates chiefly from the church, for the stage is the legitimate offspring of the church, although it has long been treated by its mother as a step-child rather than one of its own flesh and blood. But the church is beginning to realize its delinquency in this regard, and it is remarkable that the idea of this enterprise should have its conception in the oldest place of worship in New York—old St. Mark's in the Bowery. This is largely due to its energetic pastor, Dr. William Norman Guthrie, who took charge of it last year, and who, among many other innovations, is planning the building of a theatre to be operated in connection with the church. In this he has the co-operation of a number of professional players, who, entirely independent and in fact unknown to Dr. Guthrie, have been working towards a similar end, but were brought together at the psychological moment and are now bending their united efforts towards the redemption of the stage on a practical basis. The motive and, to some extent, the methods of this enterprise are here outlined:

It must be recalled that a beginning was made last year by a performance of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," given for the first time in English, and that repetitions of this play, as well as the production of several others are planned for the coming season. These will naturally be limited by the lack of a suitable auditorium and by the membership of the company, but it is expected that, by the beginning of another season, the company will muster a full quorum, sufficient for all practical purposes, and have a theatre of its own. The latter achievement is to some extent contingent upon the former and the much more difficult of attainment. It is comparatively easy to build a theatre. It is not so easy to organize a company of competent artists to play in it. It is in the hope of augmenting the nucleus of such a company which already exists that this article is written. Idealism still exists—nay, it persists. Men are still hitching their wagons to stars and are doing it more and more frequently. All sorts of conditions of vehicles are to be found in the procession. Surely the car of Thespis will not be lacking.

The stage is the compendium of all the arts, of many of the sciences and crafts, and has had in the past, as well as to some extent in the present, a powerful influence in the private and public affairs of men. All art is sacred in its origin, and especially so the dramatic, growing as it did out of the ancient mysteries, when consecrated men wrote and enacted the plays which conveyed to the populace in acceptable form the teachings they would not have appreciated otherwise. Like other sacred things, in process of time, it fell from its high estate and was degraded and sold into bondage to Mammon. But a renaissance occurred from time to time, and it is to be noted that every such rebirth had a sacred origin; as, for instance, the miracle and morality plays of the Middle Ages. Every such renaissance was more or less a redemption, and in our day there is again great need of an awakening. Again the stage has fallen from high estate, for, while it never had a greater technical perfection than at present, it has never been so utterly commercialized. This is especially true in Anglo-Saxon countries, and more especially in America, a fact only too well recognized and deplored. There is need of a diagnosis of the disease and the application of a remedy.

The plan is as follows: A number of artists are binding themselves together in a company, determined to make their influence felt, not only through the cleanliness and uprightness of their own lives, but also through their art. To this end they must of necessity have got beyond any incentive of gain, vanity or ambition. They must be willing to give their services freely and in return content themselves with that minimum which will suffice for their needs. For this last point there are two reasons, a spiritual and an economic one. Firstly, that in any endeavor which has a spiritual basis superfluity is a hindrance; and, secondly, that by the lessening of expenses it will be possible to bring the drama in its highest form within the reach of the multitudes who are now denied the benefit of its message on account of prohibitive cost. A high ideal, truly, and impossible of realization, it may be thought, and yet it is realized often in other spheres of activity. Thousands of men and women do thus consecrate themselves to the church, charity, missionary work, etc. Some artists do—musicians, painters, even poets. But alas! few histrionic artists, though they have greater need of it than any others, for the truly great actor must have a keen and deep knowledge of human nature, otherwise he cannot truly portray it. Knowledge of others can, however, be gained only by knowledge of self, and conquest of art can only come through conquest of self. This attainment is doubly difficult in his case, for the nature of his work requires that he should lay open the recesses of his inmost soul to the public gaze; something which no one can do without deterioration unless the act is performed as a sacred function, as a sacrifice to the glory of God and the service of men. This means high attainment, but not an impossible one, and when the desirability as well as the possibility of a realization of this ideal is recognized many fine souls who now devote themselves to other altruistic work will seek the stage, and then it will become, even more than in the distant past, a potent factor in the evolution of the race.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that this enterprise is to be self supporting, as indeed it must *(Continued on page vii)*



Photos White

SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN "THE MERRY COUNTESS," NOW RUNNING AT THE CASINO

No. 1. Jose Collins as Countess Rosalinda Cliquot. No. 2. Frank Farrington, A. W. Baskomb and Tom A. Shale in Act III. No. 3. Forest Huff, Maurice Farkoa, Claude Flemming, and Martin Brown in Act III. No. 4. Jose Collins as the Countess. No. 5. The Dolly Sisters and Martin Brown. No. 6. Mlle. Dazie, the popular dancer

Reminiscences of America's Oldest Actress

Mrs. Sol Smith is the oldest actress on the American stage. In her eighty-second year she has finished the extensive memoirs from which the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *embarrassed by the mass of rich material, has made the excerpts* that follow. Her book might appropriately be named "Fifty Years on the American Stage," for last May she celebrated that memorable night, half a century ago, when she made her début on the stage of the famous Boston Museum, of which her father, W. H. Sedley, had been director for twenty-five years. Her mother, Sarah Riddle, was one of the most popular actresses of that time. Mrs. Smith, while a musician and comedienne of high merit, achieved her greatest success as the portrayer of old women. She has been the Nurse of many Juliets. She played with Booth and Barrett, with Lester Wallack and Dion Boucicault, James A. Herne, Richard Mansfield, Rose Coghlan and Edith Wynne Mathison. Beginning her theatrical career as long ago as May 12, 1862, as Margery in "The Rough Diamond," with John E. Owens, she is rounding it into the present and future by a two-years' contract recently signed with Mr. David Belasco.*

ALTHOUGH reared in the atmosphere of the theatre, my tastes inclined me in the direction of domestic life, therefore the stage did not possess any alluring charm for me; but after endeavoring to provide for the necessities of my little family by teaching music I was forced to abandon my attempts to earn a livelihood by this means and accept the more lucrative promise of income which the stage presented to me.

I asked my father, W. H. Sedley, who for twenty-five years was stage director of the Boston Museum, to give me instruction, which he flatly refused to do, saying: "Select some small part—do not attempt to be too ambitious—something in which you can introduce your music. I will see your performance, and if I think you exhibit any ability, after that I will give you my aid. I want to see what you can do alone." Therefore, as Mrs. Sedley Brown, at the Boston Theatre, on the night of May 12, 1862, I made my first appearance on any stage as Margery in "The Rough Diamond," with John E. Owens as Cousin Joe, for the benefit of E. L. Davenport, a most interesting man and a fine nature, for whose abilities I had always entertained an earnest admiration. In addition to the claims of the beneficiary, the popularity of my parents and the social interest attached to my début in my native city combined to make the occasion an attractive one and resulted in the net sum of twelve hundred dollars being placed at the disposal of Mr. Davenport. The newspapers spoke flatteringly of my success and before long I made my second appearance in public at the Boston Museum on the occasion of my father's benefit as Marie in the drama "The Child of the Regiment," singing all the music of the opera, an unusual thing to do outside the Opera. At the ending of the first act, in bidding adieu to the soldiers, I broke down completely with emotion. After the curtain had fallen, my father said to me: "My child, you have one requisite for an artist—earnestness; but never again be so earnest as to forget to act."



MRS. SOL SMITH
As the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"

My third appearance was at the Boston Theatre, when I played Gertrude in "The Loan of a Lover" for the benefit of honest Tom Comer, the highly esteemed leader of the orchestra of that house. This proved an evening of coincidences, for, strange to say, it was not only the last benefit he ever had, but it was also the anniversary of the marriage of my father and mother, at which he had officiated as groomsman.

*Published by permission of Mrs. Sol Smith.

My ability for the stage having been sufficiently indicated by the success which had attended me in my first steps, and no engagement presenting itself at home, I came to New York, applied at the Winter Garden for the Summer season and secured an opening in August, 1862, to appear as Margery. This was the real beginning of my professional career. The necessity of establishing myself in the estimation of the public made the occasion of my metropolitan début one of serious importance. I had my own living to earn, my children to rear and educate. I went, very properly I think, to the editors of the various newspapers, stating my case and asking the favor of their attention and kindly consideration, which, I am pleased to say, they courteously extended, all bestowing a favorable verdict on my efforts. Laura Keene attended the performance on the occasion of my second appearance in New York and engaged me, affording me excellent opportunities in many delightful plays she was producing at the time. I was very happy in such parts as Sophia in "The Road to Ruin" and Gertrude in "The Little Treasure." My personality was adapted to vaudeville and burlesque; my hair, abundant and fair, had the touch of gold which distinguished one branch of my family. This attribute was the only means of obtaining for me the title rôle of a play in which I appeared, called "Blondette." Following this engagement, I became associated with Mrs. John Wood. Among other pieces, I supported Mrs. Wood in "Brother and Sister," "Fair One With Golden Locks," and "Actress By Daylight," at a salary of thirty-five dollars per week and a clear half benefit. My benefit was given me after Mrs. Wood's, which took place at the close of the season. I had one hundred dollars more in the house than Mrs. Wood, but this was on account of the weather—mine was a fine evening, Mrs. Wood's very stormy. My bill was "Actress By Daylight," in which I played a delightful soubrette part, and "Good for Nothing."

At the termination of that season I accepted a short engagement at the Boston Theatre, during which I played Lazavillo in "Don Cæsar," Maria in "The School for Scandal," Georgina in "Money" and Ely in "The Colleen Bawn." One night, in the scene where Danny Mann throws Ely into the water, the trap which was in readiness for Miles and Ely to ascend was left open. I was thrown the wrong way, and seeing the open trap I screamed so loudly that the attention of the carpenters below was attracted. Looking up, they saw my danger and calling a number



Bangs

BONNIE MAUDE
Recently seen on tour with Helen Ware

"A Daughter of the Gods,
Divinely Tall and Fair."
—TENNYSON

of their comrades they arranged themselves in such a way as to catch me as I fell, thereby saving my life.

This engagement was brought to a close by the death of Mr. W. R. Blake, who was taken ill while playing Sir Peter. I was the Maria. In the last scene, as he did not enter on his cue, I went off, and found him at the back of the stage in great pain. I insisted upon his returning to the stage, which he did; but he could not articulate a word. Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrows (Lady Teazle) did all that she could, but the curtain was dropped and the poor old gentleman was carried into the greenroom and laid upon the floor unconscious. He was not in a condition to be removed that night. The next morning I went to the hotel and did not leave him until a nurse came late in the afternoon. The following day I went to him and remained until he passed away. I gathered together all his valuables and sent them to the safe of the hotel, addressed to Mrs. Blake, who had not yet arrived.



Moffett

HEDWIG REICHER

This interesting young actress will be seen in the leading rôle of "June Madness," with which Mr. Winthrop Ames will inaugurate his new playhouse in this city

I returned to the Winter Garden, New York, then under the able management of William Stuart, acting Mrs. Swansdown in "Everybody's Friend," and Margery in "The Rough Diamond," John S. Clarke being the stellar attraction as Major DeBoots and Cowin Joe. This bill ran for sixteen weeks. During my connection with this house, our greatest American actor, Mr. Edwin Booth, made his long run in "Hamlet." During this memorable engagement Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, the leading lady, was very ill. I was taken out of the part of Osric and went on as Ophelia for a week.

I also assisted Mr. Henry Placide in "Cartouche," in which I was assigned the soubrette part. Mr. Robert Stopel, husband of Matilda Heron and father of Bijou Heron, was leader of the orchestra and composed a song, the words of which were written expressly for me by the lamented George Arnold. "The Heart of Midlothian" was performed for my benefit; I had the assistance in the cast of my father, who came on from Boston, making his last appearance in New York on this occasion.

During the season of 1866 I went to California in the interest of Dion Boucicault and E. H. House, to produce "Arrah Na Pogue" in San Francisco at the Metropolitan Theatre, then under the direction of Charles Wheatleigh. Mrs. Judah, the "old woman" of the company, was a great favorite in San Francisco, but there was no part for her in "Arrah Na Pogue." Therefore, in response to an appeal which Mr. Wheatleigh made to me, asking if something could not be done, I wrote in the part of an old beggar woman who had not one word to say, but a quantity of such effective business that Mrs. Judah made a big hit. Mrs. Annie Yeamans also appeared in that production and made a success in the barn-door jig.

Mr. Wheatleigh was obliged to return to New York on account of the death of his wife's father, so I undertook the management with great success. After "Arrah Na Pogue" I did "The Mountain Sylph," "The Bronze Horse," and a play called "Amadis," written for Mrs. John Wood by a gentleman of San Francisco. In this last I played a protean part—a fairy, a boy and a peasant. One night in changing from the boy to the fairy I made a mistake and changed to the peasant. My cue was given. Notwithstanding all the changes were made at the wing, I could not rectify the mistake quickly enough, so the curtain had to be dropped and the manager was obliged to make an apology for me. That was the first and only stage wait I ever made.

At the conclusion of the run in San Francisco, I made a tour of the mining districts with "Arrah Na Pogue." As an incident of this trip, I may relate that one night at Green Valley I was singing "The Wearing of the Green" and roused the audience to such enthusiasm that gold pieces were showered upon the stage, in which there were so many holes and cracks that the next day the stage hands picked up ten dollars beneath it and I reaped an unexpected harvest.

The trip proved a monetary success and I returned to San Francisco with a very comfortable balance to my account; but it did me little good. A person who abused my confidence gambled away thirteen thousand dollars, leaving me stranded in a distant region with hardly twenty-five cents in my pocket, one child at my side and others to be provided for in the East. A benefit was tendered to me which resulted in replenishing of my empty purse to the amount of eight hundred dollars. On this occasion I was presented with a beautiful bouquet, in which reposed a superb pin, earrings and sleeve-buttons of amethysts surrounded by small diamonds. I never knew who sent them.

During that visit to San Francisco there were two very severe earthquakes. At the time of the first shock I was sitting at breakfast at Mr. Wheatleigh's house, with Madame Anna Bishop and a Mr. Squires, who at that time assisted Madame at her concerts. All at once there was a fearful noise. Everything was thrown off of the table and we all rushed to the street. The sight was dreadful. Mr. Daniel Bandmann, who was living at a hotel near by, ran down the street in his night shirt, looking like a ghost. St. Mary's Cathedral, on the corner, was crowded and a number of persons were injured by all sorts of débris falling upon them. At the time of the second shock, I was sleeping in the Occidental Hotel. I was thrown from my bed, and my little girl, who was lying beside me, was nearly thrown from the win-

dow, all the panes of glass being demolished. It was a terrible experience.

On my return to New York, I appeared at Wallack's in "The Lancashire Lass." Mr. Wallack said to Miss Eytinge and me: "Settle on your colors between yourselves." Miss Eytinge said she would wear black and white; I was to wear green and white. We were discovered on the stage, Miss Eytinge with a black and white striped silk, I with a green and white precisely like it—and the furniture covered with blue and white of the same size stripe. Poor Mr. Wallack, sitting in the box, held up his hands in horror. After the act he came to me and said it was really the funniest picture he ever saw.

I was a very quick study. On one occasion I was called upon at four P. M. to go on that evening as Lydia Languish, a part quite unfamiliar to me. I believe I spoke every line that night, and without a rehearsal. Another time, Miss Gannon being ill, I was sent for at eleven in the morning to appear that night as Rosa Leigh in "Rosedale," with Mr. Wallack, at the Academy in Brooklyn. About five in the afternoon I received a telegram: "Your son, Sedley, was skating and fell through the ice. After some time he was taken out unconscious." I was horror-stricken, but I had no time to think, for just then Mr. Wallack came for me in his carriage and, in spite of my anxiety, I was obliged to go with him. As the curtain fell at the end of the act where Rosa is supposed to bind up Elliot Gray's arm, her back being to the audience the curtain hit my head—not very hard or I should not be here to mention it; but it stunned me and I remained unconscious twenty minutes. I was very weak during the remainder of the play and terribly worried about my boy, although a telegram had been received during the evening saying that all danger was over. But my anxiety during that evening may be imagined.



White

ROBERT HILLIARD
To be seen this season in "The Argyle Case"



Bangs

GEORGE MACFARLANE
To star in "Shan Magan," an Irish play by George H. Jessop

While under Mr. Wallack's management I was sent to make a tour of the country in a sensational drama called "Lost at Sea." During one of the performances a flashlight was sprung too near me, and though my life was saved through the presence of mind of Mr. L. R. Shewell, I lay for a month at Springfield, seriously injured. The flame caught my hair, which was hanging over my shoulders, and I was very severely burned. Dear Lizzie Maddern, mother of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, nursed me night and day. When I had sufficiently recovered to reappear, I was made the recipient of a benefit given at Wallack's Theatre. It was not until a year later that I was able to resume my professional labors. When I did return to the stage I joined the company of Miss Jane Coombs, appearing in various light comedy parts in such plays as "The Wife's Secret," "The School for Scandal" and "The Hunchback," which formed the features of her repertoire. On June 11, 1871, I was married to Mr. Sol Smith, one of Nature's noblemen.

Before my marriage, Mr. Smith exacted a promise that I would never act again, as he did not wish his wife to work, having plenty of means to take good care of myself and family. But the promise, lightly made, was not destined to be kept very long. While on our honeymoon, which we spent in London, we were dining one evening with the Chippendales at Camberwell. Among the distinguished guests was Mrs. Stirling, who was considered the greatest living Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." She was very fond of Mr. Smith, he having visited her many years before. She said; "Sol, dear, your wife will make a great Nurse one of



White

RUTH CHATTERTON
The popular young actress now appearing on the road with Henry Miller in "The Rainbow"

these days." "No, no," said my husband. "She has promised me that she will not go upon the stage again." Mrs. Stirling shook her head. "Ill luck often comes when you least expect it. One never can tell," she said. "Why do you think that she would be good as the Nurse?" asked my husband. "No one will ever compare with you." To this the dear old lady replied: "She has a big requisite that I do not possess—pathos; I can tell that by talking with her."

I asked Mrs. Stirling why so many clever actresses made the Nurse so old and decrepit and dressed her so peculiarly. She was Juliet's nurse, having lost her own baby. How could she have been so much older than Lady Capulet, who was only thirty-six at Juliet's birth? As Italian women mature so early it would have been impossible for the Nurse to be so old. As to her lameness, she was born lame. The loss of teeth meant nothing, as many lose their teeth at twenty. Mrs. Stirling replied: "My dear, I see you have marked these points and you are right. She was an Italian duenna, not an old Curtis in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' as she is usually dressed." Mrs. Stirling gave me her picture in the part, telling me the colors, and I copied it.

My visit to London was very enjoyable. The courtesy of the English theatre managers, during our stay was overwhelming in every way. One night we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, and afterwards went to the Lyceum, where we occupied Mr. Bateman's box. The play was "Fanchon," the title rôle being played by Miss Isabella Bateman. Henry Irving, then a young man, was attempting Laudry Barbeau. I really never have seen anything so bad. During one of the acts Mr. Bateman came to the box. Mr. Smith said: "For goodness sake, Papa (we all called Mr. Bateman papa), have you no person in your company that you could give that part to? Mr. Irving is atrocious." "Yes, yes," said Papa, "I know that; but, Sol, mark my words, that young man is going to make a big mark as a producer and an actor of certain parts before he is much older. I am now giving him his experience." Certainly Papa was right. Where shall we find a second Sir Henry Irving?

Miss Adelaide Neilson had been rehearsing "Romeo and Juliet." She objected to the lady who rehearsed the Nurse, and I was asked as a great favor to do it. It was the first old woman's part that I was called upon to play, and I objected on account of the short time given to prepare myself, for the request was made on a Monday and the play was to be performed the following Thursday. However, I did it. I had already committed the words to memory, as I had a good many other parts that I never expected to play—simply to improve and cultivate myself; so I consented and proceeded to have my costume made. It was not much to do, as it was very simple. When I went upon the stage dressed for the part Miss Neilson expressed surprise and delight at the correctness of my costume, which was a reproduction of the one worn by Mrs. Stirling and copied from the

(Continued on page vi)

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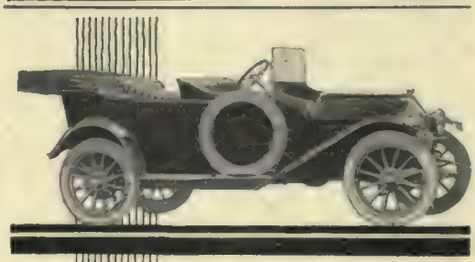
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America's Oldest Actress

(Continued from page 128)

that distinguished actress. I continued in the support of Adelaide Neilson during one of her tours of this country and can express nothing but admiration for her rendering of the character of Juliet. During our trip she told me much of her early life. Her mother was an actress. Before she was twelve years of age she had become acquainted with many plays, for she read her mother's playbooks, and it was her childish custom to act before an audience of dolls. She attended the Methodist church and once went out to service as a nursemaid. She was known at this time as Lizzie Ann Bland. Her first appearance was made at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1865, as Juliet. She was then called Adelaide Lessout, which was afterwards changed to Adelaide Neilson. She passed away suddenly in Paris, August 15th, 1880, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery. Her grave is marked by a white marble cross, on which is inscribed:

"GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL. RESTING!"

Many short engagements found me for brief periods under the direction of John T. Raymond, Dion Boucicault, Leonard Grover, and others of equal note. It would be impossible for me to forget the short but delightful experiences that in support of J. C. Williamson and John E. Owens brought me under the management of A. M. Palmer, alike distinguished for his good taste and business sagacity in dramatic affairs. After a long illness, which debarred me from all active participation in dramatic work during the winter of 1908, I rise again with strength renewed and energies repaired, eager and anxious to resume my duties in my chosen path of labor.

MARY SEDLEY SMITH.

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AN OPERATIC NOVELTY BY ALDA. In Italian. Loreley—*Ah, dunque ei M'amera*—Catalani. This opera by Alfredo Catalani (1854-1893) was to have been one of the Metropolitan's novelties for the 1911-12 season, but was not produced. The work was brought out in Turin in 1890, and in a revised form in 1900. London heard it first in 1907, with a cast including Selma Kurz, Journet, Bassi and Sammarco.

A MACDOWELL MELODY BY ZIMBALIST. Long Ago—MacDowell. This young Russian violinist cannot complain of any lack of warmth in the reception accorded his first American tour, as the audiences were most numerous and enthusiatic. The more one hears this young artist (he is only 22), the more complete is the impression of his seriousness of purpose—none of the posing, sensational straining for effects which have marred the work of many artists.

ANOTHER GLUCK-HOMER DUET. Stabat Mater—*Quis est homo*—Rossini. The poem of the Stabat Mater (Lamentation of the Virgin Mary), one of the finest examples of medieval Latin, is supposed to have been written by Jacobus de Benedictis in the thirteenth century. Besides the plain-chaunt melody used in the Roman church, there are many musical settings; but by far the best known is Rossini's great composition, first performed in Paris in 1842 with Grisi, Albertazzi, Mario and Tamburini. Rossini's work has been criticized as being too operatic in style for church music, but it is undoubtedly one of the grandest of church compositions. The duet *Quis est homo* is one of the most celebrated of the numbers, and its noble strains are effectively given by these two singers, whose duets have set a new standard in the recording of women's voices.

TWO INTERESTING GLUCK RECORDS. Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark—Bishop.

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An American Oberammergau

(Continued from page 122)

independence of expression; for, while the keynote will be ethical, many themes may come within these categories which may not suit the taste of the powers that be in church and state. Gifts will, of course, be welcome—provided they are given unconditionally—even from the unrighteous Mammon; there is deep wisdom in the teaching that we are to make ourselves his friends. No better use can be made of "tainted money" than to employ it in ways which shall make it difficult if not impossible to accumulate more of the same kind.

It is not likely, however, that much of this kind will be forthcoming, and fortunately it will not be needed; for the material needs of this enterprise are already in sight; in fact, are to all intents and purposes assured. If they could be procured in no other way, it would be possible to do so on a strictly business basis; for after a most careful and conservative calculation it has been found that a suitable theatre in the right locality could be built, maintained and amortized on its expected earnings, capitalized as high as 10 per cent. This would include even a pension fund for the participants. But it would only be possible if the first condition, the fundamental one, is fulfilled; namely, the freely-given services of all who engage in the enterprise. This means that no one will be making any profit out of it, but on the other hand the assurance of a decent living is given, not only during the period of activity, but also in sickness and old age. This is more than is the lot of the vast majority of men and women; more, even, than the lot of most artists.

This, however, should not be the incentive of anyone who expects to participate in such an endeavor. On the contrary, what is needed is artists of proved ability, even of reputation and fame, if possible, to whom the material question is a negligible one. This does not mean, however, that lesser lights would not be wanted. Indeed, not only artists, but artisans also, and even the unskilled, will be welcome, for in the theatre many activities are needed. The sacrifice on the part of the artists, especially the prominent one, would be greater, perhaps, but in proportion would be their privilege for service and their opportunities for full realization of their art, which under present conditions are given them most scantily and rarely, for their environment is less conducive to the development of the finer faculties than that of any other body of artists—indeed, it is all but destructive. For this reason, if for no other, the establishment of such an institution would be of enormous value. It would give the participants an opportunity for the exercise of their art which it is impossible at present to attain.

The present means do not suffice to cover the artificiality of the stage. We feel that behind all this splendor there is a woeful poverty of purpose. The men and women who are sounding the sentiment of a great poet are in reality only too often poor puppets animated by vanity, ambition, or greed and gain. What is needed is the weight of personality behind the words—personality not only of the poet, but of the player. Into the presence of such consecrated effort the spectator would come as before high priests of God; would enter the playhouse as he enters, or ought to enter the church. What we need, therefore, is the combination of the perfect poet, the perfect playhouse, the perfect players—perfect not only in art, but in ethics—men and women who would rise above vanity and greed, confining themselves to their needs, contenting themselves with a minimum which would suffice to keep them in health and strength for their great work.

This is the price which will have to be paid for the redemption of the stage, the price that is always demanded where any redemption is attempted: Sacrifice, the giving up of the lesser for the greater, the joyful offering rendered at the altar of humanity and God. Who is willing to pay this price, to render this offering? Many will be needed, for as yet only the nucleus of a company has been found, and it is not the intention to be confined to one company. Such consecrated theatres are needed in every center of population, and once the possibility and the practicability of one establishment of this kind is proved, many others will spring into existence. The call is therefore sent out for volunteers who are willing to serve on behalf of a great cause. Primarily, dramatic artists are needed, but other helpers will be welcome.

CHARLES JAMES.

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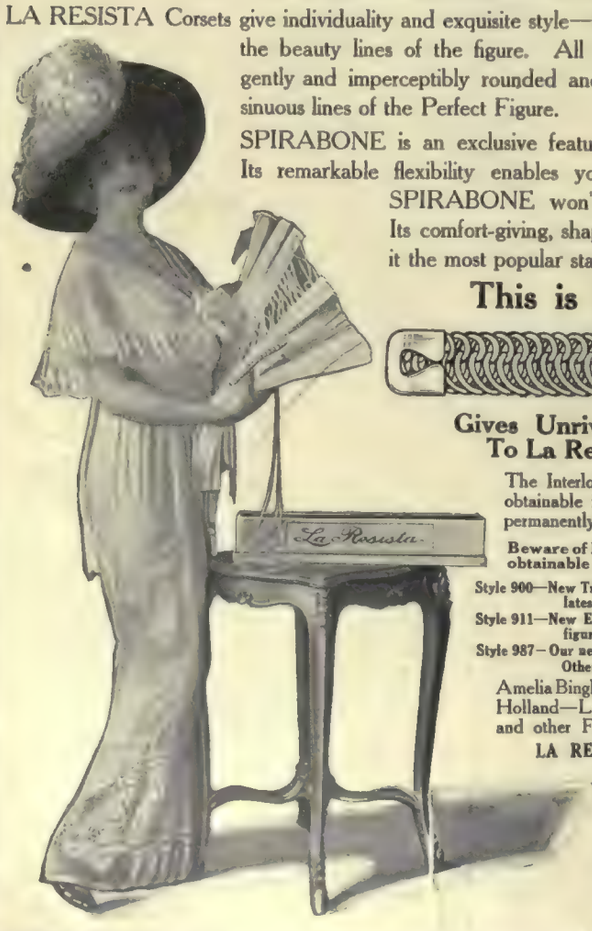
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America's Richest Actress

(*Continued from page* 116)

she told her friends she was tired of acting, had made enough money, and intended to enjoy life. The public at first did not believe that its favorite comedienne and soubrette was in earnest. They had grown to expect farewell tours, with a fanfare of trumpets, but Lotta never appeared on the stage again. She went to Boston, one of the cities which had been most cordial in her support, bought a home and settled down. Except for occasional visits to Europe and to California, Lotta has lived in Boston for the past 25 years, and her old associates and friends always look her up when they visit Boston.

One of the most beautiful features of her retirement at present is the homage paid her by a certain theatrical element of the elder generation, who knew her in the days when her name was a household word and who treat her to-day with the same respect, obedience and courtesy that the present generation would bestow upon any one of half a dozen prominent women stars of the present day. A box at any Boston theatre is always at her disposal, and there isn't a Boston manager who doesn't meet her at the door when she arrives and who does not personally escort her to her chair of honor.

Lotta to-day is 66 years old. This on the authority of one who has known her most of her life, who has been associated with her in business, and who himself admits that he is but three months older than she is—John B. Schoeffel, hale, hearty and active, whose boast it is that he is the oldest theatrical manager to-day in America who is still actively engaged in the business.

After her retirement from the stage with a fortune which even then ran into the millions, Lotta endeavored to find amusement and interest in a dozen different ventures. She backed her brother in a number of enterprises which failed. Her mother invested money in many wild-cat mining schemes which proved worthless. Lotta herself at one time owned a racing stable, racing under the name and colors of her brother, but personally active in directing the enterprise and enthusiastic over the outcome of each race. This cost her a pretty penny. She has given liberally to charity, has aided hundreds of her former friends in the days of their adversity, and yet withal has been a shrewd business woman.

After the death of her mother, Lotta was compelled for the first time in her life to handle her own business affairs, and here she proved skillful and clever. In one deal alone she made over $500,000—curiously enough, from her old friend, Mr. Schoeffel. When the firm of Abbey & Schoeffel ran perilously near the rocks of bankruptcy, and their creditors almost threatened to sink the ship, money was badly needed. Abbey & Schoeffel owned the Park Theatre outright, having paid $150,000 for it. When cash was needed badly they tried to sell. The best offer they could get was $100,000 cash from Lotta. Others would have paid more in time, but Abbey & Schoeffel needed cash. They sold to Lotta. Within three years the Park Theatre was assessed at $300,000, and to-day Lotta pays taxes on the property for $600,000.

Lotta was never married—almost a miracle when one considers that her youth, beauty and charm fascinated an entire nation, and that she was deluged with the attentions of hundreds and thousands of admirers. But watchful mother kept the admirers from worrying daughter too much. Perhaps there is a grim note of pathos in this guardianship of a mother for the breadwinner of the family. Undoubtedly Mrs. Crabtree feared that if Lotta should marry, her capacity as a moneymaker would suffer, and that perhaps the reins of management and the bank account would be taken from her own careful hands. At any rate, all wooers were carefully "shied away," and Lotta was condemned to a life of celibacy. There is a story told, too, that Lotta was disappointed in an early love affair in California, and that memory of this disappointment made her resolve never to listen to any other wooer. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that throughout her successful career she turned down many matrimonial offers and remained a spinster.

Those who knew Lotta in her younger days declare that she was a perfect picture of what Billie Burke is to-day, with perhaps just a little more of the suggestion of a soubrette. If one could imagine Billie Burke with all her beauty, acting skill and fascinating charm, coming on the stage in short skirts, doing a clog dance and then playing the banjo, one can conjure up a

picture of what Lotta of a generation ago was like.

To-day Lotta still has the reddish hair. She still has the same kindly smile and the gentle disposition which endeared her to the hearts of the American public. She lives quietly in one of the two hotels she owns in Boston. The summer she spends at her large stock farm about thirty miles from Boston. She serves all milk, eggs, butter and poultry from her farm at the hotel. This is one of her hobbies, and the menu cards bear an announcement to the effect that all dairy products come from "Lotta's Farm," as it is officially known.

While the hotel is leased to a manager, Lotta reserves for her own use a beautiful suite of rooms, and it is said that no detail of hotel management escapes her. If she notices that a bell-boy calls the name of a guest in a tone too strident for sensitive ears, she will see that the boy receives instructions in decorum. She dines alone in the café of this hotel, as a rule, and guests of the hotel who know her by sight feel greater confidence in the food they are eating when they know that Lotta selects her meals from the same bill of fare offered them. In a hundred small ways, Lotta makes her presence felt in the hotel which she owns, and which just now is one of her hobbies. Her oldtime love for her profession finds a manifestation in her instructions to the manager that all theatrical people who are guests of the hotel must receive special consideration and—usually—special professional rates. This order has resulted in making the hotel a general rendezvous for all theatrical people who, not knowing Lotta personally, regard her affectionately as she moves about the lobby or the café. But there are hundreds of other guests not posted on theatrical history, who perhaps gaze curiously at the smart-looking, almost prim, elderly lady with the reddish hair, not knowing that this unassuming, quiet, lovable spinster was once one of the most famous actresses in America; the only one on record—except Mary Anderson—who ever retired at the height of her career, and the only one, without any exception, who ever made millions of dollars by her art.

WILL A. PAGE.

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Players of the Film Drama

(*Continued from page* 112)

pleasant experiences, all of which come in the progress of making picture plays. Some very delightful trips have fallen to the lot of the photo-players. One of the leading companies was sent to the Thousand Islands last summer, where they spent several months taking pictures on the Islands and in Alexandria Bay. Companies have visited Bermuda, Florida, Mexico, California, and one was sent to Ireland to produce a famous Irish play on Irish soil. Recently players journeyed all the way to Jerusalem, where they spent the summer reproducing Biblical stories.

In contrast to these features, there are times when they are called upon to do trying and more or less hazardous things—such as dueling, capsizing in boats, riding bucking horses and jumping out of windows. An actor occasionally undergoes the sensation of having a wagon-load of kegs or bricks fall on him, or he may have to jump through a coal-hole. These latter methods are familiar in comedy pictures. Almost any of the prominent picture players can recite some thrilling experiences they have had or accidents that befell them, from some of which they do not always emerge unscathed.

Miss Mary Fuller, one of the Edison Company's leading women, tells of a time she was called upon to ride horseback in a picture when the steed provided was not the usual jaded livery stable horse but a real bucking bronco, hired from a circus. She says: "I was riding full-tilt when suddenly the horse just stopped—a habit with broncos. But I kept right on. Never would I let a little thing like that impede my progress." She might have broken her neck, but luckily came off with only a sprained back.

An actor in one of the prominent film companies says he was once asked to roll down the side of a slanting roof and hang by his hands to the edge until a dummy could be substituted for the fall to the ground.

The leading people of the film stock companies are clever in their line of work, and they give some very remarkable portrayals, considering the short time they have in which to prepare each part. A few of the famous characters that have been successfully played in motion pictures are Napoleon, Becky Sharpe, King Lear, Sydney



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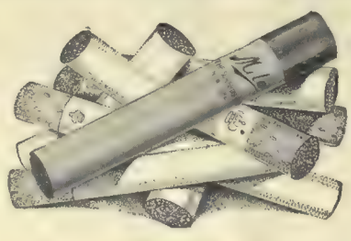
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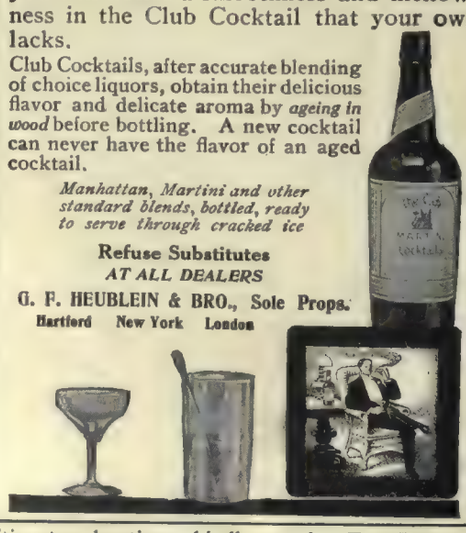
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Those who play in the film drama have the advantage of permanent employment—fifty-two weeks constituting a season for them, whereas on the stage a player nowadays may only work twenty or thirty weeks out of the fifty-two. When an actor once secures a position with a film producer he thinks twice before he returns to the legitimate. The salaries received are about equal to those of the stage, the leading people being very well paid.

The question has been raised as to whether moving picture acting unfits one for future work on the regular stage. There are arguments pro and con, but the subject does not worry those concerned, as there is a good future in their present vocation.

Nothing seems impossible to the motion picture producer or player. Recently a well-known company, in presenting a photo-play of "The Corsican Brothers," succeeded in having *both brothers, who were played by the same actor, appear in the picture at the same time!* The result was very weird and remarkable.

Among the most popular favorites in motion pictures are Mary Fuller and Marc McDermott, of the Edison Company; Maurice Costello, John Bunny and Florence Turner, of the Vitagraph Company; Gene Gauntier and Alice Joyce, of the Kalem Company; Mary Pickford, of the Biograph Company; G. M. Anderson, of the Essanay Company, and Arthur Johnson, of the Lubin Company.

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Staging a Popular Restaurant

(*Continued from page* 104)

and "sinkers" upstairs to the ladies' diningroom, which, however, is not in use during the action of the scene in the play, it being around midnight.

The only parts of the stage restaurant that are not exactly the same as the original, are the walls, floor and ceiling. Inasmuch as the scenery has to be transported on tour, these could not be of tile, but the walls are the next thing to it, and absolutely defy detection, even from the feel. They are made of a hard rubber-like asbestos composition that is at once fire-proof and possesses a tile-like appearance. This back drop wall of the restaurant scene provides a splendid rear fire curtain, should the theatre ever take fire.

An asbestos canvas painted to represent mosaic tile is used for the ceiling and the floor. This scene is the most fire-proof ever presented in a theatre, and marks a new era in stage scenery.

Even to the electric arc-lights hanging from the ceiling, the scene is an exact replica of the original restaurant, formed of its actual parts. On the large show window by the griddle heater is the name "Childs'" writen backwards from the audience, and showing properly from the outside. Not the slightest detail has been overlooked to make this scene an exact counterpart of the eating-place that is so familiar to everyone.

With the fixtures installed and the stage Childs' open for "business," the next step was to provide food for the patrons. Mr. Belasco has scored as a stage caterer before, as recall to mind the realistic spaghetti-eating scene in "The Music Master." Never would he stand for sawdust eatables, nor "pre-digested" food, either. Of course, with a complete restaurant equipment on the stage, he could cook the necessary things right there in plain view, as is done in any Childs'. So far so good, but he had to have food—various breakfast foods, puddings, pies, cake, sandwiches, bread and fruit an hand, and in their usual places.

Again he arranged and contracted with the Childs' Restaurant Company to supply their new eating-place on the stage of the Republic Theatre with food, just as each of the real restaurants is daily supplied from the main plant. This is what is done at every performance. If the unwary don't believe it, just wait around the stage door before a performance and see a Childs' wagon drive up and deliver a load of trays and pots and kettles containing food enough to run any of their usual sized restaurants.

It has proved a bonanza to the players, who know that they will get something to eat in that scene anyway, and don't mind so much if they have not time to eat before coming to the theatre. Already, many of the Company are about to form themselves into the "Baked Apple Club," so fond are they of this part of the Belasco-Childs' bill o'fare. Mr. Belasco and William Elliott, his young co-producer of this play, too,

are keen on this part of the performance, and always try to arrange to be at the Republic in time to help eat the baked apples, a huge pan of which greets the eyes of the audience in this scene at every performance.

During the rehearsals before the opening of "The Governor's Lady," the Childs' scene paid for itself in providing meals for all hands, doing away with the usual caterer, and the tables and camp chairs in the lobby of the theatre. Not so much time was lost over meals, either, for the genuine atmosphere of the scene seemed to instill the players with that hurry-up "quick-lunch" pace that pervades the real Childs'.

Charles Frohman would delight in such a scene in all of his plays at rehearsal time, for he has said that "a rehearsal accompanied by a sandwich is progress, but a rehearsal interrupted by a meal is delay."

There is only one man at the Republic who is not altogether satisfied with the stage Childs'. He is the property man, and he says that taking care of a restaurant and keeping track of real dishes and food is somewhat outside the province of his experience. But, nevertheless, he is thinking seriously of going into the restaurant business in the summer time when things are dull theatrically, and of opening up a quick-lunch place at a nearby summer resort. He says he hates to let the experience go to waste.

Another thing that for a time theatened a strike at the Republic was that the scrub women have more to do during the run of "The Governor's Lady" than formerly, since they must wash the dishes used in the last act.

In pointing out the details of the scene, Charles Emerson Cook, Mr. Belasco's envoy extraordinary to the press, committed the unpardonable by remarking in all seriousness that it was no "Child's play" to devise this scene.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 102)

48th STREET THEATRE. "LITTLE MISS BROWN." Original farcical comedy in three acts by Philip Bartholomae. Produced on August 29 with this cast:

Day Clerk, Ned A. Sparks; Porter, Tom Lemonier; Telephone Girl, Rae Bowden; Eulalia Burke, Terese Deagle; Mr. Burke, Charles Stanley; Philip Dennison, Richard Taber; Bellboy, John F. Heins; Miss Wendel, Ellen Mortimer; Little Miss Brown, Madge Kennedy; Night Clerk, Sidney Macy; Maid, Mattie Ferguson; Richard Dennison, William Morris; Mrs. Dennison, Olive Harper Thorne; Joseph Clews, George Pauncefort; Robert Mason, John Bowers.

A playwright once tried to temper a complete tragedy with a complete comedy and failed; in much the same way Philip Bartholomae, the capable young author of "Over Night," has endeavored in "Little Miss Brown," to write a farce upon a tragic situation. Little Miss Brown arrives in a strange town at midnight, and failing to find her financé awaiting her, applies to a hotel. She is refused admittance because she is alone, and because she has no money. By the advice of the sympathetic telephone operator, she appeals as a married woman to the night clerk who has just come on duty. A porter blunderingly identifies her as the expected Mrs. Dennison, and without objecting, Miss Brown is sent to the apartment reserved for that lady. Mr. Dennison arrives at the hotel, expecting to meet his wife, and to receive money from an uncle who is staying there. In the belief that Miss Brown is his life partner, he is sent to the apartment. They occupy adjoining rooms all night. In the morning the real wife appears, discovers the situation, and sends for her lawyer, who happens to be Miss Brown's financé. The husband, compelled to send for his attorney, selects Miss Brown's other gentleman friend. The financé renounces Miss Brown, and she surrenders her engagement ring. The other young man declares his absolute faith in her, whereupon she transfers her wavering affection to him. In the meanwhile, in order to get the money from the uncle for Dennison, Miss Brown poses as the wife, and the real wife pretends to be her mother. When the truth comes out, Miss Brown compels the uncle to deliver the money to Dennison by threatening to tell his wife of his all night escapade at a sporty inn. She concludes by declaring herself an adventuress who tried to blackmail Dennison, whereat the jealous wife forgives and condones with her husband, and the lawyer for the defense takes little Miss Brown into his arms. Miss Brown's innocence is poorly established—even the intelligent efforts of Madge Kennedy, who portrayed her, cannot redeem the girl. Innocence, in the sense of purity, is not established by a condition of ignorance. Her free use of hotel conveniences, her staggering order of Manhattan cocktails for the sake of the glacéd cherries in them, her calm



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appropriation of the candy Dennison has brought his wife, with no money to pay for what service she is given, are more cheeky and bold than thoughtless. Generally speaking, however, the scenes are good; and their humor would be much stronger in appeal if the horrible taint on the honor of a pure girl did not hang over everything like a pall. Another thing that prevents continuous interest is that the ends of acts and scenes are too weak and too general to bridge the intermission with any suspense. Ned Sparks scored a distinct hit as the bored-to-death day clerk. As is common in all Brady productions, there is an abundance of "bit" or episodic parts. William Morris presented a very convincing Dennison—more than can be said of Olive Harper Thorne as the wife. The rest of the company was quite capable, special mention earned by Charles Stanley as the uncle and Mattie Ferguson as the maid.

HARRIS. "THE MODEL." Comedy in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced on August 31 with this cast:

Peabody, Harry Lillford; Clarence Amberg, Reginald Mason; Louise, Gail Kane; Mrs. Lange, Alice Gale; Duncan Coverly, Frederick Perry; Otto Dykman, Joseph Tuohy; Emile Bergeret, William Courtleigh; Adele Witherspoon, Catharine Calhoun; Mr. Witherspoon, John Findlay; Eggleston Witherspoon, George Clarke; Celeste Bergeret, Viola Flugrath; Madame Bergeret, Ffolliott Footman, Patsy McCoy; Lange, Frank McCormack.

Reforms succeed in ratio to the persistency of the conditions at which they are aimed: states of affairs that have ingrained themselves in the human race from the first even unto the last generation, demand proportionately patient and intelligent opposition. A wisp of straw cannot prevent the ebb and flood of tides; and the frail young woman presented bp Augustus Thomas in his latest play, "The Model," can do no more to disprove a basic idea in human nature than the unmarried woman who stands unclothed before a man, is to be condemned, if not for her act, for her criminal intentions.

Duncan Coverly, an artist, loves Louise, his model, but is engaged to marry another woman. His friend, Emile Bergeret, a novelist, advises him to marry his financée and continue to love the model. This Duncan will not do, a fact that Bergeret is thankful for when he learns that Louise is his own daughter. Louise is driven from the household of Duncan's fiancée, where Duncan has secured her employment, because she has been a model for one of his nude studies. Accordingly the artist renounces his bride-to-be, —who loves another anyway—and marries Louise. The play affords Mr. Thomas an excellent opportunity to expound a few phases of his broad, altruistic philosophy that has made his plays generally of a high intellectual order. A more living, more lovable character than Bergeret is difficult to imagine; the rest of the characters are real, too—every one, from the boy with the changing voice who is forbidden to look at the curtained study of the nude, the carefully trained little girl who has been educated to find the beauty in art, the reporter who salutes every male stranger as colonel or captain, to the model whose love is self-sacrificial, the artist who will not tolerate hypocrisy even generally, the selfish financée and her tantalizing cousin. In the same way the "The Seven Ages of Man" may be the opinions of Launcelot Gobbo rather than of Shakespeare himself, so may these characters possess better titles to their utterances than the author of their being. But the purpose of the play as a whole is a message from Thomas. The great qualities of his thoughts are contempt of all that is foul-minded, mean and sordid, and a love of truth and the realized ideals of man as opposed to essential worldliness. No one can doubt the truth of his views on art, for he was an illustrator before he became playwright. But people are too much confronted with the unclean in life to accept the contention that woman may appear nude before man and remain virtuous. He has Bergeret draw the distinction between the naked and the nude: the clay and the spirit; but, after all, that is not the point at issue. The vindication is for the model not the artist. It is the propriety of an unmarried woman unveiling herself in masculine presence. The conception of the artist may vindicate his clean mind, but not that his model, who cannot see with his eyes, and whose state of mind, at best, is only that of trust in his honor. "Honi soit qui mal y pense" may be argued, as well as that a professional model for the nude would be dramatically impossible in like circumstances; but the present model who never before posed in the altogether, could not but have a sense of shame and a consciousness of sex in the unfamiliar proceeding. To say that Thomas has

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not produced a worthy play is a gross injustice. Its scenes are animated, its characters genuine, and its dialogue cultured and brilliant. It is worthy of the interest and attention of every man and woman who cares to be elevated by their entertainment. Nothing but the highest and most sincere praise may be spoken of William Courtleigh as Bergeret. Better acting is very rarely seen. Artistically speaking, Frederick Perry, as Duncan Coverly, looks as if he was drawn by James Montgomery Flagg, which means that he is a young man of excellent appearance, aside from his qualities as an excellent actor. Miss Gail Kane makes an exceedingly, sweet and convincing model; but her slight smile, retained in trying moments, gives her an air of irony that does not belong to Louise. Katherine Calhoun is eminently satisfactory as the financée, but Reginald Mason injected a trifle too much melodrama into his portrayal of her villainous cousin. Ffolliott Paget, Viola Flugrath, Alice Gale, John Findlay and George Clarke are also notable in an entirely capable cast.

39th STREET THEATRE. "THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE." American comedy-drama in four acts by Edgar James. Produced on August 22 with this cast:

Frederick Hoffman, Malcolm Williams; Anna, Grace Reals; Harry, Ralph Morgan; Beatrice, Mary Servoss; Alston, Forrest Robinson; Mr. Valentine, Lawrence Eyre; Barbara, Helen Reimer; Mrs. Curtis, Eva Randolph; Bettina, Florence Reed; Theodore Sevigne, Pedro De Cordoba; Senator Stevenson, Benjamin Graham; Rose, Ella Rock.

We have so often been presented with erring and misguided wives upon the stage, that a return to neglectful husbands is a relief. However, the nature and duration of this relief depend upon the circumstances of the neglect. That a respectable man may be swerved from obligations met for twenty-five years to a home-loving family by the seductiveness of a charming young interloper may be proven in the theatre; but it is a moot question outside.

The moral of all this is that men whose wives have stood by them faithfully through the years, should learn to appreciate them. It is not so much an assignment of mastery in a home to husband or wife as it is a definition of those qualities necessary to the authoritative head of any household. An excellent company were cast for the parts, and acted with sincerity and conviction. Forrest Robinson, beloved by many as the old druggist-inventor of "The Fortune Hunter," was admirable as Alston, the lawyer. Malcolm Williams made Frederick a genuinely sympathetic figure. As the second wife Florence Reed gave a delicate characterization, for she succeeded in ingratiating herself with her audience as well as with her employer without antagonizing either. Helen Reimer made the unnecessary figure of Barbara, the old servant, living, and almost won her a place in the action by her careful and excellent work.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." Musical romance in two acts. Music by Franz Lehar; lyrics by Adrian Ross and Basil Hood; American libretto by Glen Macdonough. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

Juliette, Frances Cameron; Pierre, A. Percy Woodley; Raymond, Wm. L. Hobart; Brissard, Fred Walton; Foyot, Russell Simpson; Nicholai, Harold J. Rehill; Sidonie, Ida Van Tine; Coralie, Evelyn Westhook; Count of Luxembourg, George L. Moore; Pelegrin, F. S. Humphrey; Mentschikoff, Wm. C. Reid; Paulovitch, Harry W. Smith; Grand Duke Rutzineff, Frank Moulan; Angele Didier, Ann Swinburne; Registrar, Fred Bishop; M. Valmont, A. P. Woodley; M. De Tressac, Harry Johnson; Minette, Bessie Gross; Lisette, Eleanor Scott; Eleurette, Dottie Wang; Clairette, Beth Harrison; Princess Kokozeff, Gladys Homfrey.

"The Count of Luxembourg," the much-heralded comic opera which for the last year has been sung all over Europe, has at last reached our shores. Franz Lehar's music always makes a strong appeal, and while it is not Lehar at his best, as revealed in "The Merry Widow," nevertheless there are enough wattzes and sentimental songs to mak it a popular success. The highly improbable libretto introduces the Grand Duke Rutzineff, who is in love with Angele Didier, a famous prima donna. His uncle, the Czar, will not allow him to marry a woman of low rank. A title must be obtained at any cost. A marriage is therefore arranged between Angele and the Count of Luxembourg, and they are united without seeing one another, only to be divorced after three months, when it would be a simple matter for the Grand Duke to marry the Countess. They meet, fall in love, and the divorce does not take place. Angele remains the Countess of Luxembourg and the Grand Duke marries the Princess Kokozeff, to whom he has been engaged for some twenty odd years.

This new operetta has brought forth two new artists, who immediately won the hearts of the audience. Ann Swinburne not only looks An-



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gele, but her voice is of excellent quality, and she uses it with skill and discretion, and in addition acts extremely well. A real tenor that looks young and also sings well is a rare occurrence these days in comic opera, and George L. Moore is doubly welcome on that account. The solo in the first act, "Day Dreams," sung by Miss Swinburne, and the duet, "Love Breaks Every Bond," alone would fill the house. Frank Moulan as the Duke was extremely funny. In his two songs, "I Am in Love" and "Rootsie Pootsie," he put the audience into hysterics. Frances Cameron and Fred Walton acquitted themselves with credit in the parts of Juliette and Brissard. As a production it is all extremely beautiful. In the hands of such capital pilots as Herbert Gresham and Julian Mitchell we had the right to expect perfection and we got it.

ELTINGE 42nd STREET THEATRE. "WITHIN THE LAW." Play in four acts by Bayard Veiller. Produced Sept. 11 with this cast:

Sarah, Georgia Lawrence; Smithson, S. V. Phillips; Richard Gilder, Orme Caldara; Helen Morris, Catherine Tower; Edward Gilder, Dobson Mitchell; George Demarest, Brandon Hurst; Mary Turner, Jane Cowl; Detective Sergent Cassidy, John Willard; Agnes Lynch, Florence Nash; Joe Garson, William B. Mack; Fannie, Martha White; William Irwin, William A. Norton; Eddie Griggs, Kenneth Hill; Inspector Burke, Wilton Taylor; Thomas, Arthur Ebbetts; "Chicago Red," Arthur Spaulding; Dacey, John Camp; Tom Tupper, Edward Bolton; Dan, Frederick Howe; Williams, Joseph Nickson. Policemen, Detectives, etc.

The study of criminology in its romantic aspects is engaging our dramatists. Mr. Bayard Veiller comes to the front, for the first time, with a very successful venture into the domain of vice made entertaining, but not exactly instructive, with "Within the Law." The title of the play is in the nature of satire, suggesting as it does the methods employed by all respectable rascals, but it is not made altogether clear in what meritorious way the heroine of the play acts always "within the law." She is a much persecuted girl, and in one particular she executes her revenge with great ingenuity without being criminal. She secretly marries the son of the shopkeeper (the owner of a large department store) who had "sent her up" for the felonious appropriation of articles of comparatively small value, but sufficient to constitute a criminal offense. Another girl was the real culprit. After her release this heroine becomes the associate of thieves and blackmailers.

Jane Cowl, as the shopgirl, gets sympathies with her emotional declamations against the injustice of insufficient wages, and in reality is always in the position of sinning less than she has been sinned against. In the logic of crime she is unanswerable. The most interesting character in the play, in performance, is a babyfaced criminal, a pretty girl in the early twenties or less in years, who has not been sinned against, unless it be a sin of punishment to put young offenders in those prisons where they have every opportunity to graduate into the profession of vice. However, there are no moral lessons to be drawn from this play. Florence Nash, as this young criminal, is captivating in naturalness of her acting. Surely she is not applauded by way of commending the character. It may be said that the play is not to be taken seriously, and that consequently one may yield to the enjoyment of it without self-reproach.

PARK. "MY BEST GIRL." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, score by Clifton Crawford and Augustus Barratt. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Police Officers, Jack Potter, James O'Neill; Harry Perkins, Harrison Garrett; Mrs. Wellington Bollivar, Florence Edney; Col. Wellington Bollivar, John Hendricks; Beatrice, Olive Ulrich; Samuel Brown, Harry Williams; Capt. Robert Denton, Harry Fairleigh; Gus Bludge, Frank H. Belcher; Daphne Follette, Harriet Burt; The Little Stranger, Coralinn Waide; Richard Vanderfleet, Mr. Crawford; Dora Lane, Rita Stanwood; A Sergeant, Louis Baum; Tommy Langham, Willard Louis; Grace Carr, Bessie Bell; Gwendolin Le Monde, Eileene Marshall. Shoppers, Moulin Rouge Girls, Salesmen, Soldiers, etc. Staged by Sidney Ellison.

Comic opera impresarios will not hereafter be compelled to go abroad for their books if the literary firm of Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf is to be continued. Foreign invertebrate concoctions would in many cases seem to have had their day; and it is only right they should be displaced if native talent can turn out such a bright entertaining and witty show as "My Best Girl," which serves Clifton Crawford as a star at the Park Theatre. Here is a capital story full of comic movement and humorous stage surprises. A young man about town gets into trouble, to evade which he assumes the name and identity of a deserter from the U. S. Army. Of course in his new personality he is apprehended and then his troubles as a recruit begin. Richard Vanderfleet is an admirably drawn character, and the lively spirits, acrobatic agility and reserved

comic expression which mark the light comedy acquirements of Mr. Crawford find abundant opportunity for usefulness in a constant succession of funny scenes. The lyrics are really brilliant in their apt application; the score however, is not up to the standards of the rest of the show, but to it Mr. Crawford has contributed a couple of numbers that have the necessary popular lilt and melody. The star is ably supported especially by Rita Stanwood who makes a refined and appealing figure as the heroine, while Harry Davenport gives one of his familiar and neatly sketched pictures of a gallivanting army officer. Edward Nicander as a chauffeur and Harry Fairleigh as an army captain do excellent work.

DALY'S. "DISCOVERING AMERICA." Play in four acts by Edward Knoblauch. Produced on September 7 with the following cast:

ROME

Peter Delafield, Lewis Waller; The Principessa Teodolinda Fabriani, Miriam Clements; Sir Edgar Lambourne, Reginald Dane; Lady Lambourne, Ina Rorke; The Countess Christine Schomberg, Suzette Cotta; Cardinal Rovetta, Henry Carvill; George S. Brown, John Alden; Ernesto, Albert Prisco.

NEW YORK

Ruth Dix, Madge Titheradge; Mamie Fogarty, Elene Foster; Albert Marsh, Edward Wade; Willie Jenkins, Malcolm Duncan; Howard Harding, F. I. Kirk, Gus, Master David Ross.

There are many qualities in Lewis Waller to be admired, his courage to assume the responsibilities of a producing manager, his readiness to undertake a moderate part that his fellow players may shine by their own light, but above all his attitude as a loser. No one could countenance defeat with a better grace or feeling that creditable effort had been expended to achieve success. "Discovering America" gives full opportunity to observe all the qualities named. It contains some good scenes and some poor ones made effective by excellent acting.

The plot is carelessly thrown together, with many possibilities ignored and makeshift devices employed to make it cohere. Most of the characters are episodic, and, in one or two cases, quite superfluous. The play shows America at a strong disadvantage. The comparison of the good side of one country with the poor side of another, is obviously unfair. We are slangy and rude, perhaps, but not quite so unreservedly as Mr. Knoblauch would make it appear. But that is not where the shoe pinches; the reason for the failure is because the play itself is a very inferior piece of theatrical property. Lewis Waller made Peter as living a figure as possible out of the available material, as did Madge Titheradge with the more living part of Ruth. Elene Foster, Malcolm Duncan and Suzette Cotta interpreted the other important parts intelligently and with discrimination.

HIPPODROME. Many superb spectacles have been seen at the Hippodrome, but it is safe to say that this season's show is the most elaborate of any yet presented at that popular place of amusement. Entitled "Under Many Flags," it has music by Manuel Klein, scenic equipment by Arthur Voegtlin, the drama itself being written and staged by Carroll Fleming. The audience is taken around the world and given a glimpse of every country under the sun. The trip begins at Washington, showing the lawn of the White House, and after that we are taken to the parade grounds at the Naval Academy at Annapolis to watch the manœuvres of a field battery. Then the scene quickly shifts to Europe. We are in a beautiful fishing village on the coast of Brittany, where incidentally one enjoys a grotesque acrobatic specialty by Messrs. Patrick and Francesco. From there the spectator flies in an airship over a large city by night, and before he knows it he is in Berlin watching Dippy Diers appearing in his break-neck table act, assisted by the Hippodrome clowns. From Berlin he goes to Holland, Moscow, Scotland, Pekin, until finally the traveler returns to America and sees a tornado level a town in Arizona. The show ends with a superb ballet, entitled "Flowers of All Nations," in which hosts of beautiful girls dance in beautiful costumes.

COMEDY. "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY." Play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced September 16 with the following cast:

THE INDUCTION.

Servant, Valentine Penna; Cecil Savoyard, Tim Ryley; Count O'Dowda, C. H. Croker-King; Fanny O'Dowda, Elizabeth Risdon; Mr. Trotter, Walter Kingsford; Mr. Vaughan, Maurice Elvey; Mr. Gunn, Frank Randell; Mr. Flawner Bannel, Lionel Pape.

THE PLAY.

Mr. Robin Gilbey, Sydney Paxton; Mrs. Gilbey, Kate Carlyon; Juggins, Walter Creighton; Dora Delaney, Eva Leonard Boyne; Mrs. Knox, Mary Barton; Mrs. Joseph Knox, Arnold Lucy; Margaret Knox, Gladys Harvey; Lieutenant Duvallet, Herbert Dansey; Bobby, Quentin Tod.

It matters not whether the program throws doubt upon its authorship, no one but G. Bernard



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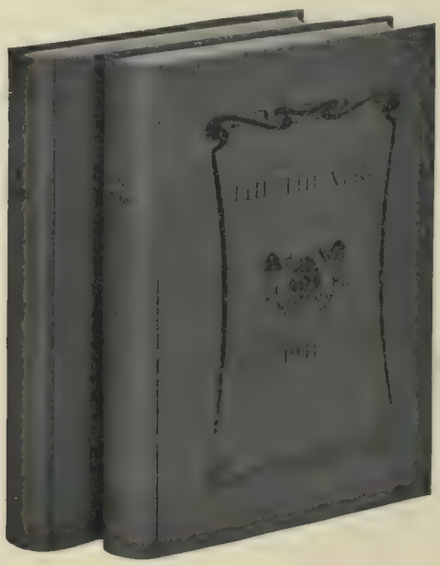




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Shaw could have written "Fanny's First Play," and if one likes Shaw, here is the Shavian cynic and philosopher at his daring best. Fanny O'Dowda, daughter of a Count of the old regime, writes while at Cambridge a play which her father promises shall be acted by real actors and reviewed by real critics, the authors' identity of course, being concealed. As an induction, O'Dowda, the courtly æsthete of pre-Victorian days, has an interview with the very commercial theatrical manager of modern times, who cites the methods he employed to get the critics there, a colloquy of delightful wit in its contrasting values. Then come the critics, cheerful satires on the originals of London, in which more fun is poked at their pomposity and ignorance.

The curtain draws and "Fanny's First Play" begins. It is a satire on two smug puritanical British middle-class families. The younger representatives are tentatively engaged, but each gets into a scrape and are respectively sent to jail. The boy has yielded to the fascinations of Darling Dora, a music hall favorite, and the girl has carried on a perfectly harmless flirtation with a French naval officer. The consternation of their parents is presented with much humorous force and the various family councils provide the author with numerous opportunities for the display of his characteristic cynical observations. Nothing escapes his biting satire, convention, religion, sociology, politics, all make "copy" for him, and the result is dialogue that fairly corruscates with scintillant wit. The dénouement is particularly Shavian. The boy pairs off with Dora and the militant daughter of the house of Knox marries the family butler, who by the death of an elder brother becomes a Duke.

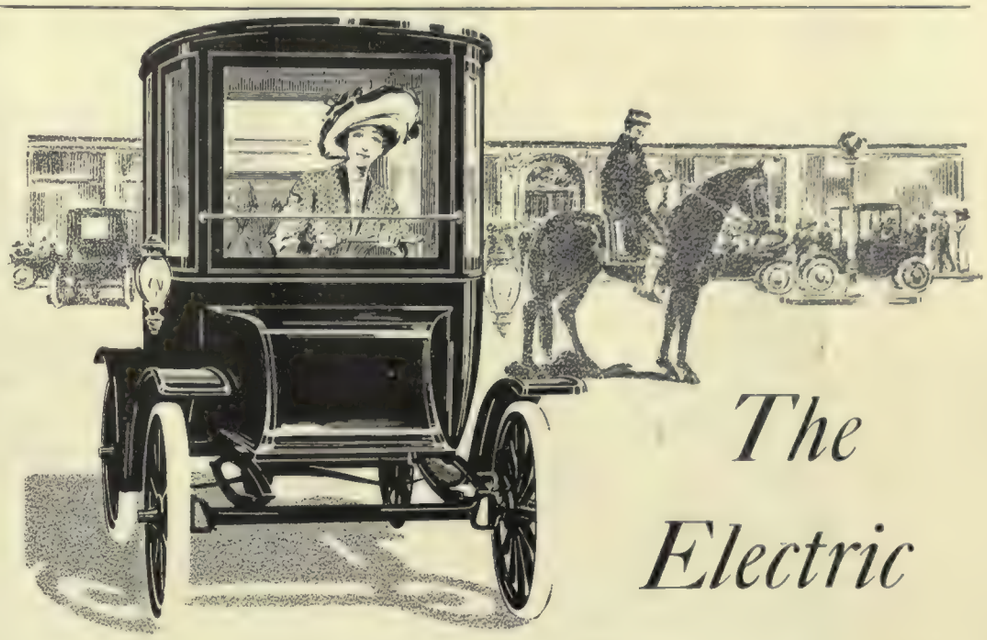
Then follows the epilogue, more brilliant fooling at the expense of the critics, who, ignorant of the authorship, hesitate to commit themselves as to the value of the piece. For as one says: "If he's a good author, then it's a good piece; but if he's bad, then the play must be bad." The play is admirably acted by an English company, especially rehearsed for the production by Granville Barker. It is hard to particularize, so good is the playing, but C. H. Croker-King as O'Dowda, Walter Creighton as the butler, Arnold Lucy as Mr. Knox, Gladys Harvey as his independent daughter, and Herbert Dansey as the Frenchman, contribute characterizations truly admirable. "Fanny's First Play" is an intellectual treat.

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HUDSON. "HONEST JIM BLUNT." Comedy in three acts by William Boden. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

Miss Jensen, Louise Closser Hale; Thomas Y. Jones, Forrest Winant; Sol Polatek, Henry Duggan; Henry Marsden, Frank Losee; James Blunt, Mr. Murphy; Sidney Thomas, Charles Laite; Cyrus Green, Frederick Mosley; Jermyns, Charles Dowd; Madge Hale, Violet Heming; Baroness Longmetz, Muriel Hope; Henry Harmon, Frederick Bond; Charles Wilson, Harold Meltzer.

The Liebler Company on Sept. 16, at the Hudson Theatre, put over a genuine theatrical surprise when they announced the return of Tim Murphy in a new and extravagant comedy in three acts, called "Honest Jim Blunt," by William Boden, an unknown playwright. Expectations did not run high, but within five minutes after the rise of the curtain the laughs began to come, and till its final fall there was delicious fun and amusement for all concerned. Mr. Boden took "Col. Mulberry Sellers" and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," rolled them into one, and then started James Blunt upon a series of incidents that contained truth, humor, drama and pathos. A swindler in reality, but softened by a genial hopefulness, very telling, Jim had his adventures in Wall Street. A gull himself, an unscrupulous partner, left him to face the firm's angry creditors. But Jim was resourceful, and if "he had time to turn around in" felt sure all would come out right, and it did, for the bad man came back with the goods and his nephew eloped with the daughter of the big financier who was opposing him, and so Jim came into Easy Street, but for his own good and the good of his relatives it was deemed advisable that Jim should be sent to the Argentine, a fate which he accepted with easy pathetical grace. A born farceur, Tim Murphy played the title rôle with inimitable fun and skill. It was a genuine creation and ought to do for him what "The Man from Home" accomplished for W. T. Hodge. Staged by W. H. Post, the farce was played with great briskness and variety in the acting, of which valued work was done by Louise Closser Hale, Frank Losee, Charles Lait, Frederick Bond and Violet Heming. The dialogue of "Honest Jim Blunt" sparkles with fresh American wit and humor.



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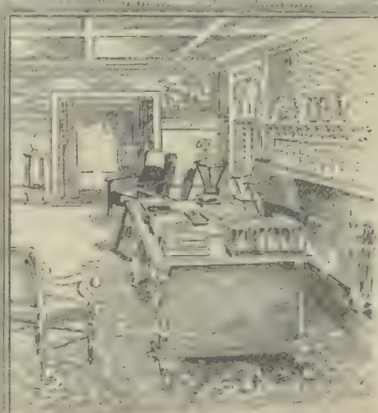


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A CHAT ON FALL NOVELTIES



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AS I was making a purchase in one of our popular specialty shops the other day I met a woman who was so successfully veiled that I recognized her only by her voice.

She is one of our favorite actresses, but she admonished me not to reveal her presence in town just yet. She confided to me that she was on her way to a well-known beauty specialist, where she is taking treatment for a slight skin eruption contracted during her ocean voyage.

Upon her solicitation I accompanied her, so we could discuss "all the news." We found the genial woman who works such wonders in the midst of preparations for moving into more spacious quarters on Fifth Avenue, which will be an advantage to her large clientele, but she graciously devoted herself to me, and while the patient was undergoing her treatment I was receiving valuable information, which I will generously pass on to you.

If you are among those unfortunates who tan in spots, in common parlance known as freckles, do not despair. You can get a freckle lotion and cream that does wonders, and if used in combination with the Madame's skin tonic you will speedily have your usual soft, creamy complexion restored.

If you are too impatient to await permanent results, there is a lotion you can apply which will effectually cover up the tan while you are under your treatment.

But the specialist informed me that she has just perfected a preparation that will remove tan in "the twinkling of the eye," which will be a boon to the vacationists who are now returning home and will so soon take up the social life where good complexions are essential.

Those of you who have not minded the tan, but do find consequent scaling so annoying ought to use the cream that so quickly obviates this roughness of the skin, and, by the way, this is an excellent cleansing cream, too. It is very mild and just the thing for a sensitive skin.

I should like to have learned more of the secrets of beauty, but the appearance of my companion terminated our interesting conversation.

"Now that I have company, I believe I will do some shopping," she exclaimed, and then followed an afternoon of sartorial surprises, for the Fall stocks were just coming in.

First of all there were the lovely evening coats. Those for limousine wear are, of course, more decorative than useful and are made up of chiffon, handpainted tulle, silver brocade and beads.

My companion suddenly exclaimed, "There is a wrap copied from a Drecoll model. I saw it at the Paris opening."

It was a beautiful, full-length coat beaded in white and black effect on white chiffon. The black beads form a wide border panel that ends in a graceful front drapery, and the back falls in long, straight, narrow lines. The collar and deep cuffs are of the black beads, and the coat is lined with soft white silk.

In the more serviceable wraps the velvets and plushes are prominent. The linings are generally costly, and a feature of these is that the upper part of the coat lining is usually different from the lower.

The much-discussed panniers seems to have been relegated to the evening coats this season. One in sage green velvet has the pannier outlined with white marabout, a favorite trimming for evening garments, and bandings of the same fur edge the entire wrap.

"Drecoll is showing the most beautiful velvet mantles this season, and most of them are fur trimmed. And I wish you could see the lovely display of wraps that Poiret is making," remarked my companion. "This house, you know, is noted for its mantles. Most of them are fur trimmed, but there were many evening wraps of brocaded silk or velvet trimmed with wide bandings of gold braid and lace.

"Gold seems to be a prominent color this season. I remember two gowns worn in the New Theatre in London in 'Ready Money.' Miss Hilda Antony appears in the sweetest yellow chiffon. It has a band of gold lace from beneath which falls a wide band of the loveliest old tinted lace. This is caught by a blue satin flower at the side. And then the bodice is beautifully trimmed with gold lace and a deep yellow belt finishes the exquisite costume. In the same play Miss May Whitty shows the preference for gold in a superbly handsome coat of rich black and gold brocade and a toque of gold lace with a black velvet brim and nodding black plumes."

"Miss Lydia Billbrooke wears a handsome brocaded evening coat glittering with gold in 'Find the Woman,'" I interpolated. "Are her gowns really so handsome?"

"Yes, they are all you hear about them, and she is certainly the best-gowned woman on the London stage this season. One of her creations is a brocaded silk in exquisite pastel shades. The slashed skirt is outlined with dark marabout, which also forms one

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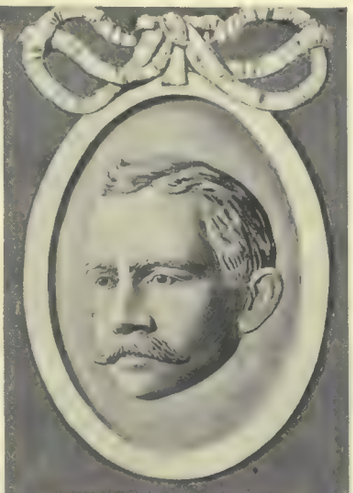
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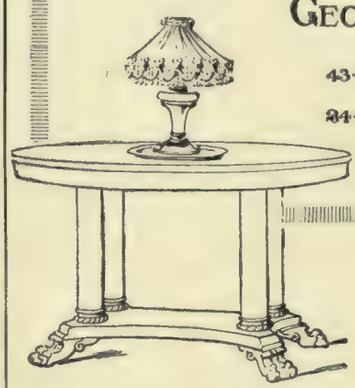
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shoulder strap over the pale chiffon short sleeve. The preference for contrast is shown in the other sleeve and shoulder straps of pearl beads, which also forms the bandings on the corsage and the skirt slit trimmings. A puffed mass of the chiffon is artistically arranged on the skirt where the velvet and pearl bandings meet in an exquisite combination. A sash of the chiffon falls from the end of the fur shoulder straps to the foot of the skirt.

In the evening coat you just mentioned, the gold lace forms nearly the entire sleeve, and a broad band of the same outlines the pannier of the coat. "But I want to get a white evening coat," and after a little search she found a beauty in a cream white broadcloth.

Both the cut and trimming are so novel that I must tell you about it. The entire back is outlined in round scallops underlaid with a fold of black satin. The deep coachman's pelerine is similarly edged. Long, narrow rever trimmings of black satin are ornamented with white broadcloth buttons. The sleeves are especially unique, the under portion being edged with the scallop trimming and the upper part, which is about six inches longer, being cut with a square edge that falls gracefully as a sort of straight flounce. It is an extremely picturesque theatre coat that can be had in any color combination.

Before leaving this exclusive shop we stopped to admire the teagowns, for this place specializes upon and is noted for its negligée garments. These ranged from the dainty little robes to just slip on in the boudoir to the elaborate gowns that are now considered correct for all informal home gatherings.

There was an elegant one in a small dotted cream net, over an old rose foundation of messaline, that ends in a wide foot border of the most exquisite pattern. This closes down the front with small rose silk buttons. An overdress of heavy brocaded crêpe de chine in old rose is shorter in the front and shows a novel trimming in a wide band made up of narrow folds of matching rose silk in a lattice design. This edged the sleeves and bottom of tunic, where tiny balls of the silk fall from the points of the lattice. A "V" inset of the same at each side of the front opening ends in a shower of the balls. A frill of the net, finely tucked, is bound in silk and falls from the bottom of a gathered, collarless yoke of the net where the overdress is attached.

The charming effect of this combination and the exquisite lines produced in the development of the garment are indescribable, and so I was not surprised when my companion emphatically announced, "I am going to have a copy of that model before the season is over."

A charming white charmeuse negligée seen there has a long fichu with tiny tucks and a hand-worked open silk stitching along the hem. The back forms a sailor collar that is edged with a heavy lace banding and ball fringe. The long pointed ends in front are finished off with silver tassels. The seams of this garment are ornamented in the open-work stitching that is quite a novel and pretty finish.

Tunics are still much in evidence. In the tailored gown they are in flat effects and often fall over plaited skirts. One in black broadcloth we saw that day has a tunic front and a back panel that ends in side plaits. The black velvet band outlining the low neck opening of the cutaway coat gives the garment a soft touch. A novel vestee and standing collar is of Gobelin blue velvet and silk braid, combined in a basket weave that is delightfully pretty.

In the dressy gowns tunics are popular. Miss Katherine Kaelred, who, by the way, is wearing some exceptionally pretty costumes in "The-Ne'er-Do-Well," wears a most attractive gown in the exquisite combination of mauve and old gold, which is made up of a chiffon tunic over a satin skirt.

Miss Hazel Dawn has been wearing a sweet little gown in "The Pink Lady." It has a long, narrow, cream serge tunic that is open at the side and reveals the underskirt of black and white horizontal striped silk. This also shows below the front of the tunic. The pretty gown is in Empire effect and the combination idea is beautifully carried out. The striped silk forms a novel vest and the broad sleeve banding, as well as a piping for the serge belt that fastens in front with a pearl buckle.

The pannier has developed into many adaptations of this mode. Miss Hattie Williams in "The Girl from Montmartre," at the Criterion Theatre, wears a handsome gown showing an artistic development of the pannier. The straight skirt of handsome net lace falls over an underdress of flowered taffeta. In order to preserve the long, slim lines the pannier of peach-colored taffeta is fastened to the back of the wide girdle of the same material, and the fulness is restrained at the sides by coquettish little puffs.

Another novel pannier of the stage is seen in an exquisite gown worn by Miss Gladys Hanson in "The Governor's Lady." The flat panniers are shaped like a Capuchin hood and have the points weighted with long crystal tassels that fall at each side over the skirt of white satin.



Frock of golden brown chiffon and satin. Small yoke of Gema lace

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In one of the shops we saw the new winter coats. I especially admired a seven-eighths coat in chiffon plush. It had the belted back and a soft crush collar. It was of a lovely mole shade.

Have you noticed what a strong predilection the new colorings have toward the fur tones? There are the soft brown shades and the taupe, lynx and grays. At the recent Paris openings it was apparent that rich, warm colors are to be brought to the fore. Callot shows a strong favor for the reds, even to the vivid flame color or "Satan" red, as it is sometimes termed.

In London "carrots" has sprung into sudden popularity. It is a cross between brick red and vermillion, for which no more appriate name could be found; and now a new color in Paris is called "The Garden of Allah," because it looks so much like the "Garden of Allah" sand. It is a brownish tan tone, very soft and beautiful, and has won the hearts of the Parisians.

As we passed one of the shop windows my companion remarked, "Isn't this idea of white mourning just the best thing ever?"

We stopped to admire the beautiful white crêpe hats, the crêpe and chiffon wraps and the ravishing neckwear in white crêpe and net.

Now that Miss Kaelrid looks so charming in her white mourning at the Lyric Theatre, this idea, which was recently introduced by the widow of John Jacob Astor, will, no doubt, find widespread favor, and it will not be surprising if some day white will be the adopted mourning in our country just as it now is in China.



Smart riding outfit. Habit of gray cord, black derby and patent leather boots. White pique stock and extra heavy riding gloves. Tan crop with silver trimmings



Ravishing effect of soft crepe de chine in a lovely rose shade, richly brocaded and made with a full drop of fine net. Tucked panel at front and wide band of beautifully woven lace show under lattice work of ribbon with ball drops. This exquisite model is a most recent importation

"I want one of those striped flannel kimonas. Have you seen them?" queried my actress friend. I directed her to a shop where there were the softest negligées in delicate colored stripes. The attendant showed us one in the loveliest gray and pink, banded with soft gray silk, and she told us they were kept busy supplying orders for these from the Vassar girls who are loyal to the alma mater colors.

The customer, however, decided she would prefer having one made up. I immediately recommended the Viyella flannel, which wears so well and does not shrink. We were astonished and delighted at the immense range of exquisite patterns. There were stripes in every conceivable shade and combination on white and colored grounds. The black stripes on white are very smart. Then there are black and navy grounds with white stripes, which make such nice suits for Southern wear. My companion chose a

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delicate lavender with white stripes for her kimona, and then she selected a light tan ground with a brown stripe for a blouse to wear with her brown suit, and I imagine the combination will be quite fetching.

There are the plain Viyellas, too, in white and many beautiful tones, polka dot effects and checks and plaids, among which the black and white effects are particularly noteworthy. The Tartan plaids are beautiful, and there are smart effects in the blues and pale greens that are largely used for hunting and motor skirts. And then we spied a pile of the most exquisite woolens with contrasting silk stripes! The texture of this material is unusually soft and the colorings most beautiful. It seems the ideal material for a handsome serviceable shirtwaist, such as will be much used for general wear when the weather grows cooler.

Our next purchase was gloves, and, of course, one pair had to be those smart white kids with heavy, broad, black stitching and the pearl clasp. Most of the new gloves have those pearl clasps, and the long evening gloves have the cutest little buttons of pearl in the ball shape. There are three of them, and they give an air of distinction to the glove. There was a large assortment of kid gloves in the pretty gold shades that are now sharing honors with the whites.

We also stopped to select a few collars. Of course, we had to have the latest novelty, and that is the Medici collar. This is simply a high stock with the frill of lace falling over the back, which is but another variation of the popular Robespierre genre.

Some of the new collars have small pelerines of silk or satin attached to a standing collar, with a deep Medici single or double ruff of tulle.

By this time we were both foot-sore and weary, and while I preferred to hasten home and rest, our favorite theatre star elected to stop in at the foot specialist's to have her feet "restored," and, of course, I was urged to "just come in for a minute."

I did not regret it, because the foot doctor, who is a hand specialist as well, gave me much valuable information.

I learned of a nail polish that works wonders. It is applied with a camel's hair brush, and it will give the nails that desirable sea-shell tint and a gloss that will remain for two or three days.

I saw a hand lotion that ought to be on every dressing table during the coming cold winter days. It effectually cures chap and quickly removes all roughness. It is both healing and soothing, and an excellent preparation for keeping the hands soft and white.

I was surprised to see my companion return from her treatment so quickly, and she joyfully exclaimed, "I feel like a different person now!" And then, as we walked on, I heard all about the excellent foot tonic that brought about this speedy result. A single application will take away that tired feeling, and it promptly relieves aches and allays inflammations. It is an effective remedy for the burning and nervousness which is so annoying. "And when I get those dreadful crampings of the toes this foot tonic helps me right away," said the lady. "I cured a bunion with it and I use it for every ache and pain I have. In fact, I would never be without the preparation. It quiets the foot nerves and so at once relieves the ache and weariness. You see how quickly I recovered now, and my feet did ache dreadfully when I went into the Doctor's parlor."

That ended our day's shopping tour, and when I reached home I found this query, "Please tell me a good place to purchase riding accessories and what is the latest in evening neckwear?"

Since the Horse Show is so near at hand I thought you would be interested, and so I am publishing my reply.

In a secluded corner in one of our prominent Fifth Avenue shops there is a good-sized room devoted entirely to the outfitting of riders. There are small rooms for fittings, and here every convenience is afforded for selecting everything from the especially designed underwear to the handsomest riding habit.

Exclusive materials are used in the development of habits, and they make a specialty of Priestley cravenetted fabrics, in which an extremely smart habit can be purchased for less than $40.

For evening the correct neckwear is the standing collar and the satin puff tie, either in black or white. By the way, this firm is showing an exclusive model in hats. It is a helmet shaped derby and can be had in either black or brown felt. The tricorne is a natty little head-gear, too, and admits of such variety in adjustment that it is becoming to any face. Particularly smart are those with Oxford crowns and plain black brims.

I almost forgot to tell you about the pretty gowns I saw in "The Girl from Montmartre." As this play now starts on a tour through the country you may have a chance to see them.



Smart costume of leaf green broadcloth, trimmed with scalloped flouncing. Hat of white Antique plush with sprays of Paradise

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It is difficult to single out the prettiest costume of Miss Hattie Williams. A coral chiffon shows a delightful development of the pannier. A drapery falling gracefully over a petticoat of the same is caught low on one side with buttons and over this the pannier, attached to the waist in small pleats, extends in an uneven length which is outlined at the bottom by a narrow band of skunk. The bodice is striking in its simplicity, the modest V-neck being outlined by a collar, that falls deep in the back, of matching shadow lace. Fur bands outline the short sleeves.

The hats of Miss Williams are especially noteworthy. One in black satin has a rolling brim and two white plumes overlaid with black numidia, which is one of the most pleasing methods of carrying out the black and white idea.

In "A Slice of Life," Miss Williams wears a superb tea gown of amber satin over which there is an artistic drapery of a floral-bordered lavender chiffon graduating from a white to the deepest purple at the edge. Shadow lace, about nine inches wide, forms a charmingly applied frill that passes diagonally across the entire costume, losing itself at the right shouder.

Miss Moya Mannering is a veritable model in fashionable girlish gowns and a decidedly pretty one, too. Her wedding gown was the acme of youthfulness and a charming model for a young girl's dancing frock.

It was of white silk voile slashed at the left side and worn over a petticoat of fine lace that formed pleats in the slash opening. With the movements of the wearer there were glimpses of tiny pink rosebuds that peaped out from the lace frill of the petticoat, which is a popular style-note this season. The dress is extremely simple, made with a round décolleté bodice and a long open front tunic. All the edges have a wide trimming of spangles in the form of the Greek key pattern, a foot band of the same also outlining the slash edges where a cluster of pink roses just conceal the joining.

Just as I was leaving the last shop I visited, a show case of fans attracted my attention. They were the small celluloid fans, prettily cut out in fancy designs and handpainted in dainty floral patterns. The reasonable price, fifty cents, surprised me. I immediately purchased one and it is my first contribution to the "Christmas Shelf." There are cute little bags of satin especially made for these fans. These, including the fan, are 75 cents, and others containing pretty small feather fans are $1.

And I really must tell you about the very latest stockings. Of course they are sheer silk and there is the daintiest of lace insets right over the instep. The lace is of a pattern especially designed for this purpose and starting a few inches from the toe extends upward about ten inches. One pair show the chanticleer in the center surrounded by an artistically traced pattern.

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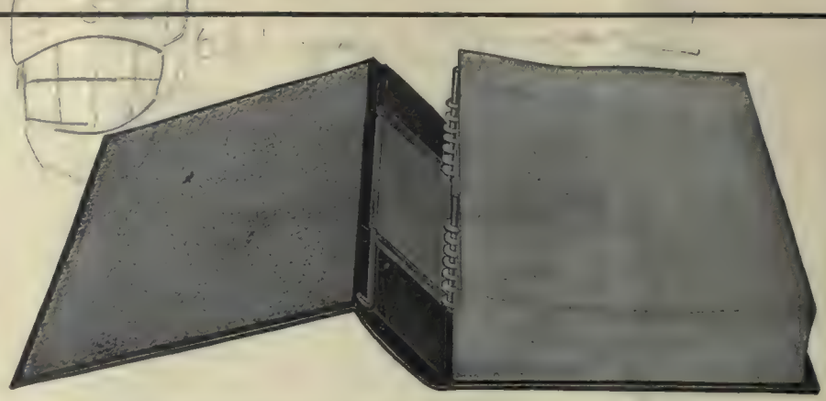
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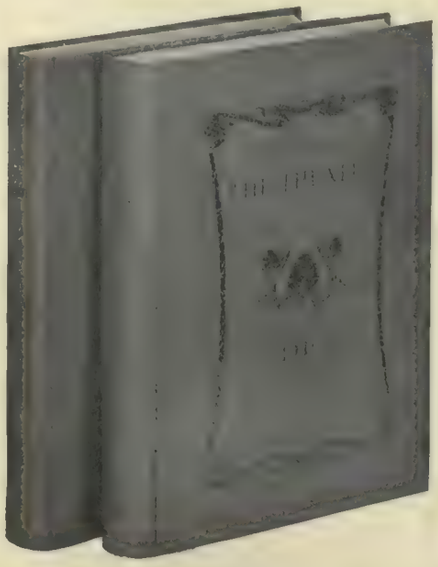
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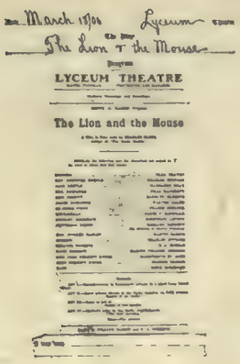
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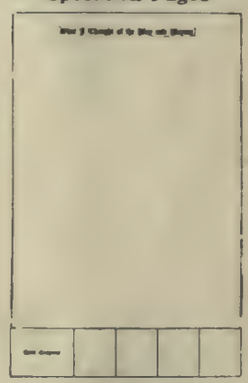
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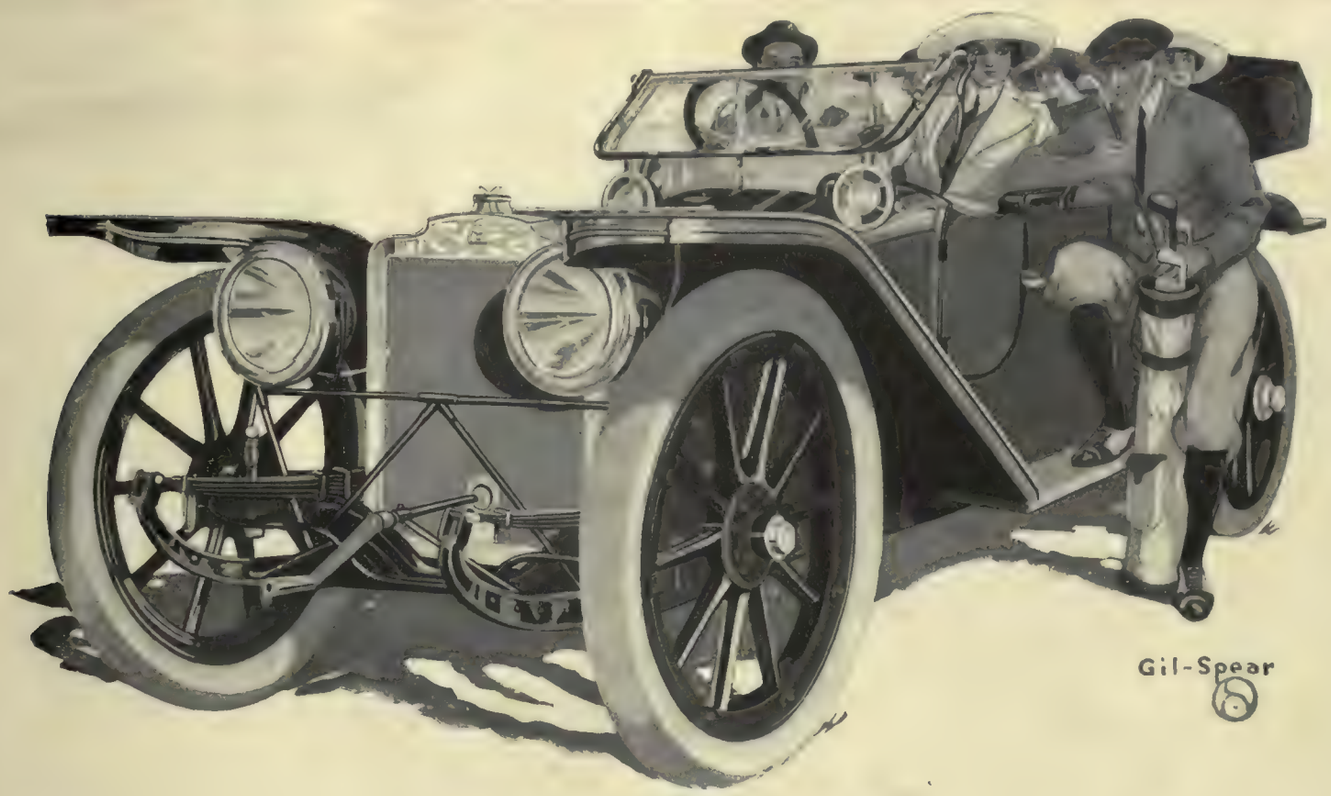
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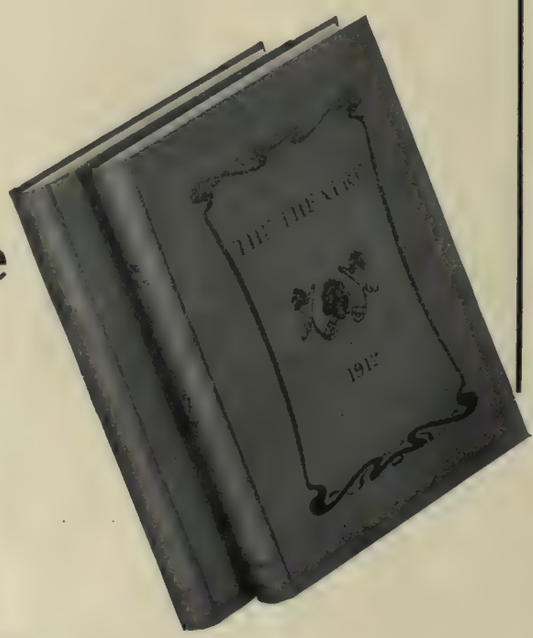
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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVI NOVEMBER, 1912 NO. 141

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Otto Sarony Co.

VIOLA ALLEN

Now appearing at the Century Theatre in the title rôle of Pierre Loti's and Judith Gautier's play, "The Daughter of Heaven"

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

DALY'S THEATRE. "HENRY V." Play in four acts by William Shakespeare. Produced September 30 with this cast:

Henry the Fifth	Lewis Waller
Duke of Gloucester	J. M. Wright
Duke of Bedford	Dixon Peters
Duke of Exeter	Wallace Erskine
Duke of York	M. Delaney
Archbishop of Canterbury	Douglas Ross
Bishop of Ely	Arthur Wylie
Sir Thomas Grey	Gordon Soames
Sir Thomas Erpingham	Thomas McLeod
Williams	Frank Woolfe
Capt. Fluellen	Alec. F. Thompson
Nym	Thomas Louden
Pistol	Herbert Jarman
Charles VI	Frank McEntee
Louis	Reginald Dane
Duke of Bergundy	J. H. Owen
Constable of France	Henry Carvill
Isabel	Ina Rorke
Alice	Suzette Cotta
The Hostess	Annie Hughes
Princess Katherine	Madge Titheradge

There is a Shakespearian following in New York City, and it is a big one, too. Present the Bard in a playhouse at popular prices and the box office man has his hands full. Broadway audiences are not as poetically attuned, but be he high-brow or pin-head, he is a foolish theatre-goer who overlooks his opportunity to see "Henry V" so well produced.

This is the third production that Shakespeare's chronicle play has had here in thirty-seven years. The Rignold one at Booth's and the Mansfield one at the Garden were more elaborate spectacularly. But to bring out the merits of this splendid series of patriotic events, couched in such glowing language, it needs not the fresh gorgeousness so associated with comic opera. Mr. Waller's scenery, costumes and accessories are entirely adequate. They provide all that is needed for the eye, and the star and his associates do full justice to the stirring periods, humorous flashes and sentimental passages that mark the play in which the Master is said to have poured out his heart's best in the delineation of the Mad Cap Prince who became so excellent a King. The condensation of the text has been capably accomplished, and the arrangements of scenes is such that continuity, clarity and the unities are all observed.

Waller in the title rôle is at his heroic best. There is splendid dash and romance to his portrait, even if it lacks the great essential youth, but his reading is a delight to the ear, crisp, vivid and varied. The company, too, in its entirety reads well, while several of the players deserve special mention for their admirable work.

Miss Madge Titheradge makes a beautiful figure as Rumour, and declaims with really splendid dignity and expression. She doubles, too, the Princess Katherine, an impersonation of witching Gallic grace and charm.

Solid British worth and devotion are well expressed by Wallace Erskine as Exeter, while there is fire and distinction in Henry Carvill's rendering of the Constable of France. The bluff Williams is portrayed with hearty freshness and feeling by Frank Woolfe, while the leading comedy rôles, Fluellen and Pistol, are most humorously realized by Alec. F. Thompson and Herbert Jarman. The former's fiery and voluble little Welshman is a gem of characterization. In short a capital performance and excellent company all around.



Matzene

SIGNOR TITTA RUFFO

Celebrated Italian baritone who will make his first appearance in America at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 19 next in the rôle of "Hamlet"

LIBERTY THEATRE. "MILESTONES." Play in three acts by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. Produced on Sept. 17 with this cast:

John Rhead	Leslie Faber
Gertrude Rhead	Auriol Lee
Mrs. Rhead	Eugenie Vernie
Samuel Sibley	Warburton Gamble
Rose Sibley	Gillian Scaife
Ned Pym	A. G. Onslow
Thompson	Wm. O. Fazan
Emily Rhead	Gladys Mason
Nancy Sibley	Edith Barwell
Arthur Preece	Frederick Lloyd
Lady Rhead	Gillian Scaife
Lord Monkhurst	Douglas Imbert
Hon. Muriel Pym	Margaret Macdona
Richard Sibley	Frank Arundel

"Milestones" is quaint, novel and interesting, but it is not the epoch-making play that the fulsome London notices seem to indicate. Its novelty—the progression of generations—each of the three has an act to itself, makes a far stronger appeal by its ingenious idea than by its brilliancy of literary expression. The dialogue is neat, clever and serviceable, but it has not the poignant depth of big suggestion. It pleases. It fails to stir.

The action all takes place in a single room. The first happens in 1860 and the furnishings suggest all the terrors of the Victorian era. Here John Rhead, head of a shipbuilding firm, quarrels with his partner brother-in-law on account of his advanced business ideas and shatters a romance. Twenty-five years later another generation copes with a similar crisis. Again narrow-minded selfishness blocks the way and more heart pangs and disappointments occur. But in 1912 there is a declaration of emancipation. The latest generation refuses to be coerced. It declares for independence and it carries the day. The dominating pride of old age is forced to acknowledge defeat and the youth of to-day starts with every prospect of happiness and prosperity.

This quaint conceit is from the joint pens of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. The change in period makes for nice differentiation in costume, manners and moods, and the English company, especially imported for the production, shows careful selection and most thorough rehearsal. Leslie Faber, already known here, carries through the three acts. His youth, middle age and the sere and yellow are capably marked by him and show the resources of his alert and polished art. His wife is also portrayed with skillful resource by Gillian Scaife, while the third character to figure through the entire play is Rhead's sister, Gertrude, the living sacrifice to pride, who acts as a sort of protesting chorus and who aids the youngest couple in their fight for

freedom. This rôle was most sympathetically portrayed by Auriol Lee. For dramatic purposes of contrast some of the parts seemed very aged for their years, and natural youth occasionally peered beneath the outward symbols of advancing years.

GARRICK THEATRE. "THE ATTACK." Play in three acts by Henry Bernstein. Adapted into English by George Egerton. Produced on September 19 last with the following cast:

Alexandre Merital.....John Mason	Julien Merital .....Clinton Preston
Antonin Frepeau.....Sidney Herbert	Servant .....Daniel Fitzgerald
Garancier .....Wilfred Draycott	Renée De Rould .....Martha Hedman
Daniel Merital.....Frank Hollins	Georgette Merital.....Eva Dennison

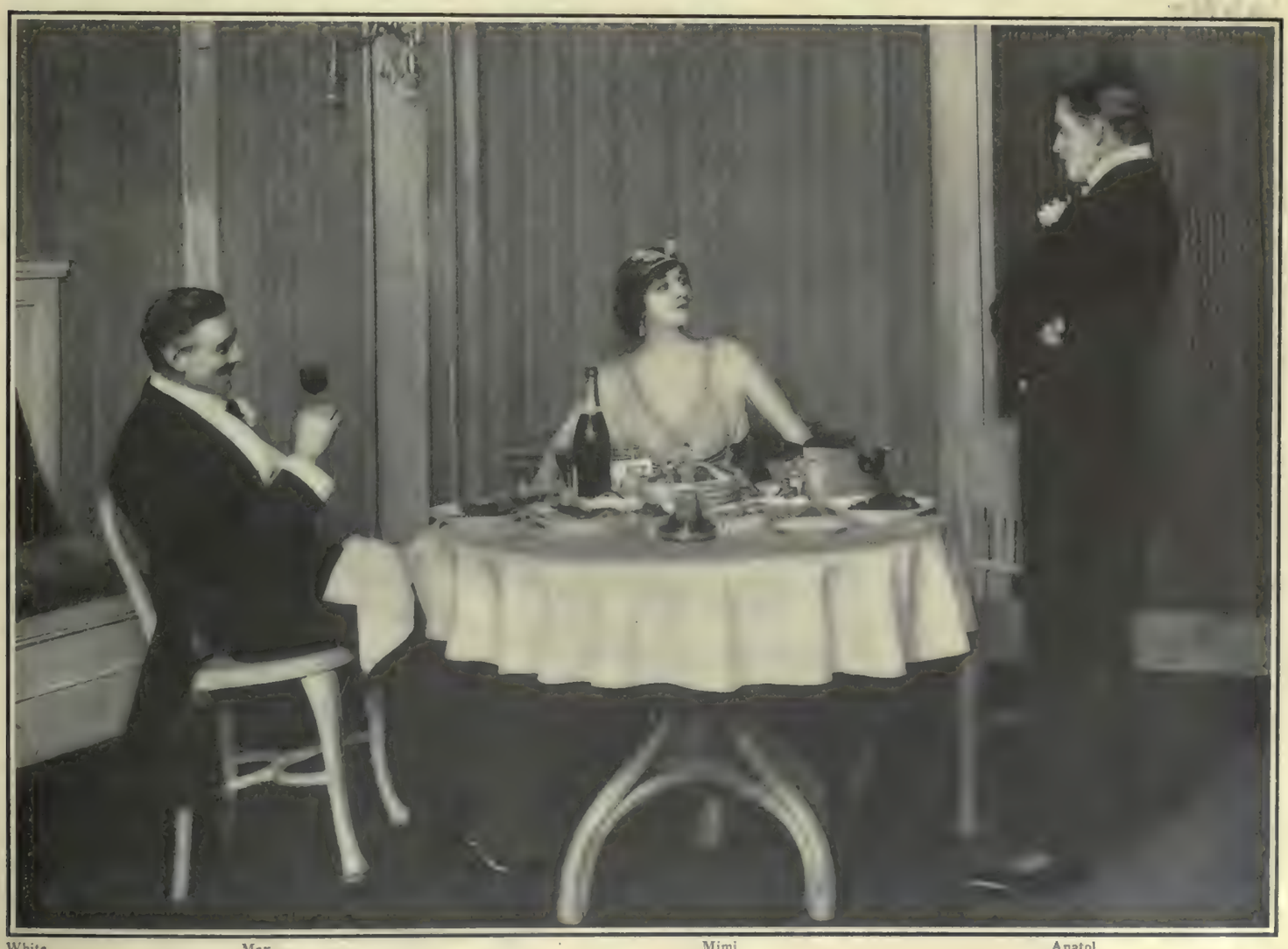
Sometimes even an established dramatist may write too frequently for a single player. After a time he dramatizes solely the personality of his star. This would seem to be the case with Bernstein in his three-act play, "The Attack," which Guitry presented in Paris and in which John Mason is now appearing at the Garrick.

"L'Assaut" (its original title) is hardly a play. It is a recitation of the past in the life of Alexandre Merital, a prominent and successful political figure, who in his youth, to save a starving wife, embezzled. He had long since paid the debt, but a disreputable journalist sells the information to his rivals, and Merital is forced to sue for libel. However, the principal in the attack upon him has a far shadier past, and by some incriminating evidence which he has obtained Merital breaks down the opposition and saves his good name. Before all this mixup a young friend of his daughter has fallen in love with him, and in a scene (he has long since been a widower) between them, remarkable for its technical difficulties, and verging closely on the absurd, he accepts her love, for she practically forces it on him. Vindicated, however, by the courts, he feels he must tell her the truth, which he does in a long declamation about his unhappy youth, his struggles, his fall and his redemption. She understands and the final curtain falls. It was in this recitation that Mr. Mason showed how broad and polished is his art. It was a story told with graphic feeling, poignant remorse and splendid tonal variety. In the other scenes he was equally sound and sure; but the character, probably racial, lacks the sympathy for big response. Sydney Herbert gave a virile and well-drawn rendering of his political rival, and the young girl who proposed to Merital was played with nice delicacy and restraint by Martha Hedman, a Swedish actress with a pretty face. The remaining rôles were "fillers," and the two sets very handsome and appropriately French. The second in particular was a gem.

BELASCO THEATRE. "THE CASE OF BECKY." Play in three acts by Edward Locke. Produced on October 1 with this cast:

Dr. Emerson.....Herbert Bruning	Profesor Balzamo.....Charles Dalton
Dr. Peters.....Harry C. Browne	Thomas .....John P. Brawn
John Arnold.....Eugene O'Brien	Dorothy .....Frances Starr

"The Case of Becky" is romantic and yet real; improbable, if not impossible, yet scientific. To reconcile such opposing elements in a play requires skill, and that skill was possessed by Mr. Locke, who devised the play, and Mr. Belasco, who produced it. The success of such a piece as this depends upon controlling or subduing the point of view of the audience. Critical opinion might easily reject the happenings as improbable, impossible, inconsistent melodramatic, unnatural, and consequently uninteresting; but with impossible characters made very human, diverting and dramatic, criticism as often finds itself complaisant rather than antagonistic. If one does not regard the incidents as weirdly impressive, he may consent to their entertaining quality. The truth is the audiences of this play, whatever convictions or disbelief they may carry away with them as the power of hypnotism, can and do afford to take the play seriously during its performance. The characters are few, only six in number, and there is a concentration of interest that tends to tensity at every moment of the action.



White — Max (Oswald Yorke) — Mimi (Doris Keane) — Anatol (John Barrymore)

The Rupture in the Restaurant. Mimi: "I don't think I ever really liked you, Anatol!"

SCENE IN ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S PLAY, "THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

A Doctor has at his sanitarium a patient, a girl of about eighteen, with a dual nature, whose personal identity he has never been able to establish. Her history is mysterious. At times she is sweet in disposition, fond of reading, neat in her dress, mild in manner, tractable, affectionate; at other times, the transition often being sudden, she is violent, uncontrollable in temper, untractable, vicious, dishevelled, a different creature in every way. These contrasting moods constitute in the action a material part of what may be described as the performance, for it is as a performance that the play is most remarkable. The incidents in which the rebellious girl figures have so much detail in their variety that an account of them would call for a voluminous record; but it is in these details that much of the interest consists.



White

MARGARET ANGLIN

In Edward Sheldon's new play "Egypt," recently seen in Chicago. This piece is the story of a child who has been stolen by gypsies and when arrived at maturity is restored to her mourning parents

Miss Frances Starr in the dual rôle may be said to be inimitable. At all events, it is difficult to imagine any other actress of the day acting the part with the peculiar temperament needed, with the same neatness of execution and with the same celerity of change in emotion. The story is simple. A traveling hypnotist, giving an exhibition in the town, calls on the Doctor and presently claims this patient as his own daughter. The Doctor demands proof that he is her father. There is some doubt about his credentials and the refusal to give her up is delayed. In the last act the traveling performer comes, for the last time, to demand his child. The scene is in the Doctor's laboratory. Here we have Mr. Belasco's resources as a producer at his characteristic best. We see, before the impostor arrives, the use of the various electrical contrivances. Electric sparks six inches long are turned on to gratify the curiosity of a visitor. A musical electrical box is heard which puts a patient to sleep. The twirling blades quivering with light are turned on. The impostor arrives. The Doctor sees that he must extract the mystery of the man from him by means of hypnotizing him. This is accomplished by gradually getting him to test the influence of the contrivances that he scorns as modern scientific foolery and charlatanry. The impostor claims that hypnotism can be exercised only as a personal gift or power. The result is that the claimant of the girl is placed under the spell and confesses. It is discovered that he had used the girl in his performances and had kept her under his influence, and still had her under the same influence. More than this, it now appears that this same man had lured away the Doctor's wife years ago and kept her also for his purposes, the wife having died in the meantime. In short, the girl is the Doctor's own daughter.

It is in this romanticism that the play is weakest, but the play is now over, and the romantic improbability has been paid for by the absorbing interest of the action. It may be said, with much truth, that the play is an exhibition of Mr. Belasco's supreme skill in handling material that would be very hazardous in other hands. Much of the success of the play undoubtedly lies in the excellent ability of the actors chosen for the task, for it may well be described as such, for making reality out of the more or less unreal. Charles Dalton as the impostor gave a rare and amusing, as well as forcible, performance. Mr. Bruning as the Doctor was no less efficient. There are a few touches of love comedy between the nurse and the attendant young doctor.

WEBER'S. "A SCRAPE O' THE PEN." Scottish comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat. Produced on September 26 with this cast:

Eppie Oliphant. } Inglis..... }	.....Jean Evans or, Millicent Evans
Flora McGlip	.....Helen Baird
Beenie Scott	.....Helen MacGregor
Mrs. Baikie	.....Adah Barton
Geordie Pow	....J. Crichton Russell
Hugh Menzies	.....W. G. Robb
Shepherd	.....Fawcett Lomax
Leezie Inglis	.....Agnes Bartholomew
Mattha Inglis	.....Carl Lyle
Jean Lowther or Menzies	...Lila Barclay
Peter Dalkeith	.....Edward Chester
Miss Pringle	.....Jean Hamilton
Taffy Knot	.....Marie Stuart
Mrs. MacAlister	.....Jean Power
Village Natural	.....Angus Adams
Bridesmaid	.....Kate Evans
Watty Weir	.....Roy Cochrane

Graham Moffatt's Scotch plays are interesting, not only because of what they are, but because of what they are not; they are not problem plays. They concern the ordinary happenings in the ordinary life of ordinary people. The stories are not new, being more or less conventional, but there is a very great novelty in his treatment of them. The novelty also largely consists in the authenticity of what he puts before us. Mr. Moffatt is as well acquainted with the methods of the stage as he is with his characters, and consequently is always entertaining. It may be that he has used theatrical exaggeration in some of his types, but they are always diverting. The Hired Mourner in "A Scrape o' the Pen," for example, is a type that must have had real life in

Scenes in the Scotch Comedy "A Scrape O' The Pen" at Weber's.



Mattha Inglis (Carl Lyle) Hugh Menzies (W. G. Robb) Jean Menzies (Lila Barclay) Leezie Inglis (Agnes Bartholomew)

Act 1. Mattha: "We're no speakin'."



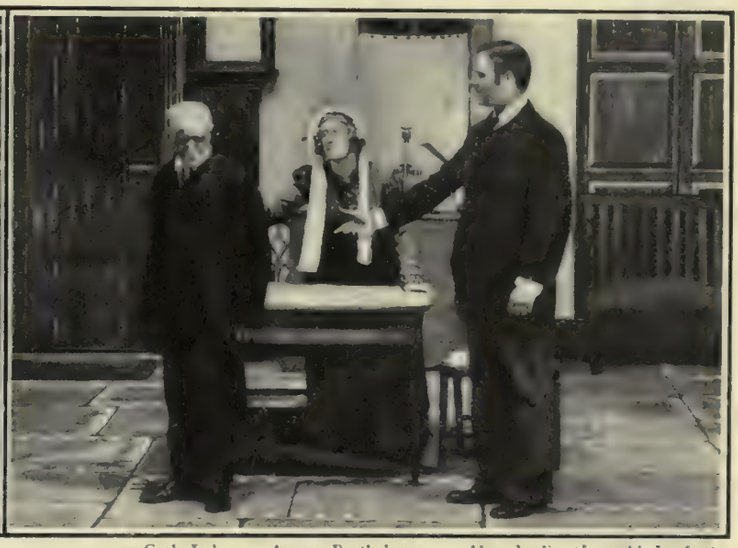
Agnes Bartholomew Lila Barclay Carl Lyle

Finale of Act 1. Leezie: "My own guid mon!"



Agnes Bartholomew Carl Lyle

Act II. Scene 1. Mattha: "And where are the sons we begat, Leezie? Scattered to the ends of the world."



Carl Lyle Agnes Bartholomew Alec Inglis (Leopold Profeit)

Act III. Alec returns from Africa after being absent seven years and finds his father still stern



Agnes Bartholomew Carl Lyle Leopold Profeit

Finale of Act III. Alec tears and burns the bit o' paper and scrape of the pen



White

Katherine Hollis (Adelaide Nowak) — Robert Fielding (Charles Waldron)

Act 1. Robert Fielding: "How would it be if we tried for the miracle?"

Frederick H. Hollis, Jr. (A. Hylton Allen) — June Thornborough (Renee Kelly)

Act 2. Frederick: "But I can't see you from down here"

SCENES IN HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER'S PLAY "JUNE MADNESS," RECENTLY SEEN AT THE FULTON THEATRE

some fashion in rural communities in Scotland, or, if he is largely a fantastic creation, he is exceedingly droll and diverting and real. He is purely incidental to the action. Never did woeful visage inspire more mirth. He wears a white band of crepe on his tall hat, weeps at every proper opportunity and declines to attend family prayers because he is taking a holiday. However, the Hired Mourner is only a single item among many types. The ease with which Scotch marriages used to be made has furnished material for many plays, but "A Scrape o' the Pen" is nevertheless a novelty. A young woman, thinking her husband by a Scotch marriage, with whom she had never lived, died in South Africa, gets information that he is alive and is about to return home. The brief certificate of marriage has been found by a stranger, a woman, returning from Africa, who delivers it to the parents of the young man in the presence of the new, happily-married woman. The old people have grown to love her, know that the wandering son is worthless, and have a sore struggle with their scruples of conscience as to what to do with the paper. They finally destroy it, but it is first brought out in a scene between the two signers of the marriage declaration that the girl had discovered his faithlessness to her in that when he left for Africa he had left behind him a maid whom he had betrayed, who had died of a broken heart after having given birth to a child. This child the woman has cared for. He resigns his pretensions. The paper is destroyed. This surely is a simple and even conventional story. But the situations are not worked out in the old emotional way for the sake of theatricalism. They remain dramatic enough. The young woman whose domestic happiness is threatened has less to do in the way of engaging our attention than the two old people. They are delightful. Their one quarrel is a touching exhibition of Scotch character, stubborn and narrow crabbedness on the one side and gentle simplicity on the other. The aged man reprimands his wife because she has bought a new hat of a kind that he regards as proof of the sinful propensities of her pride. They quit speaking. The young woman of the "Scrape o' the Pen" reconciles them. The family prayer meeting, at which the old man read a dry chapter of Biblical genealogies because it was in the regular order of reading the good Book clear through every year, was as amusing as a farce and as true in its humor as life itself. The wife, a quaint, gentle old woman, was delightfully acted by Miss Agnes Bartholomew, while the old husband, in the hands of Carl Lyle, was an equally pleasing performance in its companionship in art and nature. The play is episodic, and all the better for it. The eighteen characters, with the many other types seen on the village square on the wintry night when a spinster bride was conducted to her new home, are plain, lovable, distinctly Scotch honest folk. "A Scrape o' the Pen" is a little play worth the while, constantly entertaining with good sentiment and genuine comicalities.

COHAN'S THEATRE. "Broadway Jones." Play in four acts by George M. Cohan. Produced on September 23 with this cast:

Rankin .....M. J. Sullivan	Mrs. Snotswood.....Helen F. Cohan
Jackson Jones.....Geo. M. Cohan	Judge Spotswood.....Jerry J. Cohan
Robert Wallace.... ....George Parsons	Clara Spotswood.....Mary Murphy
Mrs. Girard.....Ada Gilman	Josie Richards.....Myrtle Tannehill
Peter Pembroke.....William Walcott	Higgins .....John Fenton
Sam Spotswood.....Russell Pincus	Henry Hopner.....Ed. Hibben
Dave .....Jack Klendon	Grover Wallace.....Fletcher Harvey

For a long time there was a disposition to regard George M. Cohan as a peculiarly ephemeral product of Forty-second Street and Broadway. That time has passed. Mr. Cohan is now to be reckoned with as a dramatist of originality and technique and as a light comedian of effervescent youth and individual charm. "Broadway Jones," as written by him, is a combination farce and comedy. Its plot is so simple that it is almost juvenile. But Mr. Cohan is a true observer of men and conditions, and applies the little comic and pathetic touches of life in a way which makes his completed fabric something distinctly (*Continued on page ix*)

SCENES IN "THE WHIP," AT THE MANHATTAN



Act 2. Captain Sartoris warns the substitute curate that he must stand by the story of the fraudulent marriage



Act 2. The trainer as a wax dummy overhears the plot against the race



Act 3. "The Whip" is started for the Newmarket track



Act 3. Captain Sartoris cuts off the "lorry" from the Newmarket express



Act 3. The collision at the mouth of the tunnel



Act 3. Ready for the start in the great race

Anecdotes of the Stage

Humor is the spice of life. He who has it not, misses the one thing that makes the daily grind endurable. Perhaps more than any other calling, the profession of the mummer has been productive of humor. The comic incidents that frequently occur on the stage, and yet are not part of the entertainment, would fill volumes. It is our purpose to print, from time to time, short and true anecdotes of the stage and its people. Players and managers are invited to contribute any amusing experiences of this nature they may have had. The only condition imposed is that the stories be true, be brief, and have humor and point.



THE elder Sothern was a firm believer in the noisy audience. He considered that the theatre-goer if pleased with the entertainment should consider it a duty to make loud demonstration of his enjoyment. William G. Rose tells a good story of one occasion when the actor was playing "Dundreary" in a small town where the manager of the theatre had recently been to New York. He had visited Madison Square theatre, at that time under semi-religious management, where dim light prevailed in the auditorium and loud applause was deemed decidedly indecorous. The manager returned to his town and gave a quiet "tip" on what was "the real thing" in New York theatre manners. Sothern and his company played the first act without evoking a laugh or a "hand." When the curtain fell he listened for the customary call, but there was only silence—awful silence. Then before the second act he gathered his company and said: "We don't seem to be hitting 'em at all. We must pitch in for all we are worth in this act." Star and company worked like Trojans, but apparently without result. At the end of the second act the local manager went to Sothern's dressing room and began to congratulate him on his success and to tell him how delighted his audience was.

Sothern interrupted him: "Don't guy me," he said. "Why, I haven't heard any laughter or applause."

"Laughter—applause," returned the manager, proudly, as he drew himself to his full height and thrust his hand behind the breast folds of his coat; "I should hope not, indeed! There was one man snickered, but we put him out."

Madame Rudersdorff, the mother of Richard Mansfield, was for a time at the court of Vienna. Richard, fascinated as a child by the stories she told with inimitable mimicry of the great personages she met in the Austrian capital, used in later life to recall many of them. The Esterhazy family had attached to their mansion or palace a private theatre, in which it was the delight of their friends and themselves to give representations of plays then in favor before the Emperor, the Court, and the élite of Vienna. Madame Rudersdorff was naturally in great demand, and, besides being called upon to fill the chief rôles, she spent no little time in instructing the Princesses in the art of stage 'get-up.' Despite all her exertions, however, the performances did not always run as smoothly as might have been desired, and one in particular seems to have come to thorough grief. I cannot remember what particular play it was the Esterhazy's had announced, but, whatever it was, the Emperor graced the performance with his presence, seated in a delightfully comfortable fauteuil very near the stage; and all the court was there in grand gala. The Emperor, having been coaxed to silence (for he was an imperial chatterbox), the first act commenced, and everything went well until the elder Esterhazy, stabbed to the heart, had to fall dead on the stage, and chose to fall just beneath the huge candelabrum. Now, most unfortunately, owing to a draught in the upper regions, the wax-lights of the candelabrum were dripping, and one by one drops of hot wax fell upon the upturned face of the prostrate Count. He bore it like a Spartan for some time, then he began to wink violently (the Emperor leaning forward was eagerly watching the situation), and at last, an extra hot drop having stung him between the eyes, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "Der Teufel mag hier todt sein—ich aber nicht!' (The devil may be dead here—but not I!), and walked himself off amidst the laughter of the audience and to the great delight of the Emperor."

Joseph Jefferson was sensitive on the subject of his retirement from the stage. The interviewer who put the question of farewell to him generally received a rather sharp, but pleasant reply. The story is told of a newspaper reporter in the South who once got the best of him. The actor came down stairs at the hotel and was much disturbed to find a long, but mysteriously worded article in which the word retired was closely connected with his name. He knew the managing editor, and made a half-hearted complaint. The reporter was called in and asked where he got the story.





"The city editor told me to see Mr. Jefferson," said the young man, "and ask him if he was going to retire."

"Well, did you see him?" demanded the editor somewhat sharply.

"No, sir," replied the reporter. "I sent up my card to his room and it was sent back in a few minutes with this written on it:

"'Mr. Jefferson has retired.'"

And then the actor, who used to sleep twenty years in every performance, took the reporter out and bought him a $5 hat.

The late Mrs. Gilbert in her interesting reminiscences tells of an amusing incident she over witnessed in Dublin. "I remember we were just going to open our show—we were something like the famous Ravel Brothers, only our work would be serious comedy while theirs was farce—and we went in to see the performance of 'Faust,' as actors always will go to the play, when not working themselves. Something went wrong with the trap that should have let Mephistopheles down to the under-world. He went halfway down, and then stuck; they hitched him up a bit, and he went down better, but stuck again. They tried two or three times, and then had to lower the curtain with him sticking head and shoulders above the trap. A voice in the gallery shouted out: 'Hurrah, boys, hell's full,' and the house roared."

The same actress, speaking of her experiences with Augustin Daly, says: "Mr. Daly was very exacting in his training of the subordinates and would not tolerate anyone standing about as if uninterested in the action of the piece. Once, I remember, Miss Irwin, in the character of an eavesdropping maid, had to lean against the corridor side of a door and then fall headlong into the room when the door was suddenly opened. She did it half heartily, for it is very difficult to make a spirited tumble just at rehearsal, and the 'Governor' was on his feet in a moment, showing her how it should be done. 'It must be like that' he said, picking himself up and dusting himself off. She looked him up and down—he was tall and slender, you know—and answered saucily: 'I never could reach so far; I haven't the length, you know.' 'Then you must do it breadthwise,' he retorted, and she had the good sense and the good fun to acknowledge that the joke was turned on her, for even then she was very stout."

George Bernard Shaw's keen sense of humor enabled him, of course, to enjoy hugely an incident which happened a few years ago in London. When his "Arms and the Man" was first produced, the satire was heartily received. At the fall of the curtain there were loud calls for the author, to which Shaw finally deigned to respond. The audience was still applauding when suddenly one dissenting voice in the gallery "booed" with the full power of a very strong pair of lungs. Shaw looked up at the disturber and said, very seriously:

"Yes, sir, I quite agree with you; but what can we two do against a whole houseful?"

During a performance of "Arizona" in a small Connecticut town an elderly gentleman, with multifarious whiskers, accompanied by his wife, occupied seats in the last row of the orchestra. Underneath the setting forth of the cast in the programme was the usual synopsis of the scenes, the last line reading: "Act 4 same as Act 1." When the curtain fell on the third act the old man picked up his hat and umbrella and said to his companion:

"Come along, Maria. We can catch that 10.30 train if we hurry. The programme says the last act is the same as the fust, and I don't see no use of waiting to look at it over again." And they hustled off homeward.



The Hon. William C. Preston, U. S. Senator from South Carolina, was well (*Continued on page viii*)



Photos White

No. 1. Frances Starr in the dual role of Dorothy and Becky. No. 2. Act I. Dr. Emerson (Albert Brunning), Becky (Miss Starr), Miss Pettingill (Mary Lawton), John Arnold (Eugene O'Brien). Becky makes an unconventional exit. No. 3. Act II. The doctors watch Becky's strange mental phenomena. No. 4. Act II. Dorothy comes down stairs in obedience to a voice which must be obeyed. No. 5. Act III. Professor Balzamo exposed. Dorothy learns that Dr. Emerson is her father.

SCENES IN EDWARD LOCKE'S CURIOUS PLAY OF DUAL PERSONALITY, "THE CASE OF BECKY"



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SIGNOR CARUSO



GERALDINE FARRAR



LUCREZIA BORI
New soprano



WILLY BUERS
New baritone



STELLA DE METTE
New contralto

BRILLIANT OPERA SEASO

MUSIC, "heavenly maid," is going to be the most favored of the arts this winter. With an opera season longer than any previous one ever attempted at the Metropolitan Opera House—for it is to be twenty-three weeks this season—with visiting opera by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, with four important local orchestras and one from Boston, with Europe opening its flood gates of concert soloists—all these promise a season of music the like of which the ears of New Yorkers have never yet encountered. The word "encountered" is used advisedly, for it is going to be an artistic battle royal when violin bows and ivory piano keys will be crossed in musical combat.

Of surpassing interest is, of course, the Metropolitan opera season, which begins November 11th. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager, has been abroad all summer, searching in the old world's highways and also in its byways, for artists with which to populate his company and for novelties with which to add lustre to his repertoire. The result of his searches, extending back a twelvemonth, are that we are to hear new singers—Frieda Hempel, a German lyric soprano, famous for her coloratura; Lucrezia Bori, a Spanish soprano, who has won spurs in Paris, and considered a great find, for, in addition to her admirable qualities as an artist, she is said to have great personal stage charm, coupled with two rare and highly important items, namely, youth and beauty; then, for smaller soprano parts, there are to be heard two American singers, Louise Cox and Vera Curtis. Also among the contraltos are there two new American singers, Stella de Mette and Lila Robeson. Nor are new American recruits missing in the men's voices, for there is listed Paul Althouse, a native tenor. A new Italian tenor, Umberto Macnez, will be heard, as will a famous new German tenor, Jacques Urlus. The latter is most highly praised in the Kaiser's domain, and he sang a few special performances in this country in Boston last season. Two new baritones appear on this season's roster, Willy Buers and Eduard Erhard, and a new basso is Carl Braun—all three being Germans. Then there is a new conductor, Giorgio Polacco, of whom Gatti-Casazza speaks enthusiastically. He has the reputation abroad of being an admirable leader, has conducted in Italy, Spain and South America and was in this country for a while, conducting the English performances of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," produced by Henry W. Savage.

And now for the returning favorites. Not a single big name will be missed from the list. Here they are for your exultation: Caruso, Farrar, Fremstad, Destinn, Gadski, Alda, Homer, Matzenauer, Maubourg, Burrian, Martin, Slezak, Jörn, Hensel, Amato, Scotti, Weil, Gilly, Goritz, Rothier, Griswold, Didur, and Witherspoon. All three of last season's conductors will return—Toscanini, Hertz and Sturani. To the list of first ballet dancers a new name will be added, Eva Swain, an American girl. Then, too, the Metropolitan is to have visiting artists from the Chicago and the Boston opera organizations, and these names include Carmen Melis, Cecilia Gagliardi, Charles Dalmores, Giovanni Zenatello, Clarence Whitehill and Edward Lankow.

As for the new works to be heard, let the list be headed by "Cyrano," an American opera to be sung in English. The composer is Walter Damrosch and the librettist is William J. Henderson—the former the conductor of the New York Symphony Society, and the latter a well-known author and music critic. The story is based, of course, upon Rostand's familiar "Cyrano de Bergerac," and the rôle of Roxane will probably be sung by Alda. The production of "Cyrano" is a continuation of the announced policy of the Metropolitan Opera House directors to further the cause of the native composer and of opera in



JACQUES URLUS
New tenor



LOUISE COX
New soprano



CARL BRAUN
New basso

OR THE METROPOLITAN

English. This will be the first performance on any stage of "Cyrano."

The only other real novelty of the list is the Russian opera, "Boris Godounoff," by Moussorgsky, and possibly one other, a French work, namely, "Le Chemineau," by Xavier Leroux. There appears to be a dearth abroad of suitable novelties. Boito has not yet completed his everlasting "Nero," Charpentier is slow in finishing his "La Vie de Poète," and Claude Debussy seems to be tardy in putting finishing touches to three operas, "La Chute de la Maison Usher," "Le Diable dans le Beffroi" and "La Légende de Tristan"—all of which new works will find their way quickly to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House when completed.

Still, the next best thing to a novelty—and in some cases it is infinitely preferable—is the revival of masterpieces. So Mozart's "The Magic Flute" will be sung for the first time in years, handsomely trapped out and with a star cast. Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" will be revived for the opening performance of the season, also with a notable array of singers. Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" will be produced for the first time by the Metropolitan company, although it has had performances in this opera house by the visiting Philadelphia-Chicago singers. Puccini's neglected "Manon" will be revived, and as Massenet's tuneful operatic version of the same subject will again be given, the public will have two "Manons" to choose from. It is also likely that Saint-Säens' "Samson et Dalila" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Il Segrato di Susanna" will be heard here.

The regular repertoire will be chosen from the forty odd standard operas that the Metropolitan artists have at their finger tips and that have been produced here. They need not be catalogued in this article, but represent the very pick of former presentations by this company.

That, in a nutshell, is what may be expected of the Metropolitan this season.

And it is "promise-crammed," backed by the standards of Gatti's régime, which aim for highest artistic achievement.

No details of the five performances of the Philadelphia-Chicago company in the Metropolitan are available, but they doubtless will present an array of novelties here. An important addition has been made to the roster of artists that have been engaged for that organization by Andreas Dippel, namely, Titta Ruffo, probably the most sensationally famous baritone of the day. Philadelphia and Chicago are both to enjoy long seasons of grand opera at the hands of this company, and then there is to be a trip to the Coast in the late spring. So grand opera will flourish like the bay tree all over this land, Boston supporting its own company. But New York is to have the longest season of any of these cities, and the advance subscription is the biggest in the history of the Metropolitan, for it is said to approximate a million dollars.

Yet all this outpouring of music is but one phase of New York musical life, for there are to be orchestral concerts and recitals in endless array, afternoon and evening. A new concert auditorium, the Æolian Hall, has been added to the public music places of this city and will share with Carnegie Hall the burden of housing eager music makers and insatiable music lovers.

Forty concerts alone will be given by the Philharmonic Society, Josef Stransky conducting. Walter Damrosch will again lead his men, the Symphony Society of New York, in a series of regular subscription and educational concerts, and also in a series of Young People's Symphony concerts. Educational concerts for wage-earners will again be led by F. X. Arens in his series of People's Symphony concerts, and the Russian Symphony Society, conducted



FRIEDA HEMPEL
New soprano



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CHARLES DALMORES



EMMY DESTINN
Metropolitan



CECILIA GAGLIARDI
New Italian soprano



Matzene

JULIA CLAUSSEN
New Swedish contralto



FRANCES ALDA
Metropolitan



JOHANNA GADSKI
Metropolitan

by Modest Altschuler, again will give its concerts devoted to Russian music, while Arnold Volpe will give concerts with his orchestra.

And then there is the series of ten concerts to be given by the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. This year it is to have a new conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, who has resigned his post at the Berlin Royal Opera House to become this orchestra's permanent conductor. Dr. Muck has been heard here at the head of this orchestra several years ago when he was on leave of absence from Berlin, but now he has returned to us for a long stay.

The list of solo artists is less imposing, Europe having been cheated for the season out of many of its big artists, such as Eugene Ysaye, eminent Belgian violinist; Mischa Elman and Efram Zimbalist, Russian violinists; Leopold Godowsky, notable pianist.



DR. KARL MUCK
Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Marcella Sembrich, after an absence of a season, comes for another concert tour. Edmond Clément, exquisite French tenor, and Alessandro Bonci, famous Italian singer of bel canto, both are to be heard in recital. Lillian Nordica will give concerts, so will Alma Glück and a host of others.

That sterling quartet, the Kneisels, will again uphold the traditions of chamber music, while the Barrère ensemble will discourse in odd music for wind instruments. The Oratorio Society will be active. So will the Schola Cantorum, formerly the MacDowell Chorus, conducted by Kurt Schindler. And it is also more than likely that orchestras from out of the West, Lochinvars of music, will come to this city and add variety to the existence of its music lovers. In exchange, many of our Metropolitan artists will make trips hither and thither, singing their glad way from city to city. Furthermore, the horizon is marked by rumors that Oscar Hammerstein is to build a chain of opera houses in various cities. He is at work on these plans and is ready to begin once the necessary support from the different cities is forthcoming.

Europe, with its subsidized opera houses and with its "old world" culture and love for music, will have no opportunity to point the finger of scorn at us this winter.

New York alone can rear its head high with its affluence of music. There will not be a day in the week and scarcely a time of the day or evening when somebody will not be giving a concert somewhere. And so high is the standard that the public will now accept nothing but the best.

Novelties of all kinds will be presented, not alone in the opera house, but also in concert halls. Every new orchestral novelty of worth and note, new chamber music, new songs—they all will have hearing here, and the writings of the American composer will not be allowed to languish.



GIORGIO POLACCO
New conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House

With each season has the taste and longing for good music grown; each year have the armies of music lovers increased. And, unless all signs fail, this year will be—to quote our agricultural statisticians—"a bumper crop" of musical offerings. Spurred by the demands for high art, the managers have dared bring only the best of artistic wares to this market. Europe has had to disgorge its best artists—and all for our edification. It will be a season of music worth hearing.

"Boris Godounoff" will be the first operatic novelty to be seen at the Metropolitan. The period of the work is about 1600, the scene being laid partly in the Kremlin, partly on the borders of Poland. The composer was born in 1835, and at the outset of his career was an officer in the Russian army. He died in poverty.



Dupont
OLIVE FREMSTAD
Metropolitan



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY
Russian pianist



Copyright Dupont
LOUISE HOMER
Metropolitan



Mishkin
PAUL ALTHOUSE
New tenor



Copyright Dupont
EUGENE YSAYE
Belgian violinist



VERA CURTIS
New soprano

Dramatic Action in Opera

TO many people it will seem as though this matter should be disposed of in the same fashion as the chapter on snakes in Iceland—there are no snakes in Iceland. Nevertheless, while the view, which considers that there is no dramatic action worth serious consideration in opera, is widely held, it is quite untrue to the facts. There are two reasons why people who are accustomed to the theatre fail at first to appreciate the histrionic force of the artists of the opera. First, it is another art from that of the actor in the regular drama, which must be understood and judged from a different point of view. The action on the stage of the theatre which purposes to reproduce the image of life in the actual world, to copy the daily fact of living men, sets before the actors another goal from that of the opera singer who deals with a medium in which life is seen through a poetization of that fact rather than a reproduction. Then the music with its intricate laws of pitch and rhythm compells a much slower tempo for the action of the drama, depending more on the psychic unfolding, with only now and then at the climax anything approaching the speed of movement to which we are accustomed in the theatre.

Another point, often overlooked, yet vital in the matter of appreciation, is the distance from which the action of opera is usually viewed by the audience. In our opera houses the bulk of the audience sit at a distance from the stage great enough to carry them outside the walls of the average theatre, yet they somehow expect to feel the same intimate contact with the singers that they are used to in the theatre, which is a manifest impossibility. The powers of facial expression will only carry about so far, and what the audience cannot see with its own eyes might as well not exist, yet it is unfair to deny these powers to the singing actor just because the people sit too far away to observe them. Consequently the actor in opera has at the very beginning a handicap that is inevitable in the very nature of things. To receive the best effects of the music as a whole the audience must sit far enough away so that the intimacy on which the artist depends for his playing of the part is impossible.

Any fine performance of opera is two totally different things according to the location of the auditor. If he goes far back or up into the gallery, to gain the ensemble of the music perfectly blended and mellowed, he cannot gain the dramatic feeling, while if he comes far enough forward, so that the personality of the artist can reach him with full force, he loses something of the illusive charm of the music. Besides this, no matter what the intention, only a very small portion of the audience can approach the stage near enough to feel the intensity of the dramatic action, so that at every performance of opera the vastly greater part must be beyond its range. There is no possible way of remedying this state of affairs, since it is inherent in the fundamental law of the opera house, but this does not change the fact that for the few near enough to see, there are magnificent portrayals from the singing actors.

In the theatres there is a constant movement to cut down the size of the auditorium in order to make possible the intimacy between actor and audience on which the finest effects depend, and it is to be hoped that some day the idea will take hold on the directors of opera, that some things are ridiculously misplaced on the cavernous stages of the great opera houses. There are a number of operas, which in our loose way we call "grand operas," merely because they are sung in a foreign tongue, and given at the Metropolitan, which were never intended save for the conditions of a small house, and are shorn of half their charm as at present given.

For a modern instance take that altogether delightful gem, "The Secret of Susanne," of Wolf-Ferrari, which it was our good fortune to see one evening on the stage of a private club, with a small orchestra. It had a sponteneity and charm about it, and the audience received an impression from it, which was never possible on any of the big stages where we had seen it so often. Even though it was given in Italian, the action was so expressive, and the artists made it carry so well, that people who had seen it before under other conditions were thoroughly surprised to find what there was in it, and the skill with which the singers brought it out.

On the other hand, suppose you see it from a good seat in the balcony in the Auditorium in Chicago, where it was given a number of times last winter. The singers on the stage are in cold fact a half a block away, or as opera-goers measure distance in New York, a full block, and four stories below. Now what chance would any actor have of making the glance of his eyes carry? The actor is put to no such test, but the singer has to meet it every time he steps onto the stage, and trying in some way to solve the problem he is lead into an overemphasis, which makes him stilted or exaggerated.

KARLETON HACKETT.



Moffett

HENRY B. WARNER
This popular actor will be seen shortly on Broadway in a new play

Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" on the Stage

THE carping critics may say that "Little Women," the dramatization by Marian de Forest and Jessie Bonstelle of Miss Louisa Alcott's popular book, is not a play, but they cannot deny that it is a success. It succeeds because it is true.

It is true not only because every one of the characters has been taken from life, and because the setting on the stage is an exact replica of the setting of the story, but because it depicts the simple joys and sorrows, the fun and the tears that enter into our everyday existence, of which the world knows so little and we ourselves so much! It treats of the big and the little things that come into our ordinary lives to try tempers and to make destinies. The play makes its appeal not as a dramatic story, nor as a g[illegible] picture, but as a family chronicle full [illegible] humanity and true sentiment and fre[illegible] from theatrical effect and studied e[illegible]notion. It is realism in its truest sense—a piece out of life which we know to have had its beginning long before the curtain rose, and which will go on even as we return home to continue the thread of our own lives.



Mishkin
JESSIE BONSTELLE
Who first conceived the idea of putting "Little Women" on the stage

The scene is laid in the sitting-room of the March home, which, down to minutest detail, is exactly like that in the old Alcott house, which, thanks to the clubwomen of Concord, Massachusetts, stands to-day as it did when Bronson Alcott discussed transcendentalism with the others of that famous group of New England philosophers and when Louisa first exercised her genius by writing penny-dreadfuls. In the last act there is a short scene played in the Plumfield Orchard, where so many of the March girls' pranks and games were played.

The play opens, as does the book, with the girls discussing the throes of thrift, especially severe around Christmas time. Jo, as usual, is sprawled out on the hearth rug reading a book; Meg is giving eldest sisterly advice, most of which is directed at and assimilated by Amy, while Beth is quietly and unobtrusively attending to her household tasks. This chatter and banter leads to the rehearsal of Jo's latest creation of the pen, a thrilling melodrama, in which Marie Parey, as the dashing Roderigo, struts about in the identical boots worn by the original Jo and which she got "from a friend who knew a lady who knew an actor."

This act includes the incident of Jo's sacrifice of her one pride—her glorious chestnut mane of hair—and the pathetic little "private moan" she held when she finally realized the significance of her sacrifice. It closes with the arrival of a telegram from the war hospital summoning Mrs. March to Washington and the departure of "Marmee" for the South.

When the second curtain rises the convalescent father has returned home to face the difficulties attached to large families and diminished incomes. Help comes with the publication of Jo's first "thriller," and further complications in family affairs with the arrival of Dan Cupid. Meg lets him in—to Jo's utter disgust and dismay and to the delight of everyone else, for John Brooke is as nice and honest a lad as one could find. But Jo turns him out, for she tells Laurie, her loyal playmate, that she can never love him nor any man!

The genial German professor, Dr. Baehr, here makes his first appearance, as does the irascible Aunt March, whose tongue is as sharp as her heart is warm. The curtain falls as Amy, a vision of loveliness, arrayed for the ball, hesitates upon the stairs, unwilling to interrupt her mother, who is seeking to comfort Laurie with the reassurance that some day he will surely find the girl that was meant for him. It is an ominous moment!

In the third act we find all the excitement and bustle of a household enlarged by the arrival of twins—Meg's famous "Demi" and "Daisy." We have a demonstration of Jo's "genius burning" as the scarlet bow on her bonnet of inspiration signals a warning for silence! We see the beginning of a love affair for the impenetrable Jo and the death of her beloved little Beth.

A jolly scene in the orchard, where Laurie makes love to Amy under difficulties and an umbrella, and a soberer scene of like import between Jo and the professor end the play.

After Miss Alcott had published the first part of her book she was flooded with letters of inquiry, criticism and protest. Everybody was saying, "And then?" So she wrote Part Two to tell them what happened "then," but not before recording a protest in her diary: "More letters from girls to ask whom the little women marry, as if that were the only end of a woman's life. No! I won't marry Laurie and Jo to please anyone."

History, as is its habit, repeated itself, and so, just as soon as it was announced that this book was to be dramatized, the collaborators were besieged with offers of daguerreotypes, clothes, furniture and furnishings to make the setting historically correct, and suggestions for better endings and changes in the plot which the writers thought would be more satisfactory.

"Their chief worry is the marriage of Laurie and Jo," said Miss Bonstelle. "Girls seem to think the dramatization is made to remedy all the disappointments in the book. But it would be only disloyal to the 'Little Women' themselves to make any radical changes as in the relation between these two, but Miss Alcott has made such a genuine life-study of all her characters that even after these years they cannot be retouched without vitally affecting the whole story. Whatever you may find in the play which you do not recall having read in the book, be assured that we have the authority of Miss Alcott's diary for putting it in. In the book, you know, not much is written about Beth's death, but we have made a scene of this because it helps to emphasize the sweetness and the spirituality of the child and the tender big-heartedness and strength of Jo. When Beth says: 'This morning I watched the sunrise as the darkness faded into the gray and the violet. I watched and waited . . . the sky got rosy and beautiful and then—everything seemed to stand still, as if God's hand had rested on the earth for a moment. And then—the glory of the sun! It was like going through a long, dark passage—or a grave—and suddenly coming into light! And—Jo, dear—I knew, then, that the Angel of Life was waiting for me!'—when she says that, she is merely repeating what little eleven-year-old Louisa Alcott confided to her diary."

Because the centre of the story is the centre of a true woman's dreams—the home—this play makes its especial appeal to the feminine part of the audience. But it is said on authority by those who were there to see and hear, fathers and brothers went to see it, too, that they laughed just as heartily over the funny and the foolish things that happened, and that they blew their noses very hard and coughed alarmingly as they contemptuously regarded the women-folk shamelessly using their pocket handkerchiefs for a wee bit of a weep!

With what sentiment the American woman cherishes her "Little Women" this little poem, dedicated to the players and written by May Goddrich Hewes, serves best to show:

Dear comrades of those happy days,
When as a little girl I read
With many smiles and many tears
Of the quaint things you did and said,
I little thought as then I scanned
With eager eyes each glowing page,
That you would step from out Book-Land
And I should find you on the stage!
Yet here I greet you as of old—
My "Little Women." As I see
The story of your lives unfold
The breath of youth comes back to me.
My spirit playmates! here I greet
Your living presence warm and sweet.

E. E. v. B.



No. 1. The four "little women"—Beth (Gladys Hulette), Jo (Marie Pavey), Meg (Alice Brady), Amy (Berkeley West). No. 2. Marmee (Gertrude Berkeley) and the four little women. No. 3. The courtship of Meg. No. 4. The passing of Beth. No. 5. Amy asks Laurie (Howard Esterbrooke) to button her glove. No. 6. Jo in the apple orchard

SCENES IN THE DRAMATIZATION OF "LITTLE WOMEN" NOW BEING PERFORMED AT THE PLAYHOUSE



Sarony

MARTHA HEDMAN

Swedish actress brought to America by Charles Frohman to play Renée in "The Attack"

A Newcomer on Broadway

A CROWN of wonderful flaxen hair, milk white skin and deep blue eyes, a young woman of great charm of manner, that sparkling, blonde type which has been the ideal of the Scandinavian races for centuries—that is Martha Hedman, the Swedish actress who made her American début in "The Attack" at the Garrick Theatre last month.

Prior to her first appearance here as John Mason's leading woman, Miss Hedman was quite unknown in America. In fact, she had never before acted in English. Her success on Broadway will doubtless encourage her to remain here. The part she played in "The Attack" gave her little opportunity to show of what she was really capable. As the young girl who makes love to the elderly French Senator, she played with nice delicacy and restraint a most difficult and exacting rôle. Not only has she a pleasing personality, but she showed fine technique, careful schooling, and held herself well in hand throughout. The critics were not slow to give her as much credit for talent as beauty.

For several years Miss Hedman has acted in the leading theatres of Stockholm. The strength and sturdiness of the North is apparent at a glance, and yet there is a certain softness about her features which suggests the temperamental qualities of the South.

"Until the first performance of 'The Attack' in Buffalo, a week before the New York opening, I had never acted in English," said Miss Hedman in her apartment at the Hotel Majestic the other day. "I went to London about a year ago to visit my sister, who is on the stage there. I liked England so well I remained there for several months. Of course, I studied the language and I was soon able to make myself understood, although I do not speak it fluently. Last summer I met Mr. Dion Boucicault, and he brought me to the attention of Mr. Frohman, who engaged me for 'The Attack.' Before I sailed for America I went back to Stockholm for a brief visit and I witnessed the Olympic games before sailing for New York.

"Where was I born? I was born in Ostersund, a little town in northern Sweden, where my father was postmaster. When I was fourteen I went to Helingsfors, Finland, where I entered one of the government schools for the stage. One of my teachers was Siri von Essen, August Strindberg's first wife. She took a great interest in me. In fact, she made me her private pupil and devoted practically all of her time to me. When I was eighteen, Albert Ranft, the Charles Frohman of Sweden, engaged me for one of his companies in Stockholm. Almost before I knew it I was playing prominent rôles. I appeared in several of Strindberg's dramas and in Shakespearian repertory. Strindberg seemed interested in me, and I was intimately acquainted with each of his three wives. His first wife died within a few weeks of his demise. His second wife is now living in London, while his widow, Harriet Bosse, is one of the leading actresses in Stockholm. I understand 'The Father' is the only one of Strindberg's dramas that has been produced in New York. That's a pity. He was a very great man, but it will be many years before his dramas are understood here. To-day you would call 'Miss Julie' unfit for presentation. Ten years from now you will hail it as a great drama."

KARL K. KITCHEN.



Sarony

ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF MISS HEDMAN



LOBBY OF THE NEW SPRECKLES' THEATRE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

This splendid new playhouse built by a wealthy resident of San Diego is said to represent an expenditure of $1,000,000. It is described as one of the most beautiful theatres in the world. The walls and ceiling of the lobby are entirely of pedrara onyx, and to utilize the translucency of this beautiful stone electric lights are concealed behind the slabs so that the beautiful decorative effect is secured. The house was formally opened on August 23 last with "Bought and Paid For"

The Duty of the Stage

By LYMAN EDWYN DAVIS

Lyman Edwyn Davis, L.L.D., of Pittsburgh, Pa., will be one of the orators addressing the Second World's Christian Citizenship Conference at Portland, Oregon, in June next, when *savants* and students from all parts of the world will discuss the stage and all manner of amusements found to be in competition with the church. Liberal churchmen, such men as the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, Rev. Dr. James S. Martin and Rev. Dr. James McGaw have come to regard the stage as a factor for good if directed for good, and their idea is to meet the natural competition in a rational way, i. e., make the church as interesting and as uplifting as the decent stage.

HEALTHFUL amusement is a social necessity. No scheme of education is complete until it provides for the cheerful and innocent relaxation of the human mind. And the psychological moment has come for the churches of every name to make this matter a part of their recognized mission to the world.

On a recent holiday I visited one of the noted pleasure grounds of London and saw the shadow of care lifted from the faces of the multitude. Thousands of men had laid their worries down with their tools or locked them up with their papers, and had thrown themselves into the holiday current with all the spontaneity of little children. In the afternoon of the same day I went into one of the darkest corners of the great city and saw the people in whose lives all laughter had died away. And while I watched them there and reflected how great a service some generous Briton might do for his country and for his king by moving the whole of East London to Epping Forest for a day, I suddenly remembered having seen that same look of deadness to pleasure even on the faces of many pleasure-seekers, not alone in Hyde Park and Hampstead Heath, but in all London; not in London alone, but in steadfast and beautiful Edinburgh, where a-many-a palace of ancient nobility has become the fortress of modern wretchedness; in every city of Europe and the world. Wherever the people are gathered in groups or multitudes, there you will discover men that stand sullenly apart from the common joy, alone in the crowd, on their souls not only the burden of London and all the world of to-day, but the burden of Babylon and all the yesterdays, and on their faces the lingering shadow of the dark ages!

For such as these it is not enough to build a church and call them to prayer. Religion must everywhere manifest that social wisdom which recognizes the window of earthly hope as a necessary complement to the window of heavenly faith. Joy must be made to spring forth in the path of loneliness; and even the desert of dispair may become a garden of happiness if men will only dig occasional wells of laughter!

In an up-to-date asylum for the insane they keep a good artist for no other purpose than just to sing a laughing-song, because they discovered that certain phases of melancholia are cured in that way. There is a kind of social melancholia abroad in many lands to-day. And when I saw the shadow of the disease again in Hampstead Heath I could not rid myself of a certain strange wish, rising almost to the heights of prayer, that for one day at least all the church bells of London, including the chimes of the great cathedral that broods so lovingly over the city yonder in the distance, might be attuned to the laughing-song, to dispel, if possible, this malady which has quarantined so many souls from the joy of the multitude.

But while we may all believe in the ministry of amusement, our age has permitted and encouraged the degradation of all the popular pleasures. All proper amusement is the healthful relaxation of body, mind and spirit. But our standard of amusements to-day, beginning and ending with the stage, is pitifully low, and the contagion of mediocrity is forcing it constantly downward. It is just as true of a people's recreations as of their money that the bad will drive out the good, and when the bad is accepted at par value the good will perish. It is not enough to have right opinions on this subject. That will no more influence the healthful culture of the community than will gold hid in the garden help to relieve a financial panic. Every thoughtful Anglo-Saxon must inquire what to do. The recreations of a people largely determine their character. A man's

earthly ideals, as well as his religious hopes, will go with him to church, and rise to his loftiest mount of prayer; but his everyday life will uniformly find the level of his pleasures. What is the natural drift of a man's nature, when he lets go? What will a man do when he has nothing to do? What kind of material is your boy's pleasure-hour building into his character—gold, silver and precious stones, or hay, wood and stubble? These also are questions of the day! It is the duty of society, if led only by exalted self-interest and self-preservation, to fill the empty places of human life with intelligent amusements. This obligation lies, big with weal or woe, at the door of the churches; and perhaps the most important social adjunct of Christian duty at this moment is the elevation of the drama, and the displacement of those dementalizing by-plays which are shrivelling the youth of this Twentieth Century.

In what respect has the stage degenerated? What elements of power has it lost since the days of its greatest influence? Let us approach the subject on the positive side, rather than the negative, and recall the two great elements of dramatic literature; the two elements which represent the deepest well-springs of literature, and which have given to the stage, whether in Athens or in London, whether in Germany or in America, its every golden age, its every star of renown.

In the first place, the masters of dramatic literature have reproduced human nature in all its tragic fulness; human nature true to itself, the evil and the good alike, unrestrained by any authority, save only the master-motives of the soul and the dominant forces of environment They have given to the stage the whole man, the typical character, in all its integrity. If separate attributes and passions are delineated it is only to develop and photograph, all the more clearly, the final unit of personality.

Shakespeare makes you see the sordid ambition of Macbeth; Sophocles makes you see the very essence of woe in the person of Oedipus; Goethe makes you see the genius of social iniquity in the person of Mephistopheles; Dickens makes you see the ugliness of false humility in the person of Uriah Heep. But these formative traits are introduced simply to mark the evolution of a complete nature; and, in the final presentment, what these great masters have compelled you to see is Macbeth himself, and Oedipus himself, and Mephistopheles himself, and Uriah Heep himself; and so vividly to see them that they are forever walking before you on the stage of human life. That kind of drama, properly understood, is elevating and ennobling, because it makes vice repulsive and virtue beautiful. The Bible itself thus photographs human life in all its rugged fulness, for the Bible is not only a revelation of the divine will, but a revelation also of human nature; a looking-glass for the souls of wayward men. What is the other enduring element in dramatic literature? Moral inspiration! If there is one immortal book in any literature, it has been made immortal by the self-radiant halo of some great and eternal truth. Take for example Shakespeare's King Lear, when he is on the heath in the midnight thunder-storm, and at the moment when the ingratitude of his children is about to compass the overthrow of his reason; and yet, for the moment, his reason all the keener for its frenzy of righteous indignation. It is then he utters that pathetic apostrophe to the storm:

"I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness!
I never gave you kingdoms; never called you children."

Where did Shakespeare find the demons of human nature with which he peoples the hearts of those ungrateful daughters? He found them right there in London; for the city is human nature tortured with devils. Where did Shakespeare find that moral genius which presides over the tragedy of "King Lear" from first to last, rebuking the sin of ingratitude as by the voice of heaven? That, too, he found in London, for the city is also human nature transfigured on the mountain.

In a word, every genius who has contributed literary greatness and moral good to the stage, has achieved that result by presenting human passions in conflict with moral forces; and he has so presented this conflict that whether for the moment good or evil wins the victory, the aftermath of influence is for the good of humanity. These great elemental principles must be restored to the drama, and there is happily in many quarters, both behind the curtain and in the arena of public sentiment, an honest endeavor to elevate the stage. All creative work in literature follows, however afar off, the first creative work of all: the common clay of human nature, in all its ugliness; and then the fashioning hand of genius; and then the breath of moral energy! And, for the public welfare, for the preservation of the State and for the salvation of human society, these voices must echo, through whatsoever whispered influence, some lofty sentiment such as Sophocles uttered for the Athenian stage more than two thousand years ago:

"O may I live
Sinless and pure in every word and deed,
Ordained by those firm laws that hold their realm
On high."

LYMAN EDWYN DAVIS.



Gould & Marsden MAURICE FARKOA
As Gabor Szabo in "The Merry Countess," at the Casino

Maude Adams and a company of over fifty players left New York on Oct. 3 for Charlotte, North Carolina. Charles Frohman gave the first of two hundred performances of "Peter Pan," which piece interspersed with special University performances of two other Barrie plays, "The Legion of Leonora" and "The Ladies' Shakespeare," will constitute Miss Adams' repertoire for the next season and a half. The present tour is a wide one, touching points as far apart as New Orleans and Vancouver.



Sarony

MRS. FISKE

This distinguished actress will appear in New York in December in a new play by Edward Sheldon entitled "The High Road." The play deals with modern American life, and in it Mrs. Fiske will have a rôle of great dramatic and psychological interest



Photos, Gabriel Moulin

THE DANCE OF THE NYMPHS



DAVID BISPHAM AS PAN

The Bohemian Club's New Grove Play

THE famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco presented their annual grove play in the club's primeval grove, near Guerneville, California, on Saturday night, August 10 last, when Joseph Redding's blank verse drama, "The Atonement of Pan," was presented to a distinguished audience, comprising a thousand San Francisco members of the club and their friends, and also a large number of guests from Eastern cities, among whom were many literary and artistic celebrities.

It is doubtful if the full beauties of Redding's blank verse story can ever be thoroughly appreciated outside the Grove, for much of its charm depends upon the natural forest atmosphere and the traditions of this unique club. The music by Henry Hadley, leader of the San Francisco symphony orchestra, on the other hand, will be enjoyed anywhere. It is generally conceded to be the most original work of Mr. Hadley's career, surpassing in freedom from convention "The Four Seasons," which until now has been considered his best effort.

Pan, Arcadian deity of pastoral life, born a perfect child, misused his trust, causing the flocks and herds under his charge to fight with one another, with the result that he discovers that he himself has become deformed. He would do penance; he would bring harmony out of discord. Little Zephyrus, youngest son of Astræus, father of the Winds, and of Eos, has been held by his mother in innocence and purity. He and Pan become fast friends, and upon Eos disclosing to Pan her intention to leave her home with the boy in order that he may not know the cruelty of life, Pan agrees to conduct them to Arcadia. Astræus, discovering their flight, in rage calls upon his Harpies, and sends them forth in the height of the storm to recover his wife and son. Ten years elapse, and the scene is transferred to the shrine of Diana in Arcadia. The quiet of the vale is rudely broken into by Orion and a party of his hunters. They discover Pan asleep at the base of a statue of Diana. Awakened, he rails at the intruders, invokes the magic of Diana's charmed well, induces them to drink, intoxicates them and drives them from the sacred spot, reeling and turning, to the mad music of his pipes. Night falls and nymphs timidly appear in the moonlight. They gather courage, and after a series of dances and floral figures, bring in Chloris, whom they crown as Flora, goddess bountiful. Pan returns with Zephyrus, now grown to manhood, and discloses to him the beauty of the scene. The youth is enchanted with Flora and discloses his passion to her, while the nymphs daintily retreat into the bowers. Their love scene is interrupted by the return of Orion in a brutal mood. He would capture Flora for himself. Zephyrus shields her. Orion rushes upon him with uplifted knife. There is a crash of thunder; the arrow flies from Diana's bow and strikes Orion through the heart. He falls dead at the foot of the statue. The hunters, their chorus turned to a dirge, place the body of Orion upon their shoulders and disappear into the forest. To the music of their dance the nymphs return and form a tableau of adoration as Zephyrus leads Flora from the scene. Pan enters, alone in the moonlight, and, after a short soliloquy, falls asleep at the base of the statue, the theme of Diana floating out upon the evening air. The last scene returns to the home of Astræus, who is discovered in dejected mood in front of his cave. His mighty prowess and his Harpies' efforts have been without avail. Some higher power has held them at bay. Eos is discovered far from the mountain, holding by either hand Flora and Zephyrus, Pan completing the picture. Eos explains her absence and that she has pledged the union of the twain. She will return to Astræus if he also will give consent to this great union. The father of Destruction confesses that his love is greater than his hate; he longs for his wife's return; he gives the pledge; the processional down the mountain ensues. Astræus completes the union between Flora and Zephyrus and leads his wife back to their home. All eyes are turned to Pan. He thanks the gods that his prayer has been answered. Before them all his deformities disappear, and amid a great flood of light, which illuminates the forest, he stands before the world once more the perfect child created at birth.



After atoning for his sin Pan is transformed

Foremost in the cast was David Bispham, transformed for the evening into the pastoral deity Pan, who in his early days was called to rule in fair Arcadia. The remainder of the dramatis personæ were: Zephyrus (as a child), youngest son of Astræus and his wife Eos, Master Nielson; Zephyrus (as a youth grown), Harold Baxter; Eos, wife of Astræus and mother of Zephyrus, afterward Aurora, Richard M. Hotaling; Astræus, Father of the Winds of Destruction, Myron Wolf; Nicothoe, one of the Harpies, Randal Borough; Acholoe, another Harpie, Harris Allen; Orion, a demigod and hunter, J. Wilson Shiels; Silenus, cup bearer to Orion, Henry A. Melvin; Chloris, an Arcadian Nymph, J. C. Dorin. On August 24th last the University of California presented "The Atonement of Pan" at the open-air Greek Theatre at Berkeley.

Scenes in Shaw's Comedy "Fanny's First Play" at the Comedy Theatre



Photos White

Mrs. Knox (Mary Barton) — Margaret Knox (Gladys Harvey) — Joseph Knox (Arnold Lucy)

Act II. Mr. Knox: "There's only one thing I care about in the world—to keep this dark!"



Mary Barton — Arnold Lucy

Act II. Mrs. Knox: "If a girl hasn't happiness in herself she can't be happy anywhere"



Juggins (Walter Creighton) — Bobby (Quentin Tod)

Act III. Bobby: "Would you call me 'sir' if you were not paid to do it?"

The Best Dressed Actor on the Stage

"TRIFLES make perfection," written in grease paint across a large gold-framed mirror that hung in the green room of the old Boston Museum in the "palmy days," made an indelible impression on the mind of John Mason, who was then playing with the Boston Museum Stock Company. "Those few words have been my motto all through my career on the stage," he said, while waiting in the wings at the Garrick Theatre, before his entrance in the third act of "The Attack," a few nights ago.

Trifles, such as the manner of wearing one's necktie, one's gloves—one's entire dress; the way different persons carry themselves—stand, walk, sit—these, Mr. Mason says, are not trifling to the careful and thoughtful actor. "Really," he says, "as with a woman, the first thing that strikes my attention is a man's dress. I can always describe what kind of a gown a woman wore after seeing her, even if only for a moment. Likewise, a man's attire impresses me. A man's station—his position in society, his profession, or business, or trade; or, perchance, his criminal vocation, can to a large extent be told from his clothes and his manner of wearing them. Like the woman who exclaims, 'Oh, what a beautiful gown she has on!' I always note the kind of clothes a man has on, and how he wears them. That is the first step."

To one who has seen John Mason, either on or off the stage, it is very apparent that dress is his strong card. We always think of him as the best dressed actor on the stage. Dress and John Mason are closely associated together, and in every stage characterization he is particularly careful as to the clothes he should wear for his part. He will practice for hours holding a glove in his hand to get some particular effect, or study how far down over his cuffs the sleeves of his coat should come. To an audience, these little things are not noticeable in themselves, but they all go to make up some certain effect the actor wishes to produce.



Copyright Charles Frohman
Sidney Herbert and John Mason in "The Attack," at the Garrick Theatre

"I believe absolutely in the mechanics of acting, not in any inspiration on the stage," says Mr. Mason. "Self-control is the actor's greatest safeguard. I know there are actors who surrender themselves to the sway of passion. I once saw E. J. Henley and Julia Arthur rush off the stage after a passionate scene at the old Union Square Theatre, and in their blindness carry an old-fashioned back-drop with them. The most tremendous scene in a play could not blind me to the fact that my coat-sleeve pulled down to my hand would produce an ugly effect. I would be careful to see that a quarter of an inch of my cuff showed below the sleeve."

Walking through the streets Mr. Mason notes the dress of those he passes, even as a woman pauses at a shop window to view the latest Paris creations. After he has formed a complete mental photograph of what a person wears he then takes in any little peculiarities the person may have. This is how he goes about, always studying people, using this thing and that afterwards in his stage portrayals.

Sometimes he draws on his memory for many years for a living example of the character he is about to portray. For instance, the prototype of Senator Merital in "The Attack" was none other than that splendid actor, Charles Fechter. Not the actor, merely, but the man, both on and off the stage.

"I knew Charles Fechter well as a boy," said Mr. Mason, "and as I remember him he was just the type of Frenchman as Merital. He was an Alsatian, you know, and had all the mannerisms of an intellectual French statesman.

"When I had finished reading the play manuscript of Henri Bernstein's play, 'The Attack,' Senator Merital's speech, which gives the play its name, brought to mind an incident that occurred a great many years ago at the old Daly's, which was known then as the Broadway Theatre.

"I entered the darkened auditorium of the old playhouse in the midst of a rehearsal of 'No Thoroughfare.' Fechter was sitting at the prompting table with his head buried in his hands, his body shaking between sobs. It was evident that there had been an onslaught of acting that displeased him greatly. Then came the crisis, as he cried out aloud:

"'Oh, it is not for myself, but for you—O God!'

"Instantly there passed through my mind Charles Fechter in the character of Obrenreizer in this play, and I saw that there was Merital as Bernstein pictured him to me. So I modelled my Merital after Fechter in this part, and as the man, off the stage, too. Obrenrizer was a villain, to be sure, but his features were cast in the same mould as I pictured those of the French senator."

The first thing that caught the eye of the audience when Doctor Seelig entered upon the scene in the first act of "As a Man Thinks" was Mr. Mason's perfect-fitting clothes.

"There is more truth than poetry in the saying that 'clothes make the man'," says the actor. "First impressions count the most. Now, I do not say that my clothing of this part would fit any and every type of physician. As physicians differ, so do their clothes. The particular character of Doctor Seelig, for instance, would dress as I did on the stage. I know, for I found an exact prototype of Doctor Seelig in the person of an eminent Jewish physician who is the head of one of the largest institutions in New York, and who is one of the best-known and highest-ranking physicians in the country. For that very reason I do not feel that I can divulge his name. It would be as the doctors say, 'a breach of professional etiquette.' Then again, even though they may be keen on dissecting others, they do not like to be laid on the table themselves.

"As I have said, I was fortunate enough to find the exact living counterpart of Doctor Seelig before playing the part. It was a strange coincidence, too. The very day Mr. Thomas described the character to me I had the good luck to sit opposite to the original—at least, as far as I was concerned in my stage portrayal—in a street car. I suppose if I had not been thinking of the part, and if Mr. Thomas had not painted a striking word picture of the character for me I probably would not have seen the likeness in the man reading a newspaper opposite to me in the car."

Perhaps, in no piece did dress play so much a part with this actor as in "The Witching Hour," in which he appeared as a gambler.



MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AS PRINCESS KATHERINE IN "HENRY V"



White RENEE KELLY
Now appearing in "June Madness," at the Fulton Theatre

White MADGE KENNEDY
Plays the title rôle in "Little Miss Brown," at the 48th Street Theatre

Sarony GERTRUDE HITZ
Leading lady for William Hodge in "The Man From Home."

"Gamblers always wear perfectly fitting clothes," he said. "They are fastidious as to their dress, and their clothes are always the best that can be made, even if they are 'loud.' His clothes must set just so, and, being a man of free-and-easy money, he does not spare a penny in getting the best there is. Of course, his tastes may not, and usually do not, conform to the standard, but, for all that, the gambler is natty, if sporty in appearance."

In dress, as in every other particular, Mr. Mason was the typical gambler in this play. "I will never forget when Mason made his first entrance on the opening night of 'The Witching Hour,'" said Augustus Thomas, the author of the piece. "I was standing near the right-hand stage box, which held a party of well-known gambling 'kings,' and when Mason made his entrance I overheard a couple of the men in the box remark, 'He's got the clothes, all right!'"

Speaking in the vernacular, he also had "the goods" on them, for throughout the piece he accentuated his acting by injecting telling little, though impressive, bits in his portrayal of the gambler that made the part real in every particular. In the first act he walked in a careless manner, and slouched when he sat down. As he stood talking he half leaned against and placed one leg over the corner of a table. Everything about him betokened carelessness in his personal habits except his dress. Even in this there was a marked difference in the last two acts, when the actor showed more care in the manner of wearing his clothes, and more taste in their selection. While no better dressed, so far as the quality of the material of his clothing went, he was more natty and less sporty in appearance as the play wore on. Mr. Mason told me at the time that he wished to differentiate between the two stages in his life—in the play. To show the gambler before being regenerated, and afterwards, he said, by his clothes. He not only clothed himself in the gambler's garb, being particular about the close-cut, snug-fitting garments he wore in the play—he actually got under the skin of the part.



ANNA ARCHBALD
Seen in a wide range of rôles with the Coleman Players in Rochester, N. Y. Miss Archbald is the daughter of Judge R. W. Archbald of the U. S. Commerce Court

When "The Witching Hour" was produced the "wise ones" along Broadway said that the character of Jack Brookfield was constructed around the life of Richard Canfield, the notorious gambler. Everyone "told you so!" Whether this was so or not, Canfield had been a favorite subject for mental dissection by Mr. Mason for several years, and when finally the actor was called upon to play the part of a gambler it was only natural that he should inject a little of this famous gambler into his playing of the part.

"All my lifetime I have associated more or less with men in the sporting set, and have been thrown into close contact with the leading gamblers of the world," the actor said to the present writer. "I knew Richard Canfield and before his famous gambling palace was closed I was often to be found there—yes, in the game, but playing a little game all by myself as well. I was there for two reasons. Like many others, I liked to gamble, but I also wanted to study the most interesting and highly sensitive 'type' that exists—the big professional gambler. Of course, Canfield was my favorite, and I studied and dissected him so carefully that I finally got so that I did things à la Canfield. Really, I had a hard time of it to keep from 'playing' Canfield when I was in the game at his place! But when I came to play Jack Brookfield I was very careful not to play Canfield. I modelled the part after a number of well-known gamblers.

One of the most striking bits of "business" employed by Mr. Mason in "The Witching Hour" was that he never once took off his gloves in the first act, after entering from the street, although the scene was the living room of Jack Brookfield's gambling house in Louisville. It was a small thing in itself, and the point of it was missed by about two-thirds of every audience, but it nevertheless "did the trick." It drew attention to the actor's hands, and that was what he wanted.

"You can always tell a gambler by his hands," says this actor. "The two small fingers are always

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Photo Matzene

LAURETTE TAYLOR

To appear in New York this season in J. Hartley Manners' play, "Peg o' My Heart," which has had great success in California

A Chat with the Author of "Ready Money"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, the pink faced youth who wrote the chief comedy success of the young season, "Ready Money," is an excessively nervous young man. No toy man strung on wires was ever more tense nor incessantly moving than he. He is an actor, and when the writer was with him the other day he spoke as an actor, thought as an actor, walked and smoked as an actor.



White JAMES MONTGOMERY

"We live wrong," he complained of himself and the members of his profession. "We sleep too much. A man in our profession sleeps the day away, gets up and stuffs himself with food, goes to the theatre, plays his part, dresses, goes back to his hotel and sleeps until time to stuff and go to the theatre again. What we ought to do is to go to bed at two or three and leave our sheets or blankets at ten or eleven. We ought to read a great deal, everything but novels. Actors seldom read anything except contracts. Every actor ought to read 'Sartor Resartus' again and again. It will teach him as nothing else could, to take the measure of a man. It enables us to see him naked of all his trappings, to look at him squarely in the soul. We ought to read Emerson, all of him if we can. If not then the Essay on Compensation will be enough. We're a rather crazy lot. We lack balance and that will give us poise. We need philosophy, and that essay read and reread will summarize for us the best philosophy in the world. If we make that essay ours we will acquire the balance we all need. We ought to read Ruskin. His 'Stones of Venice,' will make us see the things we should see. After thoughtfully reading that we will never pass a building without studying its construction. We will see a cornice for the first time and know the reason for it. We ought to read Samuel Clemons, his 'Mustang Gray,' which was written long ago and is little known, and his 'Bernard Lyle.'

"An actor ought to write. Having read a book or a story he ought to write a synopsis of it, regard it as play material and write the scenerio. He ought to write, because choosing words to fit his meaning and writing them gives him a knowledge of their value that speaking will never do. An actor can read his lines better if he writes. For instance, there are lines in my play that seem to me plain enough. I've tried to write down to the bone, yet I've had great trouble in having them understandingly read. That is because actors have not written and so gotten a true idea of word values. The actors who write are all good actors. Tom Wise for instance. Hear him extract the heart's blood from a sentence!"

"An actor's associates?" prompted the interviewer. "They should be men of other professions for his broadening?"

"Yes. But for the deepening of his own art he should associate with men of his own profession, but always men who are above him in attainment. I confess that I cultivated acquaintance with George Cohan for a purpose. He is a very successful young man, and I wanted to study him and find out why. It wasn't easy. It never is for an obscure young actor to know people worth while in his own profession. But I managed it."

"How?"

"I shall have to go back a few years to tell you." The cigarette shortened in his hand. He smiled. "I was an actor in the Spooner stock company, in Brooklyn. I was with it for five years. I was as most other actors are. I slept all the time I was not acting or rehearsing. I lived three blocks from the theatre, and one day I noticed that a large building I had passed without actually seeing it was a public library. Since we had begun then to play only three matinees a week I resolved to go in there and look the books over some day. I went in the next day. I picked up a book. I don't remember what. I went back for another. I began to be a nuisance to the librarian. I would ask for twenty books at random, examine them and not find anything I wanted and send them all back. The librarian got tired of this excess labor."

"'You may go back and look through the shelves yourself,' he said, and after that I climbed the shelf ladders as a squirrel mounts from branch to branch of a tree. After a year he began to ask me where to find books. I read and read and read. That's the reason George Cohan and others allowed an actor playing a bit at the Gaiety Theatre, drawing forty dollars a week in 'The Fortune Hunter,' to go about with them. He had something to give in return for their society. He had read and remembered, had sifted what he had read and thought and scribbled about it."

"But the real writing, the writing of plays?" I asked.

The young man laughed. "I have only written one play," he said. "A play isn't a play unless it runs a hundred nights. But I began thinking about a play back in the Spooner stock days. It seemed to me there was nothing in what I was doing. It seemed to lead nowhere. And my thoughts turned not to play interpretation but to play construction. I began to talk about a play I wanted to write until my friends made faces. 'You write a play,' they laughed scornfully. But I kept on talking about it until I lost them. The play finally reached a title, 'The Native Sons.' I reached the stage of a first act and I sold the first act to Nat Goodwin, then finished the rest. He played it in the spring for eight weeks in California where it had an appeal because it dealt with California life.

"I next wrote 'The Aviator.' It didn't go. I studied its failure and said to myself: 'It must be the subject.' I thought, 'What subject does interest people?' I thought, 'Love, money.' There I stopped. 'The Fortune Hunter,' a success, was about money. 'Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford,' a success, was about money. I thought, 'I will write a play about money.' Anyone who uses his eyes sees what a difference the mere showing of a roll of greenbacks makes in the attitude of the world toward a man. I determined to write a play about it. I told George Cohan the story of it. We stopped on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street and he said: 'I think that will go.' I told Oliver Morosco and John Blackwood the first act, still unwritten, in George Cohan's office and they said: 'We'll take it,' and they paid me six hundred dollars. I finished it and it was used in the Morosco Theatre, in Los Angeles. But the last act wasn't right. I worked on it in this room for three days and nights. I never slept. The last act had to be ready for the Chicago opening. I wrapped a towel filled with cracked ice around my head. I finished the act and it was ready in time for the rehearsals for the Chicago opening.

"I'm at work now on a dramatization of 'Bachelors and Benedicts.' I am associated with a literary man. I'm not literary, but I think I know something of the drama. The play wasn't right. I knew that when I went to London and saw 'Milestones,' and other exquisite plays. I came back and ripped up my work and began at the first. I worked all last night. I haven't slept since night before last."

"Isn't that dissipation?"

"A form of it." He nodded indifferently. With young Mr. Montgomery work comes before the man.

The next instant he was back to acting and preparation for acting. "If we all wrote," he said, "rehearsals wouldn't be the hard times they are." He thrust the

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Scenes in "Oh! Oh! Delphine" at the Knickerbocker Theatre



Photos White Alphonse Bouchotte (Frank McIntyre) Colonel Pomponnet (Frank Doane)
Act II. Alphonse: "She's not my wife—she's my sister!"



Simone (Stella Hoban) Madame Bax (Helen Raymond)
Act III. Simone: "You broke a looking glass last week!"



Victor Jolibeau (Scott Welsh) Bimboula (Octavia Broske)
Act III. Bimboula: "Carpets!"

From the "Tanks" to Broadway



Moffett

EDITH TALIAFERRO
Appearing in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," in London, this season

WHEN a play fails so badly in New York City that it must be taken off at once, the average theatre-goer does not evince any surprise that another production is ready to take its place immediately. Sometimes the house is dark for a night of two; but, as a rule, while the failure is on its way to the storehouse its successor is taking possession of the stage, and will be quite at home when the curtain goes up in the evening. Yet Mr. Theatre-goer has never heard of this new play. Where it came from or who organized the company which interprets it with such perfect smoothness and *aplomb* is all a mystery to him.

Vaguely he supposes the new offering has been in preparation for weeks, and that had not had the much-heralded society drama, "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," proved a hopeless "frost," thus leaving the stage of the Arcadia vacant, the play which takes its place would have been put on in some other Broadway theatre with due impressiveness.

That is what the uninterested outsider may surmise—if he takes the trouble to speculate on the matter at all. But the man responsible for the collapsing enterprise, and who in the morning will see $20,000 or so crossed off his bank balance by the stroke of a critic's pen, could tell a different story. It would be one of hustle, resource and nerve-racking anxiety, which would open the eyes of the placid individual who takes all tremendous theatrical achievement for granted, and it would materially increase his respect for the *entrepreneur*.

The professional critic and discerning play-goer who sit in a theatre on a first night and cheerfully damn the play and performance from their orchestra chairs need not think they are the first to recognize a "flivver." Why, before the curtain went up on the third and last act of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," the manager had seen it wouldn't do. If he wanted verification of his own verdict, he soon got it. He and some of his business staff had mingled unostentatiously with the newspaper critics in the foyer and had caught enough of their comments to anticipate what would appear in print in the morning.

Off to his private office goes the manager. With him are his lieutenants, including the press agent. A very brief conference, and then, while some one rings a messenger call, the manager writes a telegram.

"Rush that!" he tells the boy, as he slips a quarter "tip" into the young gentleman's hand. There is no class of business man which better understands the lubricating virtue of judicious "tips" than that of the theatrical calling.

By the time the final curtain falls on "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," the manager has an answer to his "wire," and, on the strength of it, instructs the press agent to announce in every New York paper that the enormously successful farce, "A Son of a Gun," will be seen for the first time in the metropolis at the Arcadia theatre on Wednesday evening. Nothing is said about "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception" in the notice written by the press agent. It is unnecessary. The critics will attend to that.

One more performance of the unlucky affair will be given, so as to keep the theatre open on Tuesday. By that time the company playing "A Son of a Gun," and which is in Lansing, Michigan, to-night, can reach New York. The scenery of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," will be carried off to the storehouse as soon as the performance is over, and that of "A Son of a Gun" come in and be sorted out ready to be set before the carpenters and property men leave the theatre.

The next morning there will be a rehearsal, and the company individually will rush about the city to get little additions to their costumes that they feel they must have for a New York opening, although their outfit was good enough for "the road." Stage hands, stage manager, musical director and business staff will be all busy from early Wednesday morning till the curtain rings up in the evening. The performance may be a little "ragged," but you can't expect to bring a company in from the "tank towns" in a hurry and make them face a critical New York audience without their showing some nervousness.

The critics know all about this, and they are decent fellows, as a rule. So, if the piece is all right, they will make due allowance for loose ends here and there, and give the manager credit for his enterprise in so soon filling the place of the other play withdrawn.

If the piece is all right! There's the rub! "A Son of a Gun" has been doing well through Michigan. This very night in Lansing it has a big house and the people are enthusiastically pleased. There is a large advance sale for to-morrow in Pontiac, too. This proves the piece is "making good," as every experienced one-night-stander will testify. News, good or evil, travels several towns ahead of the company always—largely through "drummers," who are sure to "take in the show," and give their opinions freely in hotel lobbies and mercantile establishments afterward.

Pity "A Son of a Gun" can't play Pontiac, its next stand. That's impossible, however. The company must leave Lansing to-night, and a whole month of one night stands are cancelled, including Pontiac. On Wednesday it will be found whether New York endorses the favorable opinion of Michigan. *Is* the piece all right?

The second act of the three-act farce, "A Son of a Gun," is on when the manager and proprietor of the organization, Eugene Swift, gets a telegram from the prominent New York "producer"

Scenes in "The Count of Luxembourg" at the New Amsterdam



Photos White

Act I. The scene in Brissard's Studio, Paris



Juliette (Frances Cameron) Brissard (Fred Walton)

Act II. Juliette: "When I'm at home I generally drink watah!"



Angele Didier (Ann Swinburne) Count of Luxembourg (George L. Moore)

Act II. The waltz on the stairs.

and theatre manager, Jacob Steinman. (There is an hour's difference in time between New York and Michigan, be it remembered.) Mr. Swift, a cigar in the corner of his mouth, is "counting up" in the treasurer's private office at the back of the box-office when the message is handed to him. He puffs at his cigar and cuts open the yellow envelope deliberately. He looks up and tells the boy to wait, in case there should be an answer, before he takes the trouble to glance at its contents. Something from the printer's about his lithographs, no doubt.

He reads the first few words of the telegram, but fairly devours the remainder. Then he starts up and almost swallows his cigar. He *does* inhale a quantity of smoke that makes him cough and splutter convulsively. The message is brief, but comprehensive. It reads:

"Can you open 'Son of a Gun' Arcadia Theatre, New York, Wednesday evening, November 22? Answer quick. Leave Lansing to-night.—JACOB STEINMAN."

Mr. Steinman takes it for granted his offer will be accepted. Hence his admonition that the company shall leave Lansing to-night. He knows Mr. Swift has been trying to break into New York for two months. "A Son of a Gun" has proved itself a "road winner," and Swift believes it can stand the acid test of Broadway. As for Steinman, he doesn't know whether it would be a "go" in New York or not, but he is willing to try it. In fact, he must, for there is nothing else available; that is, a production good enough and near enough to come in and open so soon. With the failure of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception" Mr. Steinman has no faith in his own judgment, and he wouldn't say that "A Son of a Gun" would be a Broadway hit even if he had seen it—which he hasn't.

Swift has no misgivings, however. Road managers seldom have, where their attractions are concerned. All they want is the chance to get to Broadway and they'll show 'em! Will he accept this offer from Steinman? *Will* he? Where's a telegraph blank. Mind that boy doesn't get away! Deuce take it! Give him a tele—Oh, here's one! All right! Hastily he scribbles:

"Jacob Steinman, Arcadia Theatre, New York City.—'Son of a Gun' company leaves Lansing to-night. Open Arcadia Wednesday sure.—EUGENE SWIFT."

Away goes the boy with the telegram and Mr. Swift resumes his counting of tickets. It is hard work, with his mind so full of this great chance that has at last come his way. *A New York opening!* By Jove, he must have a drink when he is through counting up! Wait a minute, though! Where's a sheet of letter-paper? He takes one from the typewriter table and writes:

CALL.

'A Son of a Gun' Company.—Next stand New York City. Open Arcadia Theatre Wednesday evening, November 22. Leave Lansing, Michigan Central Railroad, 12 midnight, Monday 20th. All trunks ready immediately after performance. Rehearsal Arcadia Theatre, New York, November 22, 10:30 A. M. EUGENE SWIFT, *Manager.*

An usher carries the "Call" to the stage manager and tells him to play the third act as fast as he can. The stage manager reads the paper, gasps, and pins it to the call-board in the first entrance.

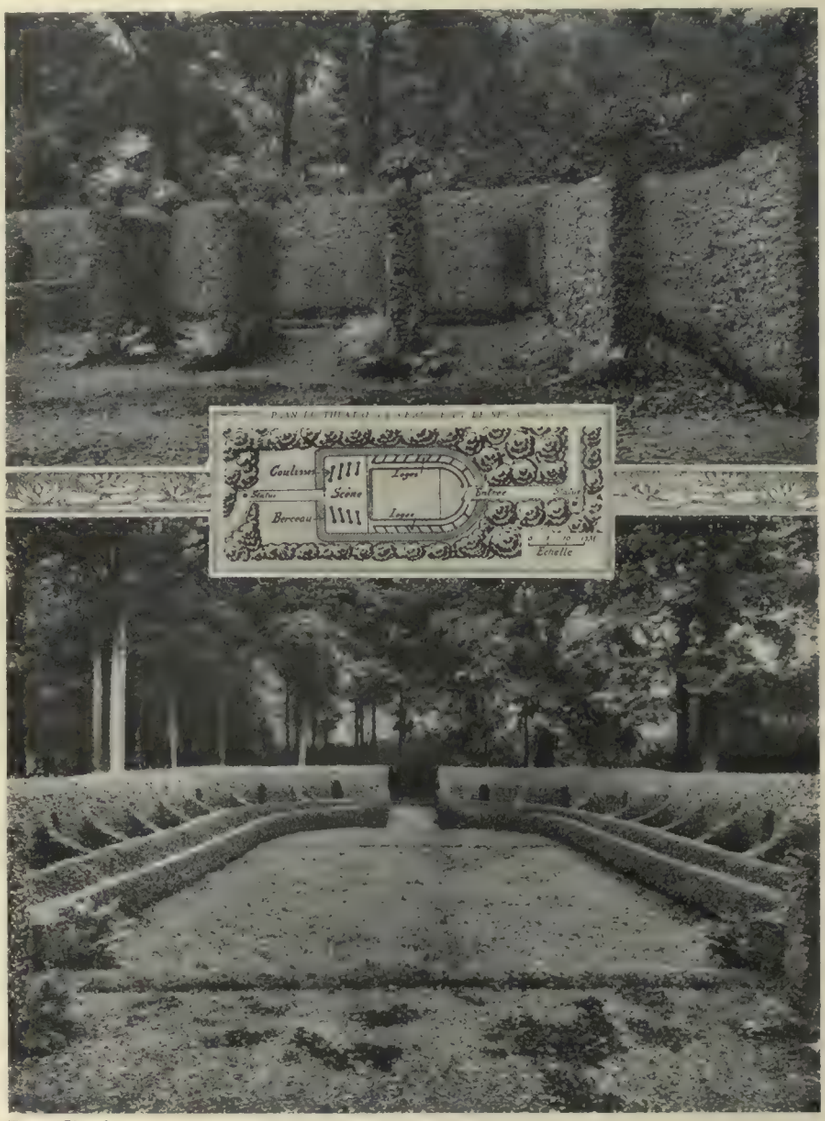
"*New York?* Well, I'll be——"

He can say no more. He is too full of emotion. His hand has been on the push-button, ready to ring down the curtain on the second act, as the usher gives him the "Call." He brings the curtain down now, and the actors all gather about the board. It is a good thing the orchestra is playing a loud military march, with plenty of cymbal and drum effect, or their exclamations must have been heard by the audience.

New York! After playing the "tank towns" for five weeks! It seems too good to be true. Until the stage manager calls "Third act!" the old-timers, who have played New York before, have a little fun telling the younger ones whose experience has been limited to "the road" that they'll need all their nerve. Then, having frightened the awe-stricken "kids" enough, the oldsters will kindly add that "New York is nothing but a big bluff and the audiences are worse jays than you'll ever find in a jerkwater village. Just give them the best you have and let it go at that. You'll get through all right, kiddo; believe me!"

Then comes the third act. How it is played no one can ever remember. It is rushed through somehow, and at half-past ten costumes are bundled into theatre trunks and the company, most of them with daubs of make-up still on their faces, and their street clothes disheveled, unhooked, unbuttoned and untied, surge over to the hotel to get their hotel trunks ready. This happens to be a stand where the company has the use of its trunks, for Lansing is a fairly large city. When you play the "tanks" you see your hotel trunk only once a week, as a rule.

At 11:45, with fifteen minutes to spare—if the train is on time—company and baggage are all at the station. Swift, the manager, has worked like the hero he is for two hours. He has sent two more telegrams to Steinman, reassuring him that the company would be in New York on Tuesday, and he has had one encouraging "wire" in reply. Then he had (*Continued on page viii*)



From Sketch

A PLAYHOUSE MADE OF LIVING TREES

At Leewergem, attached to the castle belonging to M. Van den Hecke de Lembeke, near Sottegem, is a remarkable playhouse known as the "Théâtre de Charmilles," otherwise the theatre of hornbeams. It is a very remarkable example of eighteenth century topiary work, and has seen, amongst others, performances by actors of the Comédie-Française. The upper picture shows one side of the stage; the lower picture the boxes. Inset is a plan of the topiary playhouse

"Shakespeare Well Acted Pays," Says Lewis Waller

IF you have a matinee idol shun him in the morning hours. The morning light is cruelly uncompromising. Morning surroundings are commonplace. Morning moods are anticlimaxes to those of the night. If you want to preserve your illusions of your stage hero see him only by gaslight, or lamplight, or at worst, by electroliers. See him when the hours of romance shed their soft glow over him, between the acts of the play in which you admired him, or at a supper or dance afterwards when the spell of the fictitious romance is still upon him, when he has not "let down" from the exalted state into which he got himself with his satin coat, his lace frills and his powdered wig.

After Henry V, Lewis Waller. Exit by limelight a brilliant, dashing rollicking only occasionally kingly, monarch, one little more than thirty, according to some of weighty Shakespearean authority. Enter by morning light a quiet man with somewhat stern face and grizzled hair, of fifty years or more, strictly speaking of fifty-three. Henry V spoke as a king and a warrior. Lewis Waller talked as a business man, referring not infrequently to dollars. Henry V was at moments leisurely; Waller was hurried. He confessed that he was busy. "Always am," he added with a smile that was a hint of Henry V's bantering one, but only a hint.



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LEWIS WALLER AS HENRY V

A morning call revealed him, early risen, a lean-jawed, smooth-shaven man, attired in a well cut business suit of snuff colored English cloth. He wore a bluish gray tie that matched and emphasized his blue gray eyes. He did well by the sartorial trick to call attention to the eyes for they were handsome, and when they turned full upon one contained a suggestion of youth and ingenuousness belied by the grizzled hair and air of entire sophistication.

Apropos, perhaps, of this unsuspected appearance and vanishing we began to talk of surprises. Mr. Waller paid us a first visit last season, and liked us and the theatrical conditions we have created so well that he is paying us another, and will remain in the to him newly discovered country until April when he will set out for our west coast, there to embark for Australia in an around the world dramatic tour that will continue until Christmas of 1913. He came to America in the capacity merely of an actor, playing Boris in "The Garden of Allah." He remained to produce a series of plays beginning with "The Butterfly on the Wheel" among them, producing and playing "Beaucaire," in which London had known him for a thousand performances, producing the shorter lived "Discovering America," and "Henry V." When his world tour is over he will return to the United States in 1914 for a tour of the principal cities in his large repertoire.

Being with us and in a sense now of us the "surprises" we have given a long time London idol have a piquant interest.

"The cordialty of your players to a visitor and one of another land is wonderful," he said. "When I opened with 'The Garden of Allah,' at the Century Theatre, I received letters of warm praise from many actors. Some of these I had never met. It was very delightful and unexpected. I confess that had an American actor made his first appearance in London it would not have been so. It would not occur to us to write to him about his success unless he were a personal friend. We like American actors in London. Some of them have been great favorites there, George Fawcett, for example. He was wanted everywhere on both his visits. All the clubs welcomed him. But sometimes American actors appear in plays that make no appeal to us. 'The White Man,' the title under which we played 'The Squawman,' in London was a fine play.

"Believing, as I do, that under acting is a crime, I have been delighted in the theatres where I've been with the spirit of your performances. Your players have more dash and go about them than we have. In London there is such a dread of over acting that everything in underdone. Here you have no fear nor respect for the restraints so many of my countrymen practice in playing, and from this come the spirit and go in your work. I should always rather see a part over acted than under acted.

"No, pardon me. I don't agree that your theatres are the finest in the world." Mr. Waller had given me a surprise. "You do not? But you must admit they are more cheerful. The theatres I saw in London seemed to me subterranean. They were dark and chilly."

"In the last you are right. Your playhouses are better warmed. Ours are but slightly and not sufficiently warmed. Here your

audiences are sure of being comfortable and taking their amusements comfortably, so come to the play if they like it. But with us, in cold weather people stop away. But as for magnificence you have no theatre that will compare with our His Majesty's."

"But our new Amsterdam?" I ventured to protest timidly.

"A handsome theatre, but it is crowded between other buildings. His Majesty's occupies an entire square. It stands, so to speak, at the four corners of the four greatest streets in the world. You can see it for a long distance."

"Then the chief advantage is in the approach?"

"Yes, I think your playhouses, as such, present about the same average as our own."

"And our plays?"

"All the while I have been in this country I have been playing eight performances a week and so haven't had much time to observe your plays. 'Bought and Paid For' I considered a good play admirably acted. 'The Return of Peter Grimm" will remain in my memory as an unique play superbly acted by Warfield. 'Ready Money' is ingenious and deserved its success on both sides of the ocean. 'Kismet' and 'Milestones' I haven't seen on this side.

"No. It required no temerity to give you Shakespeare. I had heard your American dictum that Shakespeare spells ruin, but that did not deter me. I think in the matter of Shakespearean productions the proverb is reversed. The supply creates the demand. If you give the public Shakespeare well enough acted it will always want him. I don't mean that Shakespearean drama will draw for such a phenomenal run as that of "Bought and Paid For" 's two years, but it will be made to satisfy the public and the producer in America. Here where you seem committed to the star system, you should want Shakespeare. Your stars should want Shakespearean plays because they give them the great opportunity to act which they need and desire. In America, where you seem to be committed to the star system, you should want Shakespearean drama. Your stars should want it.

"If I were disposed to criticise your splendid and hospitable country I should say that you would better be more temperate in exalting stars, as we are. Two or three successes do not make a star with us. A star to me means a person who can of himself or herself draw audiences regardless of the play. Anyone can draw in a good play with a good company. But the successful star is a lodestone who must draw by his own power.

"I am glad I have had two seasons in this country and am glad to anticipate the third, in 1914. I should, for my broadening and education, have come long before, but I have led a busy life. I never had time. Latterly I allowed myself to think more of it and when the opportunity came, though I did not think well of 'The Garden of Allah' as a play, I came."

"What do you think of the actor manager?"

"I think he is the greatest need of your stage. He knows plays and audiences and actors better than any man at his desk can possibly do. And if he have a well-balanced mind he can acquire the business experience and business judgment that are necessary."

"Why do you prefer romantic parts?"

The actor smiled as replied quickly:

"I cut my clothes to fit my cloth. I am more adapted to romantic rôles. But I have played modern ones."

Lewis Waller, whose family name is Lewis, began his independent career as a clerk in a counting house in London. He entered it and there remained for five years to please his mother. He left, apologizing to her for the change, but reminding her how well he had recited Longfellow's "Hesperus" and that poet's verses on slavery, when Lewis Waller was eight.

"I've given myself time to find out that I am a bad business man," he said. "But I will be a good actor."

"My mother is the best woman in this world or in any world," said he. "In a letter I had from her this morning she bids me go to Staten Island and find the house where she lived for a year. She also lived near Daly's, where I'm now playing.

"I've a daughter fifteen years old, named Nancy. We are great friends. I wish I could find a photograph of us out sailing together."

A tousled dark head atop of a tall body was suddenly thrust out of a neighboring room and as hastily drawn back to the accompaniment of a surprised exclamation, almost of alarm, on seeing a visitor of the opposite sex. It was Victor Lewis, the actor's brother and aide-de-camp, who was at his bath.

"It's time for rehearsal," he cried from behind the discreetly closed door.

The interviewer took the hint and Henry V., with a kingly air, courteously showed the way out.

A. P.



White

PHYLLIS PARTINGTON
Who is playing the prima donna rôle in "Gypsy Love," this season



Arnold Bennett,
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The Best Dressed Actor

(*Continued from page 152*)

turned into the palms. This is from constant dealing of cards, using only the first two fingers and thumb," he explained. "In time the fingers fall naturally into that position. If you watch a professional card player smoking, you will notice that he holds his cigar with the first two fingers and thumb, and that the two small fingers fall back into the card-player's position."

"Do you believe there is such a thing as hypnotism in acting?' I asked him when he was hypnotizing the audience nightly in "The Witching Hour."

"There is no doubt of it," he quickly answered. "Hypnotism, or whatever you may choose to call it, is the one great secret of the actor's success. Without it he cannot hold an audience—he cannot be successful. I know it and you know it.

"When an actor walks on the stage he either exerts an influence over the audience or he does not. And if he does not he might just as well quit right there. He may have everything else in his favor, but if he lacks that peculiar something which is felt the moment its possessor appears he will fail to make any real impression. The student of acting may learn something from experience, of course; he may even learn something at our awful dramatic schools; but he cannot learn to exercise a power that is not in him from the beginning.

"I have seen a young man bring in a card and make a greater impression than the actor with the whole play behind him.

"I went on the stage just as the old school of acting was going out. I was in the company at the Boston Museum at the time, and, after seeing one of Charles Frohman's companies play, I went back to the Museum and said: 'Boys, things have changed. There is a new school of acting.' There is more hynotism in the acting of to-day because it is more direct than it used to be. But the greatest actor of all, in my opinion, is the pleading lawyer who hypnotizes a jury. He acts to the hardest audience in the world—an audience of twelve men. And the secret of his success is hypnotism. Have I proved my case?"

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The Latest Victor Records

One of the most important engagements of the new opera season is that of Frieda Hempel, the young colorature soprano of the Royal Opera House, Berlin. This young singer (she is not yet thirty) is a native of Leipsic, and as a child showed such musical talent that she was sent to the Leipsic Conservatory, where her unusual voice and great ambition caused her to make rapid progress. In 1906 she sang at Bayreuth as one of the Rhine maidens, and in 1907 made a few appearances in London, but her formal début was in the autumn of 1907, at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. Mme. Hempel's success was immediate, Berlin opera-goers being delighted at the novelty of a colorature singer who possessed not only a lovely voice but youth and beauty as well.

Huguenots—*O, beau pays!* Meyerbeer; Ernani—*Ernani involami*, Verdi.

MARGARETE MATZENAUER—Parsifal—*Ich sah' das Kind, Act II*, Wagner.

This air is sung by *Kundry* in Act II, Scene II, representing the garden in which the flower maidens, led by *Kundry*, tempt the "guileless fool," *Parsifal*. The youth is angered by their persistence and tries to escape, when *Kundry*, in the shape of a beautiful maiden, gently dissuades him and induces him to remain, telling him about his mother.

HERMAN JADLOWKER—Carmen—*Air de la fleur*, Bizet

A SACRED NUMBER BY FAURE. Marcel Journet. Charité, J. Faure.

The Century Theatre Club Prize

The Century Theatre Club, with a view to assisting in the encouragement of American playwriters, offers a prize of $200, to be known as The Century Theatre Club Prize. The conditions are:

Any native-born American, who has not had a professional production, is eligible to compete. The play to consist of three acts or more, acting time of which shall not be less than an hour and three-quarters. The play to be either drama, tragedy, comedy or farce. (Musical comedies and librettos not considered.) Competition to open June 1, 1912, to close January 1, 1913; prize to be awarded in March, 1913. Mss. to be typewritten on one side of the paper, and return postage enclosed. Each Ms. must be accompanied by name and address in sealed envelope.

Author of "Ready Money"

(Continued from page 154)

fast vanishing cigarette into his mouth to stifle a sigh. "I don't lose my temper nor make a scene at a rehearsal, not consciously and deliberately, at least, but I am much in earnest. I say to the players 'Allow me to help you if I can. Naturally, I who have worked on this play for a year know it better than you who have studied a part of it for three weeks.' Once I gave a good natured lecture: 'Watch Mr. Courtenay,' I said. 'He is ideal, for if there is anything to be done he sees it. If something is missing from a chair he sees it and says: "That will show from the front. Hadn't it better be fixed?"

"'Watch Mr. Kilgour and Mr. Johnson as well as Mr. Courtenay. Watch them take their cues. If they haven't a word to say they take the cue mentally and they convey something to the audience. You know the size of their salaries, but I suppose you think they are 'lucky.' It is rare that any actor gets more than he earns. Once in five hundred times, perhaps, as a freak.'"

A philosopher said that if you bring the student habit into the affairs of real life you are sure to win. James Montgomery has brought into the profession of the stage those student habits. Furthermore he brought to it the hereditary habit of study. Through his mother he is a collateral descendant of John Hopkins. From his father, a singer with the Boston Ideals, he drew his taste for, and knowledge of the stage.

Born in Boston, circumstances permitted him only a high school education. But there were formed the student habits recommended by the sage, habits deepened by his burrowings in the Brooklyn public library.

"I study criticisms," he said, absently dropping the still burning cigarette. "Study them, not read them. The fellows who write them must know something or they wouldn't get and keep their jobs. I am waiting now for a bunch of clippings. I shall learn a great deal about playwriting from them."

He trod out the menace of the smouldering cigarette, unmindful of the costly carpet.

"I want to write plays and star in them myself," he said. "I played the star part in 'The Aviator,' in Washington, and in 'Ready Money,' in Chicago. I think I can."

I think so too, for he is thirty.

ADA PATTERSON.

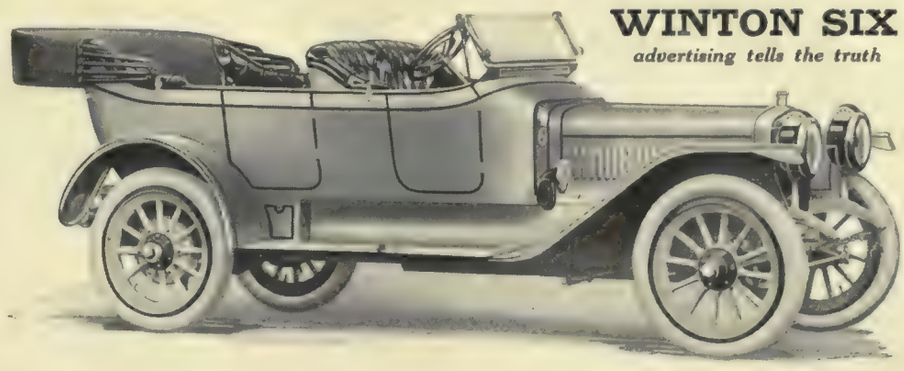
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New Dramatic Books

"King Stephen," historical drama in seven tableaux. By Edward Fales Coward. New York: Wilson & Burrows.

In "King Stephen," Mr. Coward has completed a drama of which Keats left little more than three scenes, or "tableaux." The play concerns itself with the middle of the twelfth century, a period that has been called the most troubled in English history. Then, because of the ambitious efforts of Maude, daughter of Henry the First, aided by Robert, Duke of Gloucester, to overthrow the reigning king, Stephen, who was supported by the warklike Henry, Bishop of Winchester, England suffered seventeen years of civil war (1137-1154). The drama opens with the defeat and capture of Stephen. Maude's triumph, however, is brief, for the fortunes of war are soon reversed, and Maude is compelled to flee to Oxford, where she is long besieged by Stephen. At length, through the intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the death of Stephen's son, Eustace, hostilities end, and Stephen consents to make Maude's son, Henry, heir to the throne. In this delicate experiment, Mr. Coward has achieved an excellent piece of work in constructing a smooth and effective play in blank verse, which, as might be expected, is not free from Shakespearean echoes. Not only has he made a play of considerable literary merit, but he displays throughout evidences of a firm grasp of stagecraft. There is, in the eight scenes, ample scenic variety and contrast, the story is lucidly and entertainingly disclosed, and the diction is singularly faithful, felicitous and vigorous. The result is a drama not only well worth reading, but one, moreover, that seems admirably adapted to actual performance. Those who now so loudly bewail the decline of the practicable poetic drama, are likely to find cause for reviving hopes in "King Stephen."

Richard Bennett, the popular actor, is about to make his début as a producing manager. Henry W. Savage had accepted a play by Margaret Turnbull, entitled "The Stronger Claim," in which Mr. Bennett was to have the leading part. Mr. Savage changed his mind, so Mr. Bennett has produced the play himself.



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THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

W. T. PRICE, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. City

From the "Tanks" to Broadway

(*Continued from page* 158)

to make sure that the baggage car on the midnight car was full size, so that all his scenery could be got in, as well as his trunks; and he had to count his "people" to see that all were there, and to look after the tickets. Incidentally, he had to write Pontiac (he had already telegraphed the manager there that he could not fill the date), and tell him that the New York engagement could not be put off. The other "tanks" he would notify later. There might be law-suits because of his sudden canceling of all these bookings, but they would not amount to much, most likely. The larger towns must be "fixed," but the little ones were used to being disappointed and took it as a matter of course.

The train is only half an hour late. The baggage and scenery is go aboard at one end, while the company tumbles on at the other, and soon the "Son of a Gun" company is fairly on its way to the metropolis, long before the New York newspapers telling of the awful failure of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception" are in the hands of their readers.

"A Son of a Gun" opens at the Arcadia in due course, and in the laughter and applause that brings the curtain down at the end of each act the weeping and wailing over the sad fate of Mrs. Winterbury is drowned, which Jacob Steinman goes up to his private room and smokes a cigar in peace.

GEORGE C. JENKS.

Anecdotes of the Stage

(*Continued from page* 136)

known as one of the most distinguished orators of his day. In early life he had not paid especial attention to the study of elocution and he relates how he had been led to a more determined, practical consideration of it. One night, after having seen Macready act, while lying awake revolving in his mind the many ideas he had received from the finished acting of the tragedian and the new light which had been shed upon the author's language, he was suddenly startled from his reverie and sprang from his bed. The first impression was that a terrible crime was being committed, for prominent amidst the unearthly sounds which proceeded from the apartments below the cry of "Murder!" had struck upon his ear, apparently gasped out in agony. As he listened the sounds seemed to die away in suppressed, smothered tones. Again they became distinctly audible, and the voice assumed a weird character that seemed like the moanings of distress, at one time husky, and again hollow and sepulchral, with repeated exclamations of "Sleep no more! sleep no more!" and "Murdered! murdered!"—all suggesting a fearful nightmare struggle. Astonished and bewildered, Mr. Preston stood doubting his sense of hearing or the reality of the disturbing sounds, when again came "Murdered! murdered! murdered!" in every tone of the gamut. No longer doubting, he sprang to the door and called loudly over the banisters to the dark void below: "Hallo, there! hallo!" A door opened and out flashed a candle and a nightcapped head. Then came a voice saying: "Don't be alarmed, sir; don't be alarmed; it is only Mr. Macready, the tragedian; he is dreaming, or acting in his sleep, or practicing the words of his part. Don't be frightened, sir; we are all used to such things here, sir. We are all used to it, so don't be alarmed." The head and the candle disappeared and Mr. Preston returned to his bed. The next morning an apologetic note brought an explanation. The tragedian, not being satisfied with his treatment of the murder scene in his last performance, had been submitting the words "murder" and "murdered" to a kind of aspirated and husky utterance in different degrees, high and low, and, becoming interested in the trial, had forgotten the near proximity of the other inmates of the house and had applied a more than usual degree of force to his experiments; and thus the mystery was explained.

In the tragedy of "Macbeth," when Malcom's army is seen approaching the castle, one of the officers of the usurping thane rushes into his presence, crying out, "There is ten thousand—" when he is cut short by Macbeth's contemptuous and indignant exclamation of "Geese, villain?" to which the messenger replies, "Soldiers, sir." Now, on the occasion alluded to, the man came on in hot haste and said, "There is ten thousand—" when Macbeth, turning fiercely on him, cried out, "Soldiers, villain?" "No," said the messenger, in a tone of bewilderment—"no, no, Geese, sir!" and then the two actors stood star-

ing at one another in blank dismay, while peal on peal of laughter burst from the audience, in which the tragedian, unable to preserve his gravity, at last joined. Order having been restored, an attempt was made to go on with the scene, but the first line to be uttered by Macbeth being in reference to the affrighted appearance of the messenger, followed by an indignant inquiry as to who the soldiers were, it was too much for both actor and audience; the laugh recommenced and did not cease until the curtain fell.

A performer of the last century named Wignell was so poetically inclined that he could not deliver even an ordinary message without trying to make blank verse of it. "Wignell," said Garrick, "why can't you say 'Mr. Strickland, your coach is ready,' as an ordinary man would say it, and not with the declamatory pomp of Mr. Quin or Mr. Booth when playing tyrants?" "Sir," said poor Wignell, "I thought in that passage I *had* kept down the sentiment." That he never could do; his Doctor in "Macbeth" was so wonderfully solemn that his audience was always in fits of laughter at it. The old fashion of speaking a prologue had been set aside. One evening at Covent Garden the curtain rose for a performance of the tragedy of "Cato," and the play began without the usual poetic preface. The audience, jealous of their rights, set up a shout of "Prologue! prologue!" Wignell was then on the stage as Portius, and in his fantastically pompous way had pronounced the opening passage of his part—

> The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
> And heavily, with clouds, brings on the day—

when he was interrupted by renewed vociferations for the prologue. Wignell would neither depart from his character nor leave the audience without satisfactory explanation, and accordingly, after the word "day," without changing features or tone, he solemnly went on with this interpolation:

> (Ladies and gentlemen, there has not been
> For years a prologue spoken to this play)—
> The great, the important day, big with the fate
> Of Cato and of Rome.

Dan Daly, at the outset of his career, says William G. Rose, once essayed the legitimate. All he had to do was to come to the centre of the stage at a critical moment and shout:

"The king is dead; long live the king!"

When the time came Mr. Daly promptly assumed the correct dramatic pose, but for a moment was so agitated that words failed him. Then he bellowed out at the top of his voice:

"Long live the king—he's dead!"

THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 134)

vital and real. Broadway Jones is a white light spender who has run through his fortune. An uncle leaves him a successful chewing-gum factory, and it is his intention to sell it for cash as soon as possible that he may continue his spendthrift career and that he may also disentangle himself from his engagement to a rich but elderly widow to whom he has committed himself when his fortunes were at their lowest. There is a stenographer, however, who points out to Jones his duty. The town will be ruined if he sells, for his competitors are buying simply to close down the plant. Then Jones shows the man that is within him; he checkmates all who would get the best of him, advertises to beat the band and runs his business up to a million a year, eludes the clutches of the widow and gives every indication of marrying the stenographer, played with a good deal of youthful grace by Myrtle Tannehill. In the breezy, good-natured, easy-going Jones Mr. Cohan has written for himself a rôle that fits him like a glove; and as a playwright he has been consistent, too, for he has not given himself all the bright and witty lines, of which there are a great number. Ada Gilman's comic little personality finds an agreeable setting in the grasping widow, and the star's talented mother and father are provided with rôles that fit in well with their human, wholesome identities.

LITTLE THEATRE. "THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL." A sequence of episodes by Arthur Schnitzler. Produced Oct. 14 with this cast:

Anatol, John Barrymore; Max, Oswald Yorke; Hilda, Marguerite Clark; Bianca, Gail Kane; Mimi, Doris Keane; Waiter, Alfred de Ball; Gabrielle, Katherine Emmet; Lona, Isabella Lee; Franz, Albert Easdale.

Arthur Schnitzler could hardly have desired a better stage than that of the Little Theatre for the production of his fascinating transcript from Viennese life, "The Affairs of Anatol." This novel series of dialogues between a young man, whose vocation is being in love, and five young



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Once upon a time there dwelt on the banks of the holy river Ganges a great sage, by name Vishnu-sarman.

When King Sudarsana appealed to the wise men to instruct his wayward sons, Vishnu-sarman undertook the task, teaching the princes by means of fables and proverbs.

Among his philosophical sayings was this:

"To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather."

This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

For one man to bring seven million persons together so that he could talk with whom he chose would be almost as difficult as to carpet the whole earth with leather. He would be hampered by the multitude. There would not be elbow room for anybody.

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women who further his amative career, demands, above all else, the setting of an intimate theatre. An account of Schnitzler's work has already been given in these pages. All that needs to be added here is that the staging at the Little Theatre, with its attention to detail, that is neither exaggerated nor laborious, left nothing to be desired, and gave the spectator that feeling of complete satisfaction which comes from viewing anything that bears the imprint of a master hand. If the American audience finds its moral sensibilities shocked by these *risqué* episodes, it is because it allows itself to take them seriously. If it does not appreciate the subtle wit and the delicate satire of the play, it is either because it is not understood or because the actors did not quite succeed in infusing into their performance the Viennese flavor.

There was finesse and polish in the acting throughout, and especially in the work of Doris Keane, who, as the conscienceless and carefree Mimi of the opera, playing fast and loose with the weathercock heart of the hero, merited the most spontaneous applause from her audience. Though Mr. Barrymore displayed well the fascination and the inconsequentiality of Anatol, he never succeeded in making an Austrian *bon-vivant* and collector of a romantic past out of a prosaic, matter-of-fact American. The monotony of his voice and gesture helped to foil his good attempts. The playing of Oswald Yorke in the difficult rôle of the foil for the hero, though sympathetic and intelligent, gave rise to the conjecture that, had he portrayed Max in greater contrast to Anatol, he would have made him more convincing. Miss Marguerite Clark was so exceedingly exquisite as Hilda that it was something of a shock to learn, later, that she had found her happiness in marrying a milkman.

KNICKERBOCKER. "Oh! Oh! Delphine." Musical comedy in three acts, founded on the French farce, "Villa Primrose," by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan, music by Ivan Caryll. Produced on September 30 with this cast:

Colonel Pomponnet, Frank Doane; Fernande Lila Benton; Blum, G. Clennett Glass; A Hall Porter, John Fairbanks; Victor Jolibeau, Scott Welsh; Jacqueline, Florence Geneva; Tutu, Dolly Alwin; Antoinette, Edythe Taylor; Amandine, May Day; Lulu, Dorothy Quintette; Distinguette, Eunice Mackay; Louis Gigoux, George Stuart Christie; Alphonse Bouchotte, Frank McIntyre; Delphine, Grace Edmond; Finette, Mildred Manning; Bimboula, Octavia Broske; Uncle Noel Jolibeau, George A. Beane; Pluchard, Alfred Fisher; Simone, Stella Hoban; Madame Bax, Helen Raymond; Louise, Polly Bowman; Lucie, Jessie Howe; Jeanne, Ethel Millard; Blanche, Dorothy Langdon.

If we must have musical comedy, let it be good of its kind. "Oh! Oh! Delphine" is naughty, but it is decidedly amusing and full of that French spirit and dash which at one time made Parisian farces famous all over the world. It is gay and tuneful with especially good lyrics; in fact, Messrs. C. M. S. McLellan and Ivan Caryll may be said to have scored again with another, "The Pink Lady." The piece made an unquestionable hit, and it deserves to succeed because it is well put on and entertaining throughout. The plot concerns an artist with six models, all of whom pose for his picture, "Venus Rising From the Waves." There is a comic opera colonel, a military lady killer, and two wronged wives who love each other's respective husband, a wonderful parrot, and a dark-eyed Persian girl whose knowledge of English is confined to one word, "carpets," and who when she wishes to say "I love you" whispers "Allaballa Goo-oo." There are many other characters who contribute to the general fun, and Frank McIntyre, who plays Alphonse Bouchotte, is a host in himself. He keeps the audience laughing all the time and has a number of good songs. The ditty, "Why Shouldn't You Tell Me That," put the house in an uproar, and "Everything's At Home Except Your Wife" made an equally strong appeal. Frank Doane was amusing as the Colonel, Grace Edmond was charming as Delphine and Octavia Broske picturesque as the Persian carpet seller. The chorus and stage settings were unusually attractive. No such collection of pretty girls have been seen on the local stage in years.

FULTON. "June Madness." Play in three acts by Henry Kitchell Webster. Produced on September 25 with this cast:

Frederick H. Hollis, Edward Emery; Mrs. Hollis, Helen Tracy; Katherine Hollis, Adelaide Nowak; Frederick H. Hollis, Jr., A. Hylton Allen; Robert Fielding, Charles Waldron; Mrs. Thornborough, Hedwig Reicher; June Thornborough, Renée Kelly; Janitor, P. W. Perry.

Henry Kitchell Webster, the author of this "modern play," is a novelist. He has much to learn before he wins spurs as dramatist. He starts with what is meant for a bold and daring idea. As a prologue off the stage a woman gives herself to a man for a period of ten days. At



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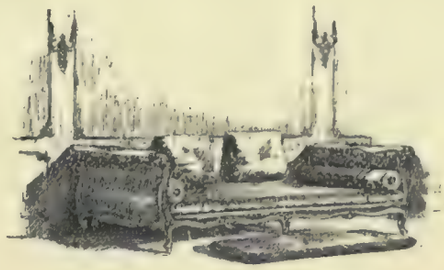
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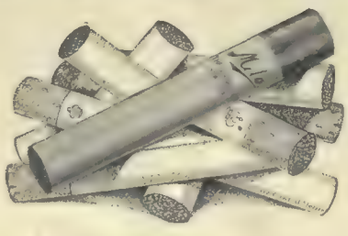
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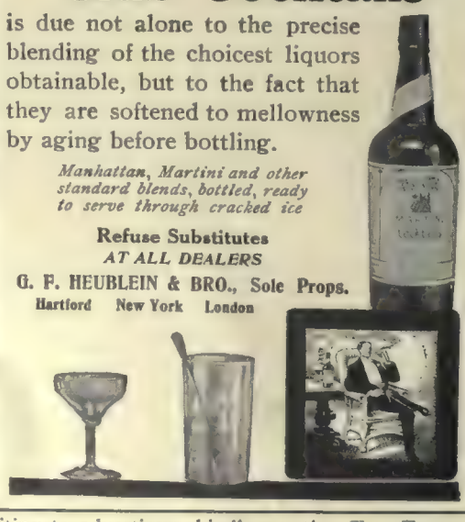
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the expiration they are to part, never to see each other again and no questions are to be asked. A child is born of this union and as the play begins she is twenty-two years old. Her mother is secretary—salary $12,000 a year—to a railway magnate, whose son is in love with June, as the fruit of the liaison is called. But Mrs. Magnate is jealous and has Mrs. Thornborough's past inquired into. Of course, no marriage certificate is forthcoming, while matters get a further twist when it turns out that the suitor for the hand of Katherine Hollis, the magnate's daughter, is none other than the lover of years ago and the father of June. But he "perjures himself like a gentleman," resulting in a clear case of much-ado-about-nothing, and a pitiful evasion of a complication based on a gratuitously unhealthy and far-fetched proposition.

HARRIS. "STEVE." Play in three acts by John T. McIntyre. Produced on September 28 with this cast:

Tom, Alphonz Ethier; Steve, Arnold Daly; Pike, Edward McWade; Tim Fitzpatrick, Harry Morris; Captain Pitzer, William Walther; Molly, Josephine Victor; Mrs. Brown, Julia Walcott.

In spite of his eccentricities and occasional mannerisms, there is a great deal of the real artist in Arnold Daly. It requires his daring and confidence in himself to come before his public as a star in a play like "Steve." The title rôle is a grafter, not a political one, but just the sort of ne'er-do-well who sponges on his hard-working brother, makes a stiff bluff about the big things he is going to do, and is the idol of an indiscriminating mother. Engaged to Molly, who has been a member of the Brown household since a child, he is planning an elaborate honeymoon. But he has no cash, and so he puts it up to his brother to save him from ruin, alleging that he is an embezzler, and that jail stares him in the face. The brother draws on the funds of a union of which he is treasurer, but is saved in time from the consequences of his ill-advised kindness. Steve is shown up in his true light, and Molly begins to see that she has wasted her affections on the wrong brother.

39TH STREET. "THE BRUTE." Play in three acts by Frederic Arnold Krummer. Produced on October 8 with this cast:

Donald Rogers, Ernest Glendinning; Edith Rogers, Ruth Shepley; Bobbie, Stephen Davis; Mrs. Pope, Jefries Lewis; Alice Pope, Ethel Clayton; Emerson Hall, Willard Robertson; James Brennan, Neil Moran.

"The Brute" does not require detailed consideration, although we think it is fair to say that it is not an uninteresting play in its details. The story is not pleasing, and it is difficult to see wherein its author, plainly a man of ideas, thinks it may instruct. A young wife, tired of the drudgery and comparative poverty of her life in a flat, is about to elope with a man who can supply her with luxury. She confesses to her sister, who, after attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, but agreeing to remain silent about the matter, says to her that she needs a good beating to bring her to her senses. Before the young wife can carry out her resolution a lawyer is announced, and in the presence of the household the husband, the sister and the mother, reads the will of the man in question, who has met death suddenly. The large fortune of this man has been left to the dweller in the flat. The husband consents to the acceptance of the gift, but will make no use of it for himself. In the next act the young man engaged to the sister visits the family, now living in ostentatious luxury, and, not knowing the identity of the woman who has received the fortune, tells the husband of the story that he has heard about the will. The husband tears up a check, the first he has been prevailed on by his wife to accept from her, and, seizing his child, a boy, leaves his wife and her fine house without ceremony. Later the wife comes to the old flat, where the husband is living with their boy, to negotiate for his possession and to induce her husband to reconsider matters and live with her again. He refuses unless she will give up the fortune. She refuses; for her part she will surrender it, but it must be kept for the boy. With this declaration she is about to leave the room, her suggestion having been rejected. He calls her back, tears the rope of pearls from her neck, announcing that she shall remain with him and give up every cent of the money to charity or otherwise. He has subdued her by asserting his mastery—the brute. It is simply an unpleasant play.

GLOBE. "THE CHARITY GIRL." Music play in three acts. Libretto and lyrics by Edward Peple, added lyrics by Melville Alexander, and


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music by Victor Hollaender. Produced on October 2 with this cast:

Becky, Blossom Seeley; Moe, Henry Fink; Mrs. Hopping, Ray Cox; Detective French, Herbert Denton; Van Hoden, D. L. Don; "Billy" Brant, C. Morton Horne; Rosemary, Marie Flynn; Officer "666," Edward Baker; Vesta Virga, Olive Fargo; Harry Hooligan, Harry Turpin; Jeremiah Hopping, Ralph Herz; Cherub, Master Alfred Turner; Seraph, Master Allan Turner.

The libretto and lyrics of "The Charity Girl" are from a dramatist of some distinction, Edward Peple; and it is not unlikely that this was the amiable author's first experience with the difficulties of comic opera, with the composer, the stage manager and the leading actors in turn directing him what to do and when to do it. At all events, there are alternations of reasonableness and inaptness in the conduct of the story. The story begins with the promise of something in the nature of "The Belle of New York," the heavenly clad salvation lassies suggesting considerable novelty; but the story soon turns to the affairs of a person, a leading person (Ralph Herz), whose rich wife has cut off his allowance, whereby he is forced to make a living as a clairvoyant. We are soon introduced to his luxurious parlors of polite deception. The comedy of it fails, although opportunities are abundant. The resources of Mr. Herz as a comedian are too old and limited, although in grimace and certain oddities all his own he amuses for a little while. His humor and his devices are too artificial. The police appear suddenly, and he disappears through a trap door smoking a cigarette. The possibilities of the action, if Mr. Peple had brought unity into the two stories, might have made a very interesting entertainment. As it is, the opera follows no given line and is made up of theatrical scraps. Miss Ray Cox has a scene in an aeroplane driven by the husband in disguise. Her gyrations of fright as the machine ascends and descends, after an explosion, amuse after a fashion. The songs and dances are pleasing, but the opera lacks consistency and sustained interest as a whole; in its details of production and in the personality of many of its performers it has the usual attractiveness of the comic opera of the day.

CRITERION. "TANTALIZING TOMMY." Musical comedy in three acts from the French. Book by Michael Morton and Paul Gavault, lyrics by Adrian Ross, music by Dr. Hugo Felix. Produced on October 1 with this cast:

Paul Normand, George Anderson; Gaston Berolle, John Park; Louis Cameiot, Robert Pitkin; Aristide Mingassol, Dallas Welford; Biff, Harry Clarke; Hector De Souzac Ipecac, Donald Hall; Toupet, Gilbert Tennant; Bergere, Bobby Newman; Casimir, Jack Sayre; "Tommy," Elizabeth Brice; Julie, Dorothy Webb; Cecile, Peggy. Forsyth; Florise, Valleaux Elliott; Zizi, Frances Richards; Annik, Margaret Langdon; Celeste, Madeline Harrison.

The story of "Tantalizing Tommy" is from the farce used by Marie Doro a season or two ago, ingenious, at times amusing, but somewhat lacking in material for sustained interest for three acts. Nevertheless, it is as effective in its action as the original piece, "The Richest Girl." The idea of the piece is piquant enough. A very rich girl, hampered with attention and with everything at her command, on the occasion of the breaking down of her automobile near a country lodge, finds a young bachelor, averse to and unaccustomed to women, on whom her blandishments are thrown away. The rich girl is a Tomboy, and after a series of adventures with the object of her pursuit she succeeds in waking him up and inspiring him to animated love, nimble dancing and enthusiastic song. Miss Elizabeth Brice was this enterprising mischiefmaker, with many pleasing qualities, but more amiable than spirited, after the manner of a Tomboy. There was no lack of agreeable songs and duets, "Oh, Go Away," "Just Like You," "I Am a Tomboy," "Zizi," "You Don't Know," "Irish Stew," "This and That and the Other." Just wherein the opera falls short it would be difficult to define—perhaps in continuity of interest and in consistency.

ASTOR. "THE WOMAN HATERS." Operetta in three acts from the German of "Die Frauenfresser," by Leo Stein and Karl Lindau. American book and lyrics by George V. Hobart, music by Edmund Eysler. Produced on October 7 with the following cast:

Tilly von Eberhardt, Doly Castles; Baroness Eberhardt, Mrs. Stuart Robson; Frau von Kreger, Jane Bliss; Jennie, Amelia Rose; Nellie, Helen Latten; Frau von Aullander, Elsa Ward; Spitzki, Dan Marble; Col. Liebwohl, Chas. W. Kaufman; Capt. Schnepp, Snitz Edwards; Herr Pfhiger, Albert Macklin; Baron Sileer, Bert Crossman; Herr Zimmer, Herbert Connop; Lieut. Wagner, Arthur J. Snyder; Herr Obermiller, Harry Levian; Herr Krupp, Walter P. Hearne; Major von Essenburg, Walter Lawrence; Camillo, Joseph Santley; Lord Everbee, Leslie Kenyon; Marie Wilton, Sallie Fisher.

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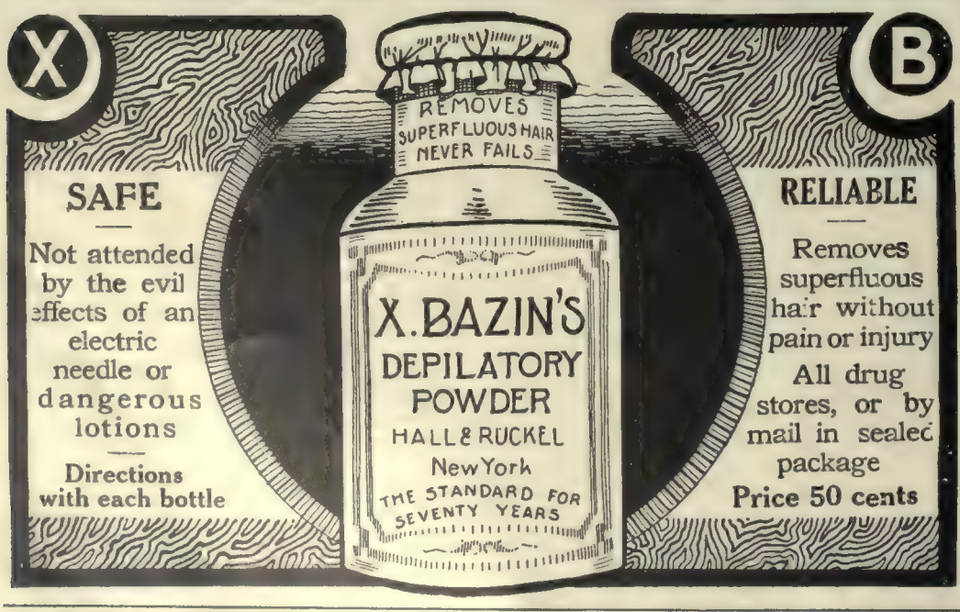
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A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

consistent story has driven producers and "authors" to adapting farces and plays to their needs. "The Woman Haters," in accordance with this sensible procedure, has some substance. A club of determined woman haters is confronted by an equally determined body of women, with a result that would satisfactorily balance the books of the most energetic matrimonial agency. The comedy is obvious and almost of a ready-made kind, but there is plenty of variety in it and it serves. Mr. Hobart, in his book and lyrics, very cleverly turns to operatic opportunities everything available in the original German farce. The music by Eysler, Viennese in quality, is spirited, graceful and agreeable, and if at times it seems monotonous, the staging of the piece by George Marion, with the vivacity of the performers, may be relied upon in the promotion of such success as a fleeting comic opera of the day may have. Miss Sallie Fisher, who can really sing and put heart into her song, is not employed as actively in the doings in the action as Miss Dolly Castles, a character subordinate to her in the scheme of the play, but the few songs she has are worth the while.

WALLACK'S. "THE NEW SIN." Play in four acts by B. Macdonald Hastings. Produced on October 16 with this cast:

Hilary Cutts, Cyril Keightley; Maximilian Cutts, O. P. Heggie; Jim Benziger, Julian L'Estrange; Will Grain, M. P., Harvey Braban; David Llewellyn Davids, A. G. Poulton; Stuart Campbell, Roland Rushton; Peel, Arthur Bowyer.

"The New Sin" had advance interest stimulated in it more by the fact that its characters represented upon the stage are all men than by the unusualness of its story. Its main claim to attention is the curious condition implied by its title. "The New Sin" is specifically the sin of being alive, to the detriment of one's relatives. Hilary Cutts, an artist, beloved by his friends, Jim Benziger, a dramatist, and Will Grain, a powerful M. P., contemplates suicide in order that his eleven brothers and sisters may come into their father's estate. The father had an intense dislike of Hilary, his eldest son, and arranged his property to be divided, share and share alike, among his children, Hilary excepted. This abused son, being a worthless sort of fellow, lived by the uncertain favor of his brothers and sisters, a circumstance which induced the father to incorporate in his testament a clause whereby his fortune was to be capitalized for twenty-one years, at the end of which time, or in event of Hilary's death, the original arrangement was to become effective. Grain, who is somewhat of a Socialist at heart, suggests to Hilary to make his death a useful one by murdering some scourge to humanity and being hung for it. Promptly there appears David Llewellyn Davids, J.P., L.C.C., M.A.B., a prosperous shopkeeper of some kind or other, who presently averts his own murder by converting Hilary to his way of thinking. But suddenly Maximilian, a wretched, half-starved brother of Hilary, arrives in time to recognize Davids as his late employer who discharged him for having criminal relations with a girl co-worker in the shop, and in time to kill Davids with Hilary's revolver. Hilary's opportunity having arrived, he assumes the guilt, the brother swears Hilary killed Davids, and the innocent brother is tried and convicted. Here Jim Benziger, the dramatist, steps in, accuses Maximilian of the crime, traps him into an admission of guilt, which is repeated before the authorities, and Hilary is released. Max is saved by the inability of English law to try an acquitted man for a second time. He once more begs Hilary to commit suicide, so that the needy brothers and sisters and himself may secure the estate; but Hilary has come to the conclusion that his function in life is individually greater than that of all of his family put together, so he buys his rapacious relatives off for one year by giving them the proceeds from the sale of a successful picture.

Here is another illustration that novelty in theme does not necessarily imply dramatic effectiveness. The obligation of a dramatist lies deeper than in supplying mere "newness" of material. All we have to assure us of the reality of Hilary's importuning relatives is the word of Hilary himself; and how can one literally accept the personal statement of a man so naturally prejudiced in his own favor? The depraved brother does not appear until Hilary has determined to kill himself, too late for the particular purpose. The confession to the authorities that frees Hilary is merely told about by Benziger—who, as a dramatist, may be expected to have an inflamed imagination; while the boy can have no gain whatever in acknowledging guilt save to meet the author's ends. What good points there are in the piece are mainly there through the ef-

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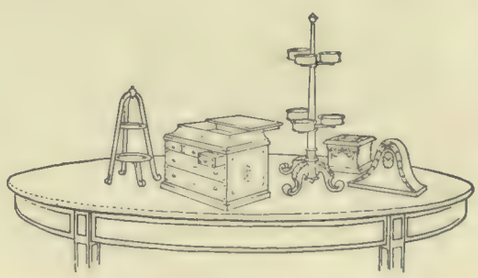
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forts of the actors. The last act is different to the ending provided for in the play as produced in London, where Hilary did die for his lecherous relatives. Cyril Keightley gave a convincing portrayal of Hilary, as did O. P. Heggie as the depraved brother. Julian L'Estrange developed the meagre part of Benziger. Harvey Braban was excellent as the M. P. A. G. Poulton made Davids delightfully human, which credit may also be afforded to Arthur Bowyer, as a prosy and rather superfluous old servant.

CENTURY. "THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN." Play in three parts by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier. English adaptation by George Egerton. Produced on October 12 with this cast:

The Daughter of Heaven, Viola Allen; The Emperor of China, Basil Gill; Son of Spring, Norris Millington; Prince Fidelity, Lee Baker; Prince Winged Arrow, Bernard Fairfax; Prince Daring Flight, Claude Brooke; Profound Sagacity, Clarence Heritage; Pine Tree, F. Wilmot; Exalted Thought, Marshal Wynn; Master of Ceremonies, Roy Merrill; Chief Eunuch, David Kirkpatrick; A Councillor, Lawrence O'Leary; A Secretary, Alphonse Fabre; Well of Wisdom, Henry Bergman; A General Charles D. Herman; A. Doctor, Nicholas Burnham; A Secretary, James Devore; Master of Ceremonies, Frank Russell.

As a scenic production, distinguished from the merely spectacular, "The Daughter of Heaven" is an artistic achievement. As a play, however, it proved a disappointment. If the original had any literary merit, it has been entirely lost in the process of translation. The dialogue is commonplace and the situations fell flat. The outline of the plot has already been given in this magazine. Necessarily a poetic drama, not written primarily for spectacular exhibition, is at times in conflict with a scenic production. The feminine personal contingent is not oriental enough. The maids in the Palace Gardens in Nankin are too European. The picture with which the play is opened is entitled "A Chinese Love Song." In the dreamy dusk a sail-boat garlanded with flowers slowly passes with its lovers in the unison of dreamy song. The picture itself is a rare achievement in impressionism, as a prelude. Next is a room in the Emperor's Palace at Pekin. With it begins a series of beautiful interiors, in which the beautiful refinement of Chinese decorative art is abundantly unfolded. The third scene is the Palace Gardens in Nankin. Here we have the characteristic garden landscape, the rustic bridge, the architectural exterior of the Palace jutting in, the docile domestic fowls. The Emperor of the Manchus, coming as a pretended viceroy from the south, sees the Empress of the Mings borne by in her palanquin. The Throne Room in the Palace of the Empress in Nankin is a revelation of Chinese magnificence in decoration and in royal splendor. The dramatic action takes on some force here. The lovers have begun their tragic relations. The Empress, informed of the approach of an army of Manchus, sends away her son, a boy who is to be the future Emperor, for safety. The Manchu Emperor departs unrecognized. We next see the battlements near the wall of Nankin. The attack is made, a spectacular and melodramatic exhibition, with bursting bombs lighting up the murky air, with walls tumbling in, men hurled to death from the battlements; men, in pursuance of fanatical devotion, throwing themselves on a flaming pyre, and finally the capture of the Empress. Outside the Great Gate of Pekin we see the beheading of rebels and Chinese life of the period. In the Throne Room of the Palace of Pekin the two lovers enact the supreme moment of their destinies. The Empress must choose between her love and what she esteems her duty. She wavers, but decides that the two empires cannot be united by marriage, because rivers of blood run between, and she takes poison, the Emperor consenting to fate. On the occasion of first production the difficulties of handling the scenery were such that the waits and time consumed were intolerable. The principals are satisfactory. Viola Allen may, to some minds, lack simplicity, but as the Empress she has dignity and emotion.

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More Irish Players

William A. Brady is bringing a new company of Irish players to New York who will play Rutherford Mayne's play, "The Drone," with Whitford Kane in the leading rôle. Following so soon after the visit of the Abbey Theatre company from Dublin, the production will give good opportunity for contrasting last season's visitors and their plays with the actors and comedy of the Northern school. Among the players will be Robert Forsyth, J. P. Campbell, Joseph Campbell, Stanley Gresley, Bridget O'Gorman, Nellie Wheeler, Margaret Moffat, and one Scotch actor, Alec. F. Thompson, who is now playing Fluellen in "Henry V." with Lewis Waller.—*Dramatic Mirror.*

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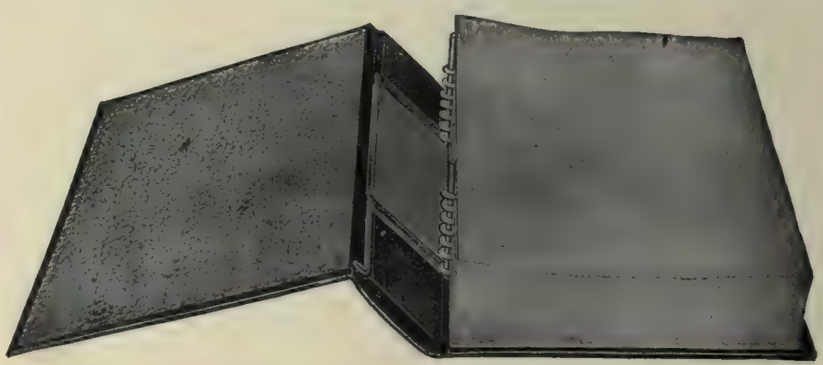
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GOWNS.

To convince you, I will just mention a few of the wonderful French creations noticed at these displays. A charming model by Paquin in "Besnard," a beautiful new shade ranging between the cherry and rose, attracted much attention.

The exceptionally graceful draperies of the velvet underdress were caught up in a delightful way by a velvet bow, at the front side of the modified pannier and the back showed a drooping panel coat effect over the pannier. The underarm pieces, the lower, mousquetaire, sleeves and the Medici collar were of velvet, while the rest of the gown was of a matching tissue brocade, the gold threads making an exquisite combination with the Besnard. Sleeve frills and a pretty jabot of fine creamy lace afforded a pleasing relief. Of course, there was fur on the gown, and this took the form of bandings around the neck and at the edges of the panel and sleeves.



GORGEOUS ERMINE SCARF AND MUFF
CHIC SMALL HAT TO MATCH

An exquisite Poiret gown showed many new style features. The plain underdress was of white satin and the open front tunic of gold tulle, edged with a unique silver fringe. Over this was worn a tunic in long, coatee effect, of white shadow lace with a scattered floral design worked in beads in the prismatic tones. The edge was banded with a handsome trimming combining pearls, corals and rhinestones. Vari-colored roses of ribbon, folded to produce flat effects, were set against a background of bead embroidered foliage. These afforded a novel and new favorite trimming for the corners of the lace tunic and the finish for the deep décolletage corsage. The sleeves are especially noteworthy in that they were of the gold net in mousquetaire style, falling well over the hands, and the shadow lace forming a pretty, short oversleeve.

WRAPS.

A Callot wrap in chiffon plush displayed the new drapery effects most beautifully. It was in the beautiful shade of midnight blue, which formed a most effective background for the exquisite Japanese silver embroidery of the entire upper section. The embroidery ended in a point near the back waistline where the drapery was attached and fell in low classic folds across the back. The front fulness was gracefully caught together at the low side fastening. It had the new dolman sleeve, which is sure to be a favorite because it fits quite closely at the edge. In this model natural marabout formed the bandings. This was such a beautiful model that I inquired the price, and was surprised to learn it is only $175.

Some of the reproductions are worth telling you about. I saw one that will be worn at the Horse Show. It was of the softest velveteen in the new popular shade of fuchsia. It was lined with soft silk and had an interlining of French wool. It was made up in the pretty modified pannier effect with the edges outlined in natural marabout. The sleeves had the new close fit at the wrist. This was a copy from a Francis model, and I am told it can be had in any desired color at only $59.50.

I saw one wrap that was perfectly adorable. It was made up of double-faced plush, very light in weight and yet so deliciously warm. This model was in the new three-quarter length with the desirable straight lines and a round edge at the back, all the fulness being caught at the lower front corners and brought up to the low fastening. The upper edges formed adjustable, deep revers and all the edges were bound in narrow black velvet. It was a delightfully comfortable wrap in an exclusive black and white pattern and would do equal service for day or evening wear.

SIMPLICITY IN GOWNS.

In all these Paris fashion exhibitions simplicity was the keynote. The fabrics were handsome, the colors rich and the trimmings magnificent, but the developments were simple. This was especially apparent in the tailored suits and one-piece dresses, and this particularly recalls to me the exquisite, simple gowns of Miss Martha Hedman, the charming little lady who is doing such excellent work in "The Attack" at the Garrick Theatre.

Particularly good lines are displayed in the one-piece dress of velour-de-laine in Copenhagen blue. It is a Poiret model, and the perfectly plain skirt is gathered to the bodice at a slightly elevated waistline and falls in long, straight, graceful effect. A simple girdle of silk cord in blue and purple, ending in tassels, encircles the waist and forms a finish for the neck. The only relief is a small, quaint lace collar. This, like all Miss Hedman's gowns, has long sleeves.

Another of this popular actress' charmingly simple dresses is of white crêpe chiffon with three frills of lace over an underdress of white charmeuse, the dainty trimming of which is especially noteworthy. The skirt has a deep flounce edged with a lace frill, above which is a banding of pale blue satin ribbon overlaid with lace. The waist of the underdress is trimmed with similar bandings that

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Miss Hattie Williams had a similar shaped collar of matching lace on her coral gown in "The Girl from Montmartre." By the way, a few days ago I saw a reproduction of this gown in white in one of our leading shops.

Evening Gowns.

This brings me back to the shops and recalls a gown that one of our prominent specialty shops is making up for the Horse Show. It is very simple, but most effective. The underdress is of royal blue messaline, and the overdress of black net handsomely embroidered in steel beads and gold threads falls in a long, straight tunic effect. The bodice of net is developed so the embroidered edges outline the dainty vest of puffed white net, a favorite new style note, which forms a low, square neck. Small flat bows of blue messaline afford a pleasing trimming down the centre front. The short black net sleeves fall over undersleeves of the puffed white net. A girdle of blue messaline falls in a single short sash end, which is edged with metal fringe. It is probable that this gown would be made up to order in any color.

Furs.

Of course, you have noticed that fur seems to be trimming everything nowadays, and the approaching cold weather will bring out the rich fur garments.

The other day I saw a beautiful set of ermine that is to bring pleasure to a Western society woman on Christmas day. It was made up in long stole effect and the muff was prettily developed along new lines. It was of white satin overlaid with ermine, and at the lower edge the satin showed as a deep puffing. Straps of ermine crossed the puffing and held together the shorter fur portions. The effect was very dressy. The stole was made up in the new solid skin effect. There were eighteen skins used, each finished separately and the charming result with the eighteen tails in three rows on the front can be pictured. A delightful Christmas gift, isn't it?

At the same shop I saw a Russian Marten set in which the rich brown tones were beautifully blended. You know brown furs are to be quite popular this winter. The set consists of a shawl collar with the new side closing, and the muff which had the stripes ex-



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Dress Wisdom



"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Woman is Cleanliness"

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tending diagonally, a novel as well as a decidedly pretty effect. And the fur coats! They are simply luxurious. The seven-eighths length is seen in most of the coats just now and this is comfortable for automobile wear, but not practical for general purposes, and so far for walking and general wear the smart three-quarter length will probably be accepted. The modified pannier effects are prominent in the new fur coats. I noticed one the other day, made up in mole in stripe effect. You know this is a new idea, and is produced by reversing the fur. The back lines of this coat were perfectly straight and beautiful, the slight pannier drapery being confined to the front. The large collar and cuffs were of white fox for, of course, the fashionable coat this winter shows two different pelts. This coat was extremely handsome, and not at all exorbitant in price.

The richness displayed by this year's trimmings, laces and velvets is also a characteristic feature of the woolen materials shown for Winter wear.

It seems almost unbelievable that such a soft, smooth, satin-like finish could be put into woolens without the mixture of silk. Yet this soft sheen is achieved without the aid of silk, but through the peculiar weave and treatment of the material.

Two wonderful examples of the weaver's art are "Baby Lamb Cloth" and "Kitten's Ear" for dresses and suits.

The names themselves are suggestive of the delicate softness of the texture of the materials. "Baby Lamb Cloth" is so like the fur of the baby lamb that from a distance even the practiced eye is deceived.

This material may be had in becoming shades of laurier, taupe, mole, vareuse, navy and black.

The wonderful softness of the material so aptly called "Kitten's Ear" lends itself beautifully to the artistic draping effects of this season. This material is offered only in the always rich, appropriate black.

"Embossed Ratine"—another of this season's materials—is of such ultra-rich quality that its prohibitive price assures it of a permanently exclusive position in the realm of woolen fabrics.

Combined with cloth, or used as a trimming, it is most effective and smart.

"Peau d'Agneau" and "Peau de Chamois" are the names of two other ratine materials which will be very popular this season.

"Fish-scales Zibelines," in black, white, navy, Oxford and brown are being used extensively for suits and coats by the smartest tailors.

"Two-Tone Velour Majestic" sounds like the name of a velvet, but it is in reality a woolen fabric. The name was evidently chosen because of the luxurious and stately richness of the fabric.

"Peluche Florentine" is a light-weight plush which lends itself admirably to collars and cuffs, and also to draping.

Corded materials in velvets and woolens are used extensively for dresses and suits.



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Among the velvets, "Peau de Suede Corduroy" holds first place for popularity. "Bernard Uncut Velvet Cord" is also extremely smart.

Among the woolen fabrics "Ottoman de Laine" in shades of taupe, blue and black; and Bedford Cord are the leaders.

Prominent among clinging crepe chiffons is Callot Crepe of a dull, soft finish.

One of the largest New York importers is introducing a dream in Charmeuse called "Faille Charmeuse." It may be had in taupe, tobacco, mole and prune.

"Voile Crochet" is an entirely new fabric on the market. It has the rich appearance of Irish crochet and the sheerlike texture of Voile.

Favorite among satins, which hold a high place this season, is the "Worth Satin." This satin is of an unusually beautiful finish, and the wide selection of colors in which it may be had, makes it adaptable for smart street dresses as well as charmingly beautiful evening gowns.

"Paquin Satin" is a novelty among satins, which will appeal to the practical. Finished the same on both sides, there is no left or right to it. Hence, when one side has done service, the other may be used.

Try as we may, we can give only a faint suggestion of the beauty of these materials imported by Haas Bros. of New York. The most vivid imagination cannot do justice to the exquisite texture of these fabrics. *They must be seen to be appreciated.*

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BED JACKETS.

These cool nights compel us to turn our attention to sleeping garments. Of course, we sleep with open windows all winter, and many of us do not care to discard the daintily embroidered nainsook night dress for the comfortable flannel and yet additional bed-apparel is necessary. And here is where the charming bed jackets come to our rescue. They are lovely, too, when breakfasting in bed and invalids find them so convenient. These loose, shortback jackets are easily slipped on, and while comfort-

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AFTERNOON FROCK FROM LANE BRYANT

able, they are very dainty. One I saw the other day was made up of crêpe de chine. The bottom was in pointed effect and edged with wide lace frills. A yoke in German Valenciennes lace was square shaped in front, and edged with a frill. It was finished off with a ribbon shower at the low front fastening. The short, pointed sleeves fell over dainty sleeves of net and both were edged with a frill.

And then there were the dearest bed jackets in crêpe de chine over China silk either in matching or contrasting shades. The edges are loose and finished off with narrow lace frills. As the silk lining extends a little, it gives the effect of double frills that is very charming. Double choux of ribbon adorn the front and conceal the attachment of the four ribbon ends that are tied to close the garment.

Some of these jackets have insets of lace to form a pretty border and all of them are sufficiently attractive to wear as boudoir jackets.

(I know of one shop where they are made up to order, which makes it possible to select your own color.)

This reminds me of a matinee I saw in a little shop one day this week. It was of China silk, all accordeon-pleated. A deep collar was pin-tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace. The V opening had a lace inset and the bottom edge, that was cut in points, was finished off with a frill of the lace, and it was so reasonable, only $6.75.

Corsets.

While at the theatre the other evening, I overheard my neighbor saying, "Oh dear! This corset is just about killing me. I haven't broken it in yet, and it digs into my side so, I am perfectly miserable," and I wanted so much to tell the unfortunate sufferer about the corsets that she ought to wear.

Flexibility is the present keynote of all corsets, and none should "dig in the side," but I know of one that has a patent side boning which bends with the body, and whether the wearer bends backward, forward or sideways, the corset bends, too; so it is impossible to be in the state of discomfort that the lady mentioned was. It seems to me the woman is rather foolish to wear a corset that must be "broken in," when she might, for the same money, have one that feels perfectly comfortable at the very first wearing. And then these stays do not break out either like the ordinary ones, but since they are absolutely pliable, they will retain their shape and preserve the graceful lines of the corset until it is discarded for the new model. Another excellent feature of this corset is the broken bone near the bottom of the back, which obviates the necessity of several attempts before one is comfortable in a sitting posture.

Special attention has evidently been given to the trimmings of these corsets as they are so practical, and then they are in the soft, flat effect that obviates the ugly lines which are often so annoying. In the popular priced models the top is finished off with a broad banding of embroidery, which will stand general wear, and in the high-grade models there is a satin ribbon banding, which will not easily tear. An exquisite model in satin brochè has a broad, white satin band at the top, below which extends a banding of shadow lace in Van Dyke points, which are outlined by a tiny frill of satin ribbon. The joining of the lace and ribbon band is concealed by trimming of silk cord in a pretty loop design. A bow finishes off the front.

While mentioning corsets I just want to say that it is surprising how careless women are in purchasing this article of dress, which actually determines the "style" of the wearer. And where we have so many shops that specialize on corsets, and where experienced salespeople will fit any figure, there is no excuse for ill-fitting corsets or the discomfort of the lady in the theatre.

Toilet Preparations.

Speaking of lotions makes me think of an inquiry I had the other day for something "good for pimples." I lost no time in telling the writer of a place where such ailments as pimples and eruptions are especially treated. But I also mentioned a lotion that can be applied at home, and as this is such a prevalent skin disturbance you may be interested to know about the treatment, too. Good things, like this, should be passed along, you know.

The manufacturer has made an exhaustive study of skin afflictions and has evolved a preparation that will effect a prompt and permanent cure, which is certainly gratifying to those afflicted with these annoying skin disturbances. And in these days of nervous strain, and the constant rush, which is the evil root of irregular habits, the victims of pimples and skin eruptions are counted by the thousands. And why go about with disfiguring pimples upon the face when they can so quickly and effectually be removed?

Why, the other day I saw a fashionably attired girl on Fifth avenue, and I could hardly believe my eyes. She actually had three blackheads on her cheek! I felt so sorry for her and wanted to tell her about a simple lotion that would remove them so speedily. And I really felt she ought to know that not only were these ugly spots disfiguring her otherwise pretty face, but neglecting them was only inviting more serious and distressing skin troubles. However, I passed on and I am hoping she will read this.

It seemed to be my fate, that day, to meet persons "in distress"—that is, I considered their state one of distress—and in each instance I had an almost uncontrollable desire to offer the "first aid."

This time it was a woman of avoirdupois who, I imagine, would have appreciated my assistance, but tact refrained me from telling her of a simple treatment that would do wonders for her. I know one woman who lost thirty-three pounds within a year, and is delighted over the return of her youthful lines in figure. Like Madame Nordica, this woman says she has "discovered a restorative of youth." You know Nordica returned from her summer vacation minus twenty pounds, and look-



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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

8 West 38th Street, New York

ing very much younger. She confessed that she had indulged in a treatment because "fatness is not only the enemy of youth, but of beauty as well."

She is not, as yet, willing to divulge her secret, but as long as we have such an excellent preparation in the market, we can abide her pleasure. The one I refer to is a treatment that really reduces the unhealthy fat, which, by the way, is the cause of so many disturbances in the general health. Then, too, it feeds the nerves and builds up the system generally. It is worth trying anyway. As it is used externally, it cannot cause organic disturbances, and since it requires no change in diet nor interferes with the daily routine of living, there is absolutely no harm in trying it.

Dress Accessories.

I started this as a fashion talk, but I have widely digressed—still what is more necessary to correct fashions than a perfect figure and a clear complexion? So I haven't got so far away from my subject after all—but to return.

I suppose you have noticed the mode of wearing a single flower as an evening corsage bouquet? The other day I saw some black roses that I think would look very smart, embedded in white tulle, for the popular black and white toilette. The tulle effect is a present fancy. And then these black roses with their velvet and satin petals give a rich contrast to the amber gowns that are now such favorites. A pretty one for the tulle combination can be had at $1.45, while a perfectly handsome, large one is $2.25. Beauties in red are only $1.25.

Powdered Coiffures.

Speaking of the theatre reminds me of the white coiffures I noticed there the other evening. Of course you know that at the recent French races some of the women appeared with powdered hair and, naturally, the style of Madame de Pompadour was quickly taken up by the women of fashion in Paris, and now it has reached our shores. Our women, however, not favoring the idea of powdered tresses, are substituting white wigs. Even though this mode is still in its infancy, it is probable that before the end of the season it will be an established vogue. One firm is already busy filling orders. They make up puffs, fronts and entire wigs, and as the material used is not real hair, but yack, which is perfectly sanitary and makes up into charming coiffures which are vastly becoming, the cost is nominal.

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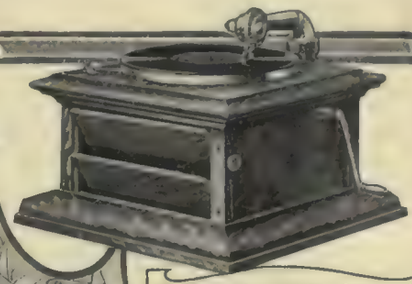
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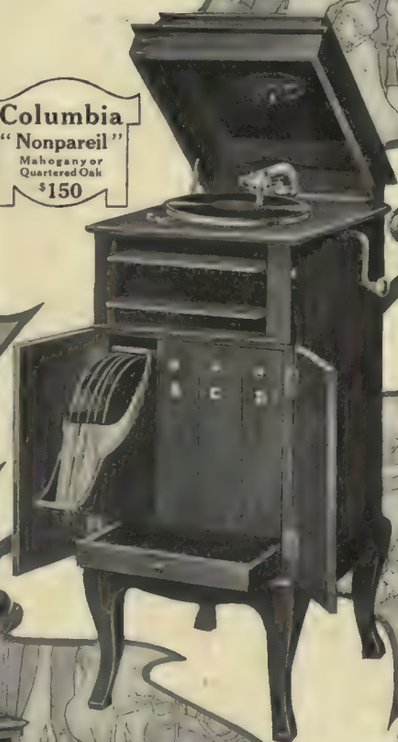
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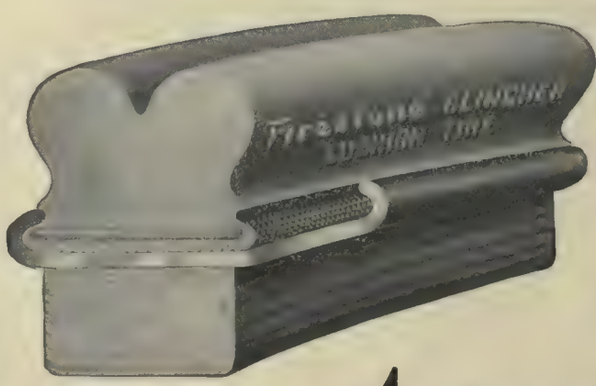
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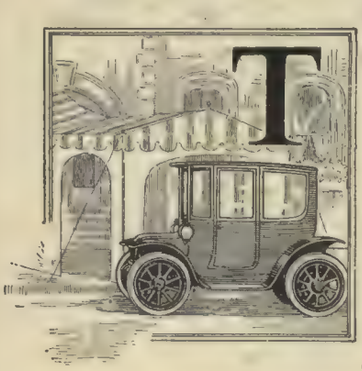


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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVI DECEMBER, 1912 No. 142

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White

MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET



White

Marc Anthony (William Faversham); "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."
THE ORATION SCENE IN WILLIAM FAVERSHAM'S PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

THE NEW PLAYS

LYRIC. "Julius Caesar." Play in four acts by William Shakespeare. Produced November 4 with the following cast:

Julius Cæsar.....Fuller Mellish	Metellus Cimber.....Henley Edwards
Octavius Cæsar.....Kenneth Hunter	Popillus Lena.....Arthur Row
Marc Antony.....Mr. Faversham	Soothsayer .....Frederick Howe
Marcus Brutus.....Tyrone Power	Titinius .....Edmund Mortimer
Cassius .....Frank Keenan	Messala .....Richard Clifford
Casca .....Berton Churchill	Lucius .....Elsie Rizer
Cinna .....John Edmunds	Pindarus .....Frank Howson
Trebonius .....Arthur Elliot	Calpurnia .....Jane Wheatley
Decius Brutus.....Maurice Franklin	Portia .....Julie Opp

Another actor with the courage of his Shakespearian convictions has come to town. William Faversham is his name, and the Lyric Theatre is the scene of his elaborate, intelligent and impressive production of "Julius Cæsar." It is a nice devotion to a poetic ideal that induces this graceful and earnest actor to forsake the profitable fields of the romantic and modern for the sometimes uncertain pastures of the higher drama. He deserves his reward, and it would seem as if he would get it.

"Julius Cæsar" is a delight to all ages. Its glorious dramatic movement, its patriotic appeal, all stir the pulse of youth, while the older will never cease to find pleasure and profit in its beautiful verse and deep philosophical content. This city has seen many notable revivals of the famous play, and some of the greatest lights of the stage have figured in either of its three wonderful parts.

The scenic background for the present production is from designs by the late Sir Alma Tadema, painted by Joseph Harker. Whether one cares entirely for the Dutchman's *genre*, accuracy was its great point, and Harker, of all modern scene painters, would be the one to carry out the color scheme to a nicety, and yet it would almost seem that the scenic investiture of the Lyric were a trifle overdone; that greater simplicity would have conduced to greater effect. Certain it is that in the costumes there are some moments of fearful clash. Antony's delicate raspberry peplum should flee the scarlet-banded toga of the Senator. But the detail is all rich and elaborate. As a production it is vivid and sumptuous.

Now come we to Hecuba. When such an earnest effort has been induced to bring about a big artistic result, it seems almost captious to quibble; but there is something lacking in the interpretation. The bull's-eye is missed. What is lacking is the big, impelling, spirited note of the traditional. Some of the players seem afraid to let themselves out, as if fearful they would be charged with ranting. The crowds are spiritedly handled, the action is varied and real, but there are genuine climaxes that are let down for want of real red blood. Mr. Faversham makes a gallant and ideal figure as Antony. The spirit of youth is there, the warmth of his affection for Cæsar is deeply simulated, and his appeal to the Roman populace is a declamatory incident of illuminative variety. Ordinarily the third act ends with Antony's stirring outburst: "Cry 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war." But Mr. Faversham leaves in what is usually cut and introduces a bit of original pantomime, artistic, but violently anti-climacteric.

The beautiful dignity and lovableness of Brutus was splendidly portrayed by Tyrone Power, whose elocution is a delight to the ear, but Frank Keenan seems to have missed the impulsive, waspish note of Cassius. Not until the quarrel in the tent does he strike the true spirit of the rôle that, if it didn't die when Lawrence Barrett passed away, at least was realized when that noble actor was alive. Mr. Keenan is altogether too measured and reserved in the opening act. Fuller Mellish is the Julius Cæsar and Julie Opp a very beautiful Portia. Arthur Elliot is a sonorous and impressive Trebonius, and there is both character and impressive vitality to Lionel Belmore's First Citizen. In the pronunciation of proper names there should be a unanimity.

FULTON. "The Yellow Jacket." Chinese play in three parts by George C. Hazelton and J. Harry Benrimo. Produced Nov. 4th. Cast:

Property Man.....Arthur Shaw	Tso .....Antoinette Walker
Chorus .....Signori Perugini	Chee Moo.....Saxone Morland
Wu Sin Yin.....George Relph	Suey Sin Fah.....Grace A. Barbour
Tai Fah Min.....Reginald Barlow	See Quoe Fah.....Betty Brewster
Due Jung Fah.....Grace Valentine	Moy Fah Loy.....Juliette Day

This play is an absolute novelty, not a variation on something we have known before. In those parts which we assume to be true to the original the piece is ludicrously amateurish and yet

very genuine and effective in its expression of emotion, romance and poetry. One hesitates at first to take it seriously. It is so much after the manner of a burlesque, but very soon the curious mixture of crudity and effectiveness, of pathos and comedy, make it a very real thing. The story of the play is simple and intelligible, and yet, in the matter of time, it extends over the lives of two generations, the older set being gathered to their honorable ancestors, the greater part of the action being concerned with the children. It is filled with adventures, its people travel over mountains and rivers, and one of the ancestors, a lovable mother, ascends to heaven by the convenient rungs of a ladder. There is no change of scene except by way of devices supplied by a primitive imagination. If a different locality is to be suggested, a rearrangement of the chairs or boxes effects it. Walking around a table and exchanging seats puts two people together in another room. A small box placed on a chair to elevate the seat suggests a throne. A boat with its occupants passes down the stream by the intimation that the cloths held out between the stage-hands is a river and that certain bamboo poles are the oars. One hangs himself from a tree that is but a bare pole brought forward for the purpose. One's head is chopped off and a red bag is held up by the executioner as proof of duty fulfilled, while the victim, who has to be got out of the way for the purposes of the representation, walks off.

Such means are primitive and would seem to be meagre, but the ideas that helped to illusion are plentiful and are real if the means are not. The one room, or stage, where all the action takes place, in which mountains are traversed and rivers sailed, is not bare, but decorative. The walls pictured in rich colors with dragons, and the ingenious arrangement of doors of cloth folding upward, with other accessories, keep you entirely satisfied with the impression of locality and Oriental reality. In an alcove back sit the musicians. The admirable restraint of this music, used only on apt occasions for emphasis, is to be noted. The play is said to be an adaptation of a translation of more than one play dating back hundreds of years. Whatever the blend may be, it is certain that the authors have never overstepped the limits of a proper reproduction of the original in spirit and form. To have burlesqued it would have been fatal to the effect of this novelty. The absurdest things are not burlesqued. The production after the manner of the Chinese theatre is truly comical, because of the seriousness of the stage-hands, the prompter and the author, who acts as chorus and praises himself blandly on every occasion. The prompter is just as deliciously droll. He sits to one side of the stage near his box of properties and supplies mountains, rivers, swords, rooms, scenery and properties of all kinds, going about his work in a manner indicating that he has thus participated in the production so many times that, if he has not lost piety in his service, he is beginning to be bored to extinction by the vanities, the sorrows and the adventures of the performance. All the while he smokes his cigarette, expertly pendent from his mouth, with an air of luxurious weariness. He is very human, very familiar, very droll. Thus we have a kind of play within a play.

Mr. Benrimo, long acquainted with the Chinese theatre in San Francisco, is undoubtedly holding to the fact within his own observation. The spirit of it is genuine. The story concerns, first, the two wives of a ruler. Dissatisfied with the son born to him by his first wife, he plots with another ruler to get rid of her and the child so that a son by the other wife, daughter of his fellow-conspirator, may rule when he reaches manhood. These two rulers have a conference, in which they wear hideous masks and go through most extraordinary ferocious performances with their legs and arms. When the two sons grow up there is a conflict between them, in which the better one, after being tried and his valor and uprightness proved, marries the maiden designed for the baser youth. He encounters and vanquishes monsters, frightful in appearance and breathing fire from their nostrils, the spouting fire being provided and set off in the most indifferent manner by the prompter.

The names of the characters indicate the poetic spirit and intent of the play. Among these characters are Chee Moo (Kind Mother), played by Miss Saxone Moreland; Suey Sin Fah (Lily Flower), by Miss Grace Barbour; Chow Wan (Autumn Cloud), a flirtatious creature, full of grace and winning ways, by Antoinette Walker.

Mr. Arthur Shaw was the Property Man; Signor Perugini the Chorus, or Author. The play and production are so entirely novel



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Hamza (Claus Bogel) — Mrs. Chepstow (Mme. Nazimova) — Dr. Isaacson (Charles Bryant)

SCENE IN ACT III OF "BELLA DONNA," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE EMPIRE.



White

HELEN WARE

In Act II of "The Trial Marriage" at the Hudson Theatre

that no account of it could be adequate. To use a phrase that is not novel, "The Yellow Jacket" must be seen to be appreciated.

ASTOR. "HAWTHORNE, U. S. A." Comedy romance in four acts by James Bernard Fagan. Produced on November 4 with this cast:

Miss Smyth.....Annie Hughes	Prince Halberstadt.....Martin L. Alsop
M. De Witz.....Ivan Simpson	M. Frederick.....Louis Labey
Princess Overitch.....Irene Fenwick	A Reporter.....W. Leonard Howe
Anthony Hawthorne...Douglas Fairbanks	Kate Ballard.....Ruth Allen
Rodney Blake.....Sam B. Hardy	Thomas Ballard.....Rapley Holmes
Augustus III.....Allan Pollock	An Officer.....W. Mayne Lynton
Count Ivan Pavlovic.....Eric Blind	M. Adamovic.....Legai Robinson
General Hohenloe....Henry Stephenson	M. Steinmetz.....Rexford Collins
Colonel Radukski.....Walter Howe	A Court Chamberlain..Frederick Powell

James Bernard Fagan has always been regarded as an English writer of serious drama. "Hawthorne, U. S. A.," which has just scored an emphatic success at the Astor, is from his pen. It is not a bit serious, and if the original author were to see it he, too, would undoubtedly be seriously surprised. It is safe to say that some American craftsman has had a very free and liberal hand in its present form. An American certainly drew that breezy title rôle and gave the genuine flavor to that illuminative slang which so humorously punctuates the dialogue. "Hawthorne, U. S. A." is a tearing whirlwind of farcical romance. Unreal as it all is, it is played with such serious earnestness that it seems almost human. It will appeal alike to the matinée girl and the tired business man, for be it said it is absolutely the best cast play of the season. There is not a rôle, even the non-speaking parts, that is not acted for its full dramatic value, and with artistic deference, too.

Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne, a young tourist from the States, makes a killing at Monte Carlo. With his friend, Rodney Blake, he visits Oberon, the capital of Borrovina, which is on the eve of a revolution. Not knowing her rank, Hawthorne falls in love with the King's daughter. But when he finds she is in peril, he "starts something." Not only does he dispose of the traitorous Prince who would wed the Princess, but he nips the revolution in the bud, makes friends of the conspirators, introduces American business methods, and puts Borrovina on the map of successful countries, and in appreciation of his efforts, Augustus III, the King, indicates that Borrovina will become a republic, and so Irma, the Princess, and Hawthorne will undoubtedly be married in the very near future.

All this is very good fooling. The story is capitally told with constantly increasing interest, the action is sustained and cumulative, the dialogue is incisive, snappy and full of fun, the costumes picturesque and decorative and the scenery romantically bizarre.

The star is Douglas Fairbanks, and he enacts the title rôle with rollicking good nature, dramatic fire and true American hurrah! There is an admirably characteristic Minister of Police portrayed by Ivan Simpson; a blunt friend in Sam B. Hardy, and a domineering Prince in Martin L. Alsop. But for finish, dignity and distinction, the honors go to Allan Pollock for his rendering of Augustus III, a characterization of genuine beauty. The Princess is naïvely acted by Irene Fenwick; but, as before said, there is not a player in the cast who does not deserve individual mention.

HUDSON. "THE TRIAL MARRIAGE." Play in three acts by Elmer Harris. Produced on October 29 with this cast:

Robert Payne-Stewart....R. H. Hudson	Blair Thomas.....Harrison Hunter
Toma .....M. Toma	Alexander Prince..Charles A. Stevenson
Richard Huntington....Ernest Stallard	Marie Louise Le Val.....Helen Ware
Mrs. Ridgway.....Karra Kenwyn	Tilly .....Eleanor Stuart
Ione Payne-Stewart....Margaret Gordon	Halloway .....Harry Lillford

Emotional female stars have hard times these days in securing suitable mediums for the display of their talents. Helen Ware is no exception. In the rôle of Marie Louise Ridgway, Elmer Harris has written for her a part which gives her histrionically splendid opportunities for comedy and drama, laughter and tears. And the every shade and phase of it is portrayed by her with wonderful artistic finesse and effect. But Marie Louise Ridgway is the central figure of an impossible dramatic fable, a story which will not be accepted seriously, not because the premises based on its title, "Trial Marriage," are almost unknown here, but that the real sociological question is begged for. The relations which Miss Ridgway and Blair Thomas, a professional faddist, enter into is not a trial marriage, but just a well-hidden liaison. When it is finally discovered, brought about by the jealousy of Thomas, Miss Ridgway finds herself in a most enviable position. She has not posed as the open champion of matrimonial liberty; she is no martyr of convention; she is simply the victim of an ordinary escapade who has been found out. For a conclusion, she marries the vulgar ruffian of the affair, acted with conscientious severity by Harrison Hunter. As an actor, three times married and three times the almoner of alimony, the unwilling jealous cause, Charles A. Stephenson presents a comedy creation, engaging in its personal charm, deft in its neat and illuminative little touches, and instinct with the dignity of the true gentleman. Ernest Stallard, too, as a man about town,

(*Continued on page xiii*)



White

No. 1. Mow Dan Fah (Grace Valentine), See Quoe Fah (Betty Brewster), Yong Soo Kow (Grace Halleck), Chow Wan (Antoinette Walker), Yin Suey Gong (Reginald Barlow), Wu Hoo Git (George Relph). No. 2. The four flower girls. No. 3. Antoinette Walker and Grace Valentine. No. 4. Juliette Day as Moy Fah Loy. No. 5. Reginald Barlow and George Relph. No. 6. Juliette Day and George Relph. No. 7. Lee Sin (J. Arthur Young), and Suey Sin Fah (Grace A. Barbour)

SCENES IN "THE YELLOW JACKET," THE CHINESE PLAY NOW AT THE FULTON THEATRE



Copyright Mishkin
Lucrezia Bori as Manon



Louise Homer in "La Gioconda" | Otto Goritz in "Königskinder" | Pasquale Amato in "La Gioconda" | Geraldine Farrar in "Madama Butterfly"

Scene in Puccini's opera "Manon Lescaut" which Opened the Season at the Metropolitan

THE OPERA SEASON OPENS

WITH the blaring of brass and the bruising of cymbals, with all the pomp of fashion, and with every nerve strained to achieve artistic results, the grand opera season of 1912-13 opened at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 11, with a revival of Giacomo Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." It was the beginning of the longest season of opera in the thirty-year history of this institution, a season which is to last twenty-three weeks of almost nightly opera; and it was the fifth season of the Metropolitan under the artistic guidance of Giulio Gatti-Casazza.

Originally it had been planned to begin this year's operatic doings with "Les Huguenots," in the form of an elaborate revival with an all star cast; but an attack of bronchitis upset these carefully laid plans, compelling the new German soprano, Frieda Hemple, to postpone her departure from Europe.

So "Manon Lescaut" was a second choice, yet it proved an admirable one. It gave opportunities for the introduction to the New York public of two new artists, the Spanish lyric soprano, Lucrezia Bori, and the recently acquired Italian conductor, Georgia Polacco. In addition there was the season's first hearing of such tried artists as Caruso and Scotti, there were four entirely new sets of scenery, handsome costumes and all necessary artistic trappings to mark the occasion as unusual, befitting the opening of the grand opera season. So no one longed the while for the postponed glories of "Les Huguenots."

Let it be said at the outset that it was an admirable and brilliant performance of "Manon Lescaut." Lucrezia Bori, whose family name is Borja in native Spanish, or Borgia in Italian, won success. That is saying a great deal for a new artist at the Metropolitan, for these audiences discount all foreign reputations, take their new artists seriously and frequently are leisurely in choosing favorites, even among famous singers.

But Bori seems to have topsy-turvied the usual order of things, for she won her audience with almost a single *aria* in the second act. She had impressed them by her appearance and beauty before, but vocally she had still to impress them when the first act concluded. She steeled herself for the effort, practiced every artistic wile and really sang her second-act *aria* wonderfully. Then the audience capitulated and showered her with applause. She is likely to prove a valuable singer in more ways than one. She has extreme youth, being still twenty-two; has appealing beauty and a bewitching stage presence. Her voice is small, but extremely pretty in quality, save when she makes it "white"—a quality detested here. It is flexible and it carries easily. She has temperament, is an excellent actress and knows how to dress—in short, she has the elements of success in her artistic make-up.

Polacco, new conductor, is unquestionably a good musician and a man of authority. He held his musicians in firm grip and he knew how to build effective climaxes. Once or twice his accompaniments were faulty in their impetuousness, but he more than atoned for these slips later by generally satisfying work. The charge of loudness has been laid at his door, but this is partially the fault of this particular opera score, which is far more blatant in its orchestration than most of the Puccini operas.



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Mme. Fremstad as Brünnhilde in "Gotterdämmerung"

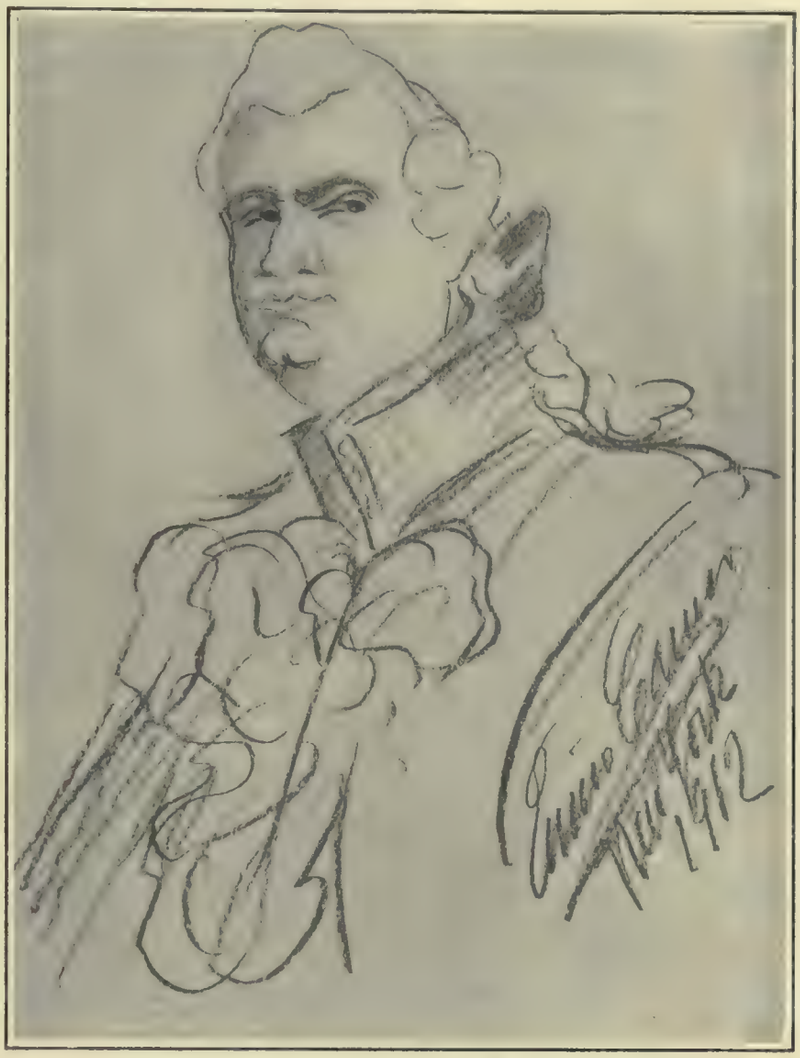
Caruso, as Des Grieux, sang more beautifully than he has in the past. There have been times, some years ago, when he was able and did hurl a fuller volume of sound at his shouting hearers. But at that time there were also certain crudities of phrasing and expression which have now disappeared. His artistic phrasing on the opening night was well nigh faultless, and added to it was that heaven-given quality of voice, the voice of a century.

As the brother, Lescaut, Antonio Scotti gave

a remarkably fine bit of character acting, full of illuminating bits of detail that stamped it as extraordinary, and vocally he was satisfying. De Segurola acted Geronte better than he sang it. Mme. Duchene was awkward and disappointing in the part of Un Musico. The scenic pictures were all very handsome, the costumes were artistic—in fact, it was a finished performance.

Inasmuch as this opera was heard at the Metropolitan in the season of 1907-8, it calls for little comment now, save that its effect was possibly more pleasing, due, doubtless, to a better presentation of it. The first act has a lyric charm, the second one is charged with melodious music, the third is picturesque and dramatic, and the fourth is weak, lacking in convincing force either musically or dramatically. But it is well worth hearing, particularly in the present brilliant Metropolitan presentation.

An interesting feature of the new opera season which affords some indication of the public interest shown is that on the opening night Mr. Earle Lewis, the treasurer of the opera house, sold as many as 400 admissions in fourteen minutes. a veritable *tour de force!*



SIGNOR CARUSO AS DES GRIEUX IN "MANON LESCAUT"
(From a pencil sketch made by the famous tenor himself)

Even before the grand opera season boomed out its initial call for attention to music lovers, the concert-givers had begun to be busy. New York's newest concert room, Æolian Hall, had to be opened; the Boston Symphony Orchestra had to reintroduce its permanent conductor, Dr. Karl Muck; the vanguard of recitalists had to rush, pell-mell, into the arena, outstripping their rivals in their race against time.

First of all, there was Dr. Karl Muck's return to the post of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He had held this position during two seasons, while the German Emperor granted him leave of absence from his duties as royal conductor of the Berlin Opera House. So deep an impression did Dr. Muck make that he was offered the Boston position as a permanency. But report has it that Dr. Muck would ask no release from his royal patron, the Kaiser, so he simply returned to Berlin, filled his duties there and at the end of four years had fulfilled his contract, leaving him free to come to Boston.

Germany moved heaven and earth to keep Dr. Muck in its own domain, going to such lengths as even introducing a bill in the Reichstag to hold him. But the conductor had pledged himself to Mr. Henry L. Higginson's cause—the founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its sole patron. So he came.

After an absence of four years this famous conductor was welcomed by a huge audience when he appeared on the platform of Carnegie Hall. Unlike Arthur Nikisch, for instance, Dr. Muck is not an emotionalist. Neither his personality nor his conducting ever cause thrills to pursue each other in squads down the spine of the listener. So there was no real occasion for tumults of enthusiasm, hoarse cries of welcome, or any of those signs of furore. Instead, Dr. Muck was received and applauded in a dignified manner. He chose for his first number Beethoven's "Eroica," and he conducted it with no attempt to put hidden dramatic meanings into this music; he indulged in no exaggerations, no extravagances of climax. It was simply superb, honest Beethoven playing, and as such it will linger long in the memory of its hearers.

What was most surprising about the whole concert was the change that had been wrought in this orchestra. Dr. Muck had already weeded out quite a bit of so-called "dead wood." Some new wood-wind players had been imported from France; a new 'cellist sat at the first desk, and there were new faces to be noticed in the various other choirs. The whole orchestra had taken on a superb balance, for, unlike his immediate predecessor, Fiedler, Dr. Muck does not allow the brass to dominate in the ensemble. The playing of the whole programme, but chiefly the Scherzo of the "Eroica," was a wonderfully beautiful exhibition of artistic skill. Single numbers by Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner followed, and the chief one of these for comment was the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," which was brilliant both in conducting and performance.

The matinée mate to this Boston Symphony evening concert occurred the following Saturday, when Dr. Muck conducted Hermann Bischoff's E major symphony, which is of interminable length and is stuffed with the thoughts and effects of some other composers, but has an effective third movement. It taxed the virtuosity of the orchestra to the utmost, and these remarkable players came out of the ordeal with flying colors. Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl" was exquisitely played, and Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture was brilliancy itself. In a word, concert-goers are to be congratulated upon the return of this famous conductor, who is a thinking musician and an authority of the highest order.

Unusual interest attended the first concert of the season of the New York Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch, conductor, for they changed their old haunts and began this season to give concerts in the new Æolian Hall. It proved an unusually brilliant auditorium, acoustically one in which the slightest discrepancy of intonation became marked, and in which any "muddiness" was immediately noted. So, in the opening Beethoven "Leonore" No. 3 Overture, the orchestra sounded ragged and altogether discouraging in the quality of its tone. In the following Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, however, this body of men began to redeem itself, and they were heard at their best in the closing piece, Maurice Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite, or called in its original, "Ma Mère l'Oie." This charming music was originally composed as a series of five piano duets, then arranged for orchestra and produced at the Paris Théâtre

(Continued on page xiv)

An Evening at Madame Rachel's

By ALFRED DE MUSSET

MY VERY best thanks, honored Madam and dear Godmother, for the letter of the amiable Paolita (Paulina Garcia) which you sent me. This letter is both interesting and charming; but you, who never miss an opportunity to show those whom you love best some beautiful little attention, deserve the greatest praise. You are the only human being whom I have found to be so constituted.



Alfred de Musset

A charitable act always finds its reward, and thanks to your Desdemona letter, I shall now regale you with a supper at Madame Rachel's, which will amuse you, providing we are still of the same opinion, and still share the same admiration for the divine artist. My little adventure is solely intended for you, because "the noble child" detests indiscretions, and then also because so much stupid talk and gossip circulates since I have been going to see her, so that I have decided not even to mention it when I have been to see her at the Théâtre Français.

The evening here referred to she played "Tancrède," and I went in the intermission to see her to pay her a compliment about her charming costume. In the fifth act she read her letter with an expression which was especially sincere and touching. She told me herself that she had cried at this moment, and was so moved that she was afraid she might not be able to continue to speak. At ten o'clock, after the close of the theatre, we met by accident in the Colonnades of the Palais Royal. She was walking arm in arm with Felix Bonnaire, accompanied by a crowd of young people, among whom were Mademoiselle Rebut, Mademoiselle Dubois of the Conservatory, and a few others. I bow to her. She says to me, "You come along."

Here we are at her house. Bonnaire excuses himself as best he can, annoyed and furious about the meeting. Rachel smiles about this deplorable departure. We enter; we sit down. Each of the young ladies at the side of her friend, and I next to the dear Fanfan. After some conversation Rachel notices that she has forgotten her rings and bracelets in the theatre. She sends her servant girl to fetch them. There's no girl there now to prepare supper! But Rachel rises, changes her dress and goes into the kitchen. After a quarter of an hour, she re-enters, in house dress and cap, beautiful as an angel, and holds in her hand a plate with three beefsteaks, which she has just fried. She puts the plate in the middle of the table and says, "I hope it will taste good to you." Then she goes into the kitchen again and returns with a soup-bowl of boiling bouillon in the one hand, and in the other a dish of spinach. That is the supper! No plates, no spoons, because the servant girl has taken the keys with her. Rachel opens the sideboard, finds a bowl of salad, takes the wooden fork, eventually discovers a plate and commences to eat alone.

"In the kitchen," says Mamma, who is hungry, "are the pewter knives and forks."

Rachel rises, fetches them, and distributes them among those present. Now, the following conversation takes place in which you will notice that you have not changed anything.

The mother: Dear Rachel, the beefsteaks are too well done.



Rachel at the time of her début at the Théâtre Français

Rachel: That's right; they are as hard as stone. Formerly, when I still did the housekeeping, I certainly cooked much better. I am poorer for this talent now. There is nothing to be done about it, and for that I have learned something else. Don't you eat, Sarah (the sister)?

Sarah: No, I do not eat with pewter knives and forks.

Rachel: Ah, just listen to that! Since I have bought from my savings a dozen silver knives and forks, you cannot touch pewter any more. I suppose when I become richer you will have to have a liveried lackey behind your chair and one before. (Pointing to her fork) I shall never part with these old knives and forks. They have done us service for too long. Isn't it so, Mamma?

The Mother (with her mouth full): She is a perfect child!

Rachel (turning to me): Think of it, when I was playing in the Théâtre Molière I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning . . . (Here the sister, Sarah, commences to speak German in order to prevent her sister from saying any more).

Rachel (continuing): Stop talking your German. That is no shame at all. Yes, I only had two pairs of stockings, and in order to be able to appear at night I had to wash one pair every morning. They hung in my room on a string while I wore the others.

I: And you did the housekeeping?

Rachel: I got up every morning at six o'clock, and at eight o'clock all the beds were made. Then I went to the Halles and bought the food.

I: And didn't you let a little profit go into your own pocket?

Rachel: No. I was a very honest cook, wasn't I, Mamma?

The Mother (continuing to eat): Yes, that's true.

Rachel: Only once I was a thief for a whole month. If I bought anything for four sous I charged five, and if I paid ten I charged twelve. At the end of a month I found that I was in possession of three francs.

I (severely): And what did you do with these three francs, Mademoiselle?

The Mother (who sees that Rachel is silent): Monsieur de Musset, she bought the works of Molière for that money.

I: Really?

Rachel: Why, yes, certainly. I had Corneille and Racine, and so I had to have Molière, and I bought him for three francs, and then I confessed all my sins. Why does Mademoiselle Rebut go? Good night, Mademoiselle!

The larger part of the dull people follows the example of Mademoiselle Rebut. The servant girl returns with the forgotten rings and bracelets. They are put on the table. The two bracelets are magnificent, worth at least four to five thousand francs. In addition to that there is a most costly golden tiara. All this is lying anywhere about the table betwixt and between the salad, the pewter spoons and the spinach.

The idea of keeping house, attending to the kitchen, making beds, and all the cares of a poverty-stricken household, makes me think, and I regard Rachel's hands, secretly fearing that they are ugly or ruined. They are graceful, dainty, white and full, the fingers tapering; in reality, hands of a princess.

Sarah, who is not eating, does not cease scolding in German. It must be remarked that on this certain day, in the forenoon, she has been up to some pranks which, according to her mother's opinion, had gone a bit too far, and it was only

(*Continued on page x*)

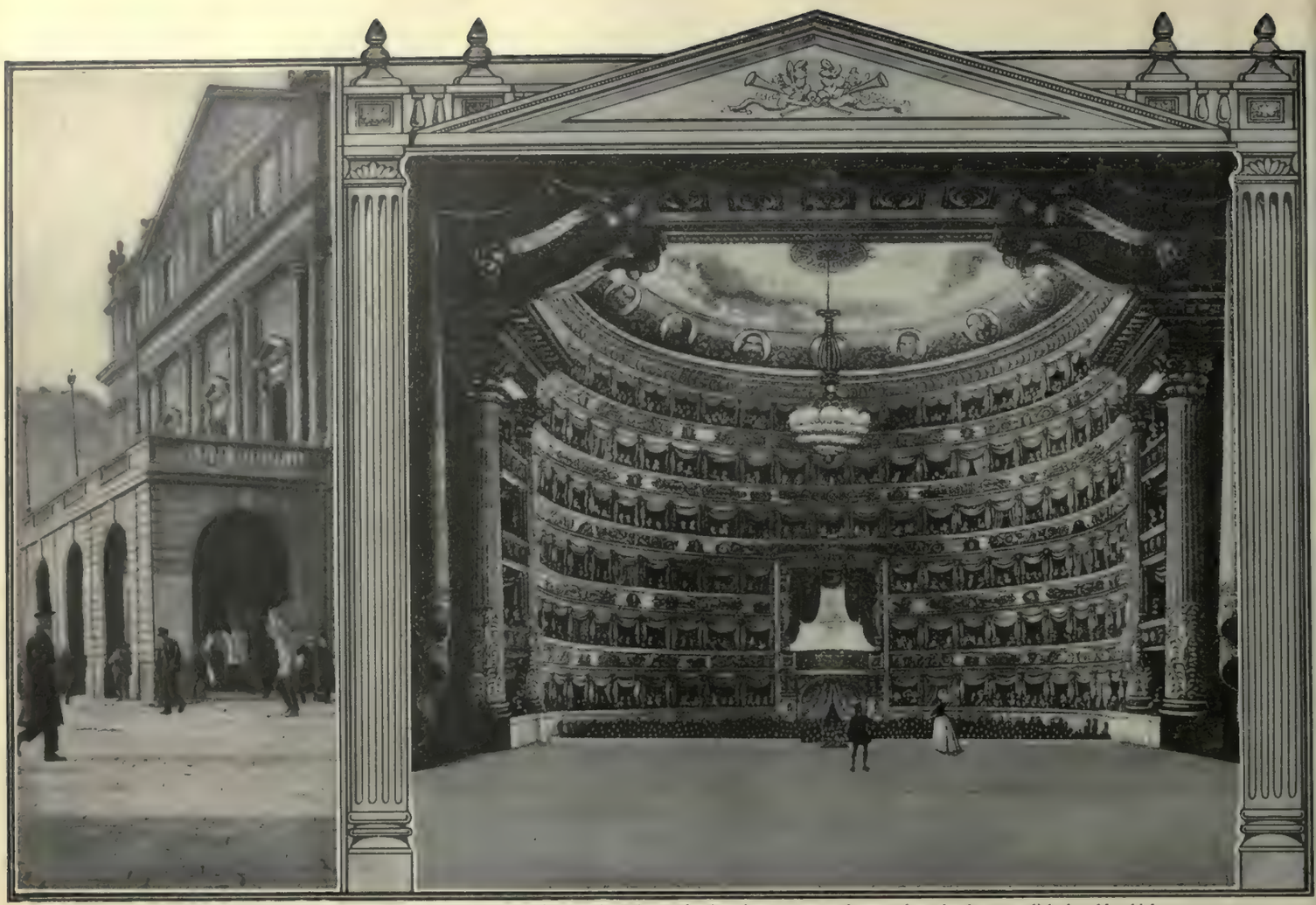


"And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc,* and let slip the dogs of war."

"Julius Cæsar," Scene 1, Act III.

"A magnificent Antony," says a critic, "splendid in bearing, graceful in pose and movement, mellifluously varied in elocution, and consistently vigorous. It may be doubted whether his delivery of the speech over the dead Cæsar's body has ever been excelled"

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS MARC ANTONY IN A SPLENDID PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR"



Porte-Cochère of the opera house, which is used as a public thoroughfare in the daytime

The decorations are simpler than those of other famous opera houses, but the heavy polished gold which covers every bit of visible woodwork shines marvellously from the background of ox-blood plush. The royal box is in the centre

THE AUDITORIUM OF LA SCALA, THE GREAT MILANESE OPERA HOUSE

Where Operatic Reputations Are Made and Lost

By JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

SINCE 1778, in the same piazza with the Palazzo Marino (that is, the City Hall), there has stood in Milan an awkward, yellowish building, the name of which has smacked of Olympus itself to the thousands of singers in every land under the sun. La Scala, for what it is within, has taken little thought of how it looks without. It has stood there defiantly against the movement of the great city about it. Its old neighbors have gone down in that mighty rush, and other buildings have come up in their places and been demolished and forgotten in their turn. The throb of life around its chalky walls has intensified until the deafening roar penetrates even, sometimes, into the very sanctuary which it shelters. The Milan of to-day and the Italy of to-day are not the city and the country of a century and a quarter thence; but La Scala remains without a single rival. La Scala remains the one opera house in all the world whose smile can light the life of any singer to the very end. If you have sung there and survived, the world awaits you. Should it frown upon you, you must go apart and let the world forget.

If you should try to discover the source of this sovereignty, you would probably find it obscured in that past from which royalty commonly derives its right to rule. There is not much doubt that the wonderful energy of the Milanese determined on the thing, just as centuries ago their forefathers determined that there should be a city at a certain spot in the plain of Lombardy, and put it there. No one can tell why Milan is. Even the Milanese know no more than that some one, a very long time ago—and it may have been Sant' Ambrogio, or it may have been Charlemagne, or the Britons, or the Barbarians, or the Greeks, or the Picts and Scots, for aught that anyone knows to-day—that some one planted his staff, or, perhaps, and more likely, his sword, in a place in the middle of that plain and said: "Here let us make a city." So they made a city, and in 1778 they made La Scala, and both have waxed mighty and are so unto this day. It is a Milanese characteristic to be confident in oneself; and I am not so sure that the builders of La Scala did not finish their work and declare that there the profession of vocal music should have its fountain-head. Whether or not they did, it is from there the somewhat fitful stream has flowed since 1778. This yellowish old opera house is the source from which proceeds the last word in the hopes of any singer.



Milano, 15 Settembre 1778.

EUROPA RICONOSCIUTA

DRAMMA PER MUSICA

DA RAPPRESENTARSI

NEL NUOVO REGIO DUCAL TEATRO DI MILANO

Nella solenne occasione del suo primo aprimento nel mese d'Agosto dell'anno 1778.

DEDICATO

Alle LL. AA. RR.

IL SERENISSIMO ARCIDUCA

FERDINANDO

Principe Reale d'Ungheria, e Boemia, Arciduca d'Austria, Duca di Borgogna, e di Lorena ec., Cesareo Reale Luogo Tenente, Governatore, e Capitano Generale nella Lombardia Austriaca,

E LA

SERENISSIMA ARCIDUCHESSA

MARIA RICCIARDA BEATRICE D'ESTE

PRINCIPESSA DI MODENA.

IN MILANO,

Appresso Gio. Batista Bianchi Regio Stampatore *Colla Permissione*

First playbill of La Scala

Groups of them used to stand about the ecclesiastical-looking *porte-cochère,* which is a public foot thoroughfare in the daytime, and gossip on the chances of the season. Since the great Galleria Vittorio Emanuele was built, its lofty arch has drawn them across the Piazza della Scala into the brilliant shelter of its arcades. There they come by hundreds, finding refuge from both summer sun and winter rain, and telling one another their brave tales of what is some day to be. Most of them are men, and none of them has risen above the ranks of the *choristi,* of which La Scala supports some seventy-five to a hundred in the season. Should you linger near enough to spy upon their chatter, you would learn very much of the inner history of this most disheartening of all trades. You would hear the lamentation upon the news that New York has captured Toscanini and Gatti-Casazza for its own. Here you can learn

the true story of how Caruso, the poor Neapolitan, rose to the limit of La Scala's fame and even to the princeliest rewards paid by the American market.

"Ma che!" says the round little man in the wrinkled covert coat, "I knew him when he sang songs in the streets. Many a time have I put a couple of *soldi* into his hat on the Riviera. *Davvero!"*

And the big man, who has not shaved his beard of late, and who goes, by preference, without an ulster in the winter season, gesticulates with two eloquent palms while he explains that in the first years Caruso had no voice, nor ever did until he went away into the country with the big man's own *maestro* and in the solitude of the *campagna* found the way.

"There was a crack in his head, I tell you," he whispers, glancing fearfully over his shoulder that none may overhear this heresy. "And all his high notes broke upon it. He tried them all, and they all broke—they broke like the sea at Rapallo, where he used to pass his hat for the *soldi.* And for two years he disappeared. Where! *Chi sa?* But *maestro* knew, for he was with him. *Davvero,* they were together. And in two years he was at La Scala, and now America has him. *E una cosa meravigliosa,* — Eh-h-h!"



THE GALLERIA VITTORIO EMANUELE
Here the singers meet and eagerly discuss the operatic news of the day

Then, some day, Caruso himself will come to town; and it is the little man in the covert coat and the big one with no ulster you will see in the front rank of the admiring, adoring crowd that follows him through the street and waits patiently in the weather outside the hotel which has the honor of sheltering that voice.

"Caruso," exclaims his worshipper, "he came to La Scala one wonderful night and went away with Italy in his pocket."

There is in these days no king upon a throne or within measurable reach of one who rules with the despotic power of the Director of La Scala. Whatever he says acquires thereby the force and effect of truth. He is his own law and his own gospel. Of the many things which can be done and are done by the Impresario, who is the business manager of the house, there is not one that cannot be undone by the Director. There is no lack of reason in this, for from the Impresario down to the smallest and scrawniest errand-boy who hangs about the lobbies and the dressing-rooms, on the faint hope of some day coming to be a sweeper-out, the entire staff will unhesitatingly, and with cheerful equanimity, take refuge behind the Director when a failure happens, as failures do happen even in La Scala. Because the Director is no monarch to his audiences. The public sits behind him and can plainly see that the god of the world beyond the lights has feet of clay. But to the singer waiting for her time to come, he is the final, awful judge with whom her fate must rest.



The Scala, Milan, facing the Piazza della Scala and the Leonardo da Vinci Monument

There are a great many sizable rooms built around the lofty chamber of the opera house itself. They are sparsely furnished. Some of them are hung in the red plush which forms the background of the auditorium; but others are very much more like the dingy waiting-room of an employment agency, with a piano in one corner. Here the candidates come for the last step in what is, perhaps, the longest and dreariest road in any sort of human effort. Almost anyone can get a hearing. Almost everyone does. The Director is wise, with that same sagacity which marks the successful publisher or any of the other men whose business it is to put art into practical terms for the perusal of the world. He knows that some day Genius will come in, hiding her elusive self under some worn and musty garment. He knows that some day he is going to get a surprise. And so he lies in wait for it, patiently listening to the remarkable mediocrity of the general—faithfully sifting out and sifting out and sifting out again the running sands which cover the inevitable grain of gold.

As the season, which runs from December to Easter, approaches, and sometimes months before, the actual candidates are brought in for inspection by the Impresario. Coldly he looks them over and calls for the proof that each has done what she claims. Even before its appearance he knows more than he tells of each one there. He knows what his friends elsewhere have told him of her. Unless she be very great, she must have sung with success in the San Carlo opera house at Naples, and again at the Costanze in Rome. If she has had two or three or four seasons in the smaller Italian cities, so much the better; and if she has been wise enough or clever enough to get herself into the Lirico, which is the second opera house in Milan, or even into the Dal Verme, which is third, but with rather a good reputation, she will find things very easy compared with her sisters who have simply come in upon the Impresario out of the unknown. If she pass the Impresario, a contract is made, but it is subject to the approval of the Director, who can protest her



White
William Faversham as Marc Antony

irrevocably if he choose to do so.

Whether or not she be known to the world in which he rules, the candidate is likely to find the rigid affability of the Director embarrassing when she comes before him for her *prova*. Porters will wheel the piano into the right part of the dismal room, and will go away and leave her with him alone. He will ask about her best operas, and begin running them over with his own hands. He does not trust this to another. He knows what he wants to know,—what he wishes to reveal and discover if it is there. She sings as she never sang before, unless she happen to be so nervous that she sings worse than she has ever known herself to sing. Sometimes it is the one, and oftener the other. When the Director is satisfied, he rises, bows with another impenetrable smile, and she is out and away before the flutter in which she finished her final *aria* has gone. When the great moment has passed, many singers find that they went to La Scala too soon; for an impression of unreadiness and incapacity, once it gets into the musty atmosphere of these trial rooms, is nearly ineradicable.

Probably few know that La Scala is in management a municipal opera house, though the actual ownership (and the support) is vested in the descendants of the wealthy Milanese who banded themselves together to build the structure. These old families were the original owners of the property. They possessed their boxes outright, and bequeathed them from one generation to another as parts of their estates. Many of the five hundred boxes remain in the hands of the great-grandsons of the original builders; but in these days of swiftly-advancing Italian prosperity many a new name is coming into the golden semicircle and taking its place, and thereby sealing its entrance into the brilliant twentieth-century aristocracy of the country. The box-owners have a special office in the lower part of the house where their holdings are rented by the night, or, when the family is in mourning or out of town for the entire season, even by the year. The only strictly "public" space is that on the floor, or "pit," and in the double row of galleries high up above the top line of boxes and under the very roof.

The brilliancy of the spectacles continues to be marvellous. The decorations of the house are simpler than those of any other of the more famous theatres of the world, but the heavy, polished gold which covers every visible bit of woodwork, shines marvellously from the background of ox-blood plush with which the walls and rails are hung, and it is upon this setting that the gay beauty of the audience stands out with sharp effect. One gets a hint of the wealth of the wonderful city in the heart of which La Scala stands. Rich as the prospect is, it is a thing of surpassing vivacity and color when the court is in the Palazzo Reale in the neighboring square, and the royal box in the center of the first tier, above the entrance, has tenants under its old-fashioned candelabra.

Perhaps it is more than the royal visit, overwhelmingly of interest though that always is. Maybe there are other personages in the city for a night,—an Oriental ruler on his most recent *grand tour*, or the president of some neighboring republic. There is one ex-President of Switzerland who will not be forgotten by any of the Milanese who assembled in his honor at La Scala, one gala night in 1906, to celebrate his formal visit to the Italian court, which was just then established at the Palazzo Reale in Milan.

The royal party was expected, with its guest, at half-past nine o'clock. Long before that the house was crowded with eager people. Each of the innumerable boxes was filled with women, with the gaiety of whose gowns there mingled the glistening beauty of those army uniforms which are the envy of the warriors of the world. As one gorgeous party after another entered the boxes, and tier after tier came up to overflowing with the best blood of Southern Europe, the interest among the spectators in the floor seats grew into that shallow intensity of excitement which enlivens Italian life without becoming a burden on it. Here and there were pointed out the representatives of the noble families of the kingdom, many of whom have intermarried with the wealth of Milan. In a box next the stage, and but just perceptibly second in magnificence to the royal box itself, there sat the Princess Letitia of Savoy, the King's aunt and much beloved by everybody.

The performance, not an opera, but a concert by the 130 men making up the orchestra of the house, was well under way when, in the midst of a lovely *allegro* which had absorbed attention even in that moment of great affairs, the Director caught the signal of a man he had posted to inform him of the royal advent. His baton stopped in the air, its down stroke half completed, and with just an instant to take breath the orchestra crashed out of the *allegro* and into the irresistible *Marcia Reale*.

From its feet, which the audience took at what no one could describe except as "a bound," it saw the erect and military figure of the Count of Turin standing by the side of a patriarch in plain and somewhat awkward black. Cheers followed the playing of the royal march, and before anyone in the box could give a sign the orchestra began the national hymn of Switzerland, the music of which is that of "America." At its end the President stepped into the



Frank Keenan as Cassius

bay of the box, bowed profoundly several times, said a half dozen words which were, of course, inaudible in all that cheering, and retired to the side of His Majesty's soldierly cousin, where he looked about with evident astonishment on the splendid scene which had been spread there for his entertainment.

Even on the ordinary opera night, there is in the air of La Scala that which is breathed only in the shadows of great structures. It is far from being the most showy theatre in the world; but there remains to it a character which makes it still what it has been since that August night a hundred and thirty years ago, when it had its performance, dedicated to "The Illustrious and Most Serene Archduke Ferdinand, Austrian Captain-General of Lombardy," and to "The Most Serene Archduchess Maria Ricciardi, Princess of Modena," who, it is incidentally worth while remembering, was one of the last royal women to bear the personal name of "Beatrice d'Este." On its opening night the house figured only as the ducal theatre of Milan; but soon afterward it came to be called "Il Teatro alla Scala" after the church of Santa Maria della Scala, which had been destroyed by fire and which occupied the site for many years before.

There yet remains what might be termed only "a way of doing things," which holds La Scala to its old-time rank. "Thanks to the decadence of the art of singing, and to the American dollar," said an Italian journal not long ago, "La Scala must be considered to have reached the end." There may be other signs, which the journal did not mention and probably did not know, that a day of other standards is coming in this special form of art or trade, whichever we may call it; but if you and I were singers, and had so little as one season in the yellowish old playhouse to our credit, we need never know again those various pangs which are supposed to dwell within the frame of genius. Whatever architecture may have done for more magnificent temples, La Scala gives its verdict as the years go on, and few indeed are the cases where appeal is possible.



Kenneth Hunter as Octavius

It is not at all unlikely that its candid way of recording achievement is the reason for La Scala's continued domination; for whatever a singer does there,—and whatever a singer does not, are set down with a brevity which is both eloquent and cruel, according as the story requires telling. There is a place in Milan where you can go and find, in the most barbarous black and white, the report of every performance since the opening of the house, the names of the singers and the record of the public judgment on their doings. It is the Doomsday Book of the singing trade. It is a perfectly heartless and mechanical volume. There isn't even a speck of dust in it. If there ever was a drop of native life and moisture in the most infinitesimal fibre of the paper of its leaves, that mite was starved to death long years ago. Just paper and ink and one brief word of fate! Out of the pages of it there comes a waft like the chill air in the British Museum. To those who know the effort and the heartache that go to make up the life of the music student ambitious for La Scala, it is a distinctly painful thing to run down the record and read after one and another name the *Cattivo* (poor), or even the *Mediocre*, which mark the unhappy endings of high hopes.

But there are other judgments to lighten the perusal, and it is interesting to note that La Scala, which has tested and adjudged all the great voices since the American Revolution, has never failed in its decrees nor seen the appearance of a rival strong enough to accomplish a revision. The voices it has approved have always been accepted by the world without question.

In the year 1877, almost exactly a century following that first performance before the most serene highnesses of the ducal court, there is this entry in the Book of Fate:

"1877, November 3, 'La Traviata'; Adelina Patti; *Ottimo*, (Very Good)."

It was her first appearance, and there is no other record of it. But it was not until her return in 1893, again in "La Traviata," on the 20th of January, that Patti received that highest of all possible praise in the meagre vocabulary of the book: *Buonissimo*. During that first season, in 1877, she sang in "La Traviata," "Faust," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and "Il Trovatore," all with an *Ottimo* mark which was in itself a promise of something of the fame which came to her in other years; and which is a remarkably pointed illustration of the careful reserve that underlies the Scala judgments.



Tyrone Power as Brutus

Tamagno, thought ever a great idol in Italy, scored no better than a *Mediocre* when he made his first appearance on the night after Christmas in 1877; but when he returned two years after, in "Don Carlo," he did that which was entered in the book as so few men singers have been entered, and closed the night with a *Buonissimo* to his credit. Tamagno returned again in 1881, with the De Reszkés, and once more, and with them, reached the highest mark of approval in "Ernani," "Il Figliuol Prodigo," and "Simon Boccanegra."

Calvé's first entry is dated January 8, 1887, in "Flora Mirabilis," when the judgment was *Mediocre*, but was chargeable to the other members of the company. When she came back in 1890 in "Hamlet," she ranked as high as Calvé should. Melba's appearance in 1893, on the night of March 15, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," was an instant and complete success. And she was well received in May of the following year when she sang in "Rigoletto and Sigurd." Emma Nevada had already sung there in 1891, to a *Buono* in "La Sonnambula." These are other records of interest in these even more intense days of rivalry:

Campanini, 1871, Jan. 28, "Faust" (*Buono*); May 7, "Don Giovanni" (*Buono*).

Sammarco, 1895, December 26, "Henri VIII" (*Mediocre*); 1896, February 23, "Carmen" (*Cattivo*); 1896, March 7, "Hamlet" (*Buono*); 1896, March 23, "Andrea Chenier" (*Buonissimo*). (Sammarco's rise was a wonderful

(*Continued on page xi*)

A Famous Old Playgoer

By GRACE BIGELOW PATTEN

IF YOU would see the London of two centuries ago, a merrier London than it is to-day, you could not do better than take Mr. Pepys for your guide. The old diarist went everywhere, and made notes on everything he saw. Every player of his day was seen and criticized. We watch him swaggering down to the Duke's playhouse, or the King's house, in his suit of purple shagg trimmed with gold and flowered tabby vest, or off to walk in the park, carrying his wife's last year's muff. Never was there a gayer, more nimble and eager a London than that through which he leads us. Life was simply a pageant and Mr. Pepys was there to see the show. Theatre-going was a passion with him, and he has bequeathed to posterity a vivid picture of the stage in the 17th century. The people were great playgoers, and the theatres were packed, many hundreds turned away when a successful thing was on. They stood in line then as now. He writes:

"To the Duke of York's playhouse at a little past twelve to get a good place in the pit for the new play, and there setting a poor man to keep my place, I out and spent an hour at Martin's, my booksellers, and so back again, when I found the house quite full, but I had my place."



SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQUIRE

The 3rd of January, 1661, he saw "Beggars' Bush," and here was the first time that he ever saw a woman come upon the stage.* His first mention of Nell Gwynn is on April 3rd, 1665, when he calls her "pretty, witty Nell." He and his wife kiss her and make much of her as time goes on. He could not say enough in praise of her acting in sprightly parts, can scarcely find words to express his admiration of her in Dryden's "Secret Love or The Mayden Queene."

"After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see 'The Mayden Queene,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great a performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before, as Nell do this, both as a mad girle—then, most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant; and both the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her."

He sees "The Mayden Queene" again and again.

"So done by Nell, her merry part, as cannot be better done by nature. . . . To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Mayden Queene,' which, though I have often seen, yet pleases me infinitely, it being impossible, I think, ever to have the Queen's part, which is very good and passionate, and Florimel's part, which is the most comical that ever was made for woman, ever done better than they are by young Marshall and Nelly. The women do very well, but above all, little Nelly."

When she attempted anything serious, however, he found much fault. On one occasion he writes:

"Nell's ill speaking of a great part made me mad. . . . Saw 'The Indian Emperor,' where I find Nell come again, which, I am glad of, but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperor's daughter, which is a great and serious part, which she does most *basely*."

He sees pretty Nelly standing at her lodging's door, in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice,—"she seemed a mighty pretty creature." Again, seeing Nell and Mrs. Knipp after the play, he is disgusted enough.

"But Lord, to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them."

If a woman was pretty, and *not painted,* he would walk miles to look at her.

Betterton* stood supreme in Pepys' eyes, and he speaks of him over and over again.

"To the Duke of York's playhouse and saw 'Hamlet,' which we have not seen this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted. . . . Betterton did the Prince's part beyond imagination. . . . He is called by us both the best actor in the world."

On seeing a poor play, he writes that he is glad Betterton had no part in it.

Barring "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "The Tempest," the unimaginative Pepys had no great opinion of Shakespeare as a writer of plays:

"To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. 'Twelfth Night' is a silly play . . . 'The Tempest' is the most innocent play that ever I saw. The play had no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays. . . . Very pleasant and full of so good a variety, that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the Seaman's part a little too tedious. Saw 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' which did not please me at all in no part of it. . . . 'Romeo and Juliet' is a play of itself—the worst I ever saw in my life."

He considered Ben Jonson's "Alchymist" incomparable, and his play "The Silent Woman" "the best comedy that was ever wrote." Later on he jots down:

"I never was more taken with a play than I am with this 'Silent Woman' as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays."

Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Mayd's Tragedy" and

*The first English professional actress was Mrs. Coleman.

*Thomas Betterton, the son of an under-cook to Charles I, first appeared on the stage at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, in 1659. He was one of the greatest interpreters of Shakespeare that ever lived, though he played in mangled versions.

"The Chances" please him mightily, and Webster's "Duchesse of Malfi" was pretty good.

"August 16th, 1667, My wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the play acted yesterday, 'The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Morall,' a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce, from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit, not fooling. The house full, and in all things of mighty content to me."



Thomas Betterton

Everything pleases him mightily, or gives him "great content," if it doesn't make him "mad," or "vexed to the blood." He is delighted with some poor people for calling their fat baby "Punch," and with the Duke of York for playing with his little girl "like an ordinary private father of a child." Is equally pleased with a "fine, noble dinner," a cup of milk at a farmhouse, or a bunch of grapes from a friend's garden. If things went awry at the house or office, no brooding; but off to the theatre or to see a "bearded woman," "rope-walking monkeys," a "horse tell numbers," or a puppet show. Never an idle moment for him. If dinner was late, he played with his dogs, cat, tame sparrow, parrot or monkey, did a little tinkering with his carpenter's tools, tied up a vine in the garden, or piped a few notes on his flageolet. He rose by candlelight and spent his time fiddling until time to go to the office, or worked on important papers, so that he might have his afternoon free for the theatre. He went to the playhouses day after day, night after night. Taunted by his family for too much "pleasuring," he bolsters up his conscience with this apology:

"The truth is I do indulge myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it; and out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate."

Evidently their criticism bothered him, for he writes:

"All alone to the King's house, and there sat in an upper box to hide myself, and saw 'The Black Prince,' a very good play."



Nell Gwynn

A few days after the Plague had passed he keeps his cloak well up about his face. "In mighty fear lest I should be seen by anybody to be at a play." He binds himself from the middle of November not to see a play until Christmas, but once in every other week, "and have laid aside £10 which is to be lost to the poor if I do.'

"To the office, but, Lord! what a conflict I had with myself, my heart tempting me 1000 times to go abroad about some pleasure or other. However, I did not budge; and, to my great content, did a great deal of business. Again, but Lord! how it went against my heart to go away from the very door of the Duke's playhouse, and my Lady Castlemaine's coach, and many great coaches there to see 'The Siege of Rhodes.' I was very near making a forfeit, but I did command myself."



THE DUKE'S THEATRE IN DORSET GARDENS

Nevertheless, he made many vows, only to break them, and it did not take him long to fill his little pewter forfeit box. Nothing failed to interest Pepys; he got right at the core of life. No one can in his dullest, bluest moments take up the Diary without the certainty of laughter. This prosperous self-satisfied secretary of the Admiralty, loved and looked up to by the best men in England, this "regenerator of the British Navy," self-appointed critic of men and things, swung through life like a great, hearty boy.

The Sailor Dramatist

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

THE name of John Masefield crops up on the main road and in by-ways. He has written ballads and narrative poems smacking of salvation fervor; he is the author of books for boys and novels for grown people; he has prepared a life of Shakespeare and edited an anthology of sailor's verse. But above all does he deserve special notice because of three incomparable plays which reveal him to be a workman of distinctive significance in modern English drama.

Thirty-eight years ago John Masefield was born in Shropshire; he grew up disliking school, and at fourteen had shipped in a merchant vessel. At twenty-eight he found himself stranded in New York, so he sought out odd jobs in stables, cheap restaurants and bucket shops, even farming in a red shirt. On Sixth Avenue he served as an assistant to the bartender of the Colonial Hotel. Those who would learn of his adventures there had best turn to Masefield's book of short stories, "A Tarpaulin Muster," wherein the twenty-second narrative begins: "When I was working in a New York saloon I saw something of the city police. I was there shortly after the Lexow Commission, at a time when the city was groaning beneath the yoke of an unaccustomed purity."



Courtesy, Literary Digest

JOHN MASEFIELD

Ask John Masefield who his closest friend may be and he will say, "Jack B. Yeats, with whom I used to sail toy boats in Devonshire." Question him as to his greatest personal influence, and he will avow it to be W. B. Yeats, of mystic fame. Yet Masefield is full-blooded, with salt air in his blood and a lusty voice; he has moral vigor, and the mystic meaning is secondary with him. Yet, in a sense, he is mystic, as a poet must ever be. Somewhere he sings:

> "Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
> The slave with the sack on his shoulders, pricked on with the goad,
> The man with too heavy a burden, too weary a load."

And somewhere else he expresses virility in the stanzas:

> "Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,
> Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong."

There is no delicacy here, such as one may find in Yeats; there is almost an attempt to be consciously brutal and coarse, as in "The Everlasting Mercy"—that recent narrative poem detailing the conversion of an uproarious drunkard. It is Masefield's abundant sincerity in finding the best and most human in discarded, worthless humanity which turns his offensiveness into rugged beauty, which makes him tenderest when his stroke is roughest.

John Masefield wrote ballads when he was a boy. "I will not apologize for having been young," he says, with his accustomed directness; and need anyone apologize for such a line as "A star will glow like a note God strikes on a silver bell"? That slim volume holds sentiment and delicacy and faith and pride, and withal it has Whitmanesque democratic dash. Maybe there is something of the buccaneer in his spirit; if so, he has some of the simplicity of the buccaneer, some of the elementary enthusiasm of the child. It is in the mission which he gives to poetry, rather than his poetry itself, which reveals him akin to Yeats. He writes in his "Shakespeare": "Poetry moves in many ways. It may glorify and make spiritual some action of man, or it may give to thoughts such life as thoughts may have, an intenser and stranger life than man knows, with forms that are not human and speech unintelligible to normal human moods."

Masefield may not have sufficient scholastic training to write an adequate book on "Shakespeare," even though its text-book quality is shot through with glimpses of Masefield's tastes and exactions. But as editor of "A Sailor's Garland" he displays sufficient critical acumen to get at the full value of English sea-faring poetry in an introduction which indicates his entire grasp of the field. And when one comes to read Masefield's essay on Defoe, it is not so much Defoe one comes to understand as those qualities which Masefield himself recognized in the man; there is a personal estimate of Defoe, rather than a critical estimate; and that is the viewpoint of the dramatist in Masefield. Does not one recognize in this essay that, interesting though a man's personality may be in respect to its manliness, nobility of character is what most concerns Masefield? "Defoe," he writes, "was without imagination of the finer kind, for the imagination is occupied with beauty and power," and he reaches this strange conclusion, which in itself is a human one: "Who reads such a one? Defoe is read by school boys and kitchen maids, by sailors, by seekers after dirt, and by a few historical students. His popularity is a proof of the commonness of his vision." There is the finer element mixed with the salt and blood in the nature of John Masefield!

In his novels he is almost formless. Take, for example, "Multitude and Solitude": the study of the tsetse fly occupies therein nearly half the volume, yet the care with which disease is analyzed illustrates Masefield's absorption in any subject which interests him. But the most revealing portion of this book deals with Masefield's conception of the literary life—a broad, earnest, noble conception couched in the following terms:

> "I have no quarrel with art. . . . It is moral occupation. But I feel this about modern artists, that, with a few exceptions, they throw down no roots, either into national or private life. They care no more for the State, in its religious sense, than they care (as, say, an Elizabethan would have cared) for conduct. They seem to me to be a company of men without any common principle or joint enthusiasm, working, rather blindly and narrowly, at the bidding of personal idiosyncrasy, or of some aberration of taste. A few of you, some of the most determined, are interested in social reform. The rest of you are merely photographing what goes on for the amusement of those who cannot photograph."

A man holding such opinion could not help but be sincere in his art, and it is this naïve sincerity, together with plain Anglo-Saxon speech, that keeps "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street" from being mawkish sentimentality and improbable melodrama. This manly attitude distinguishes the work of John Masefield, and all the more accentuates the lyrical touch, the inevitable, exquisite essence of tragedy which, for instance, illuminates the sordid tendencies in "The Tragedy of Nan" or "The Campden Wonder." It is in these two plays that the dramatist in Masefield exhibits the influence of the Irish school. And in their character they are strictly of the type sought for by a repertory theatre. "Nan" has been produced by the Gaiety and the Scottish Repertory theatres, and "The Campden Wonder" was given eight performances when Granville Barker was experimenting at the Court Theatre. Perfect as these plays are in their human intensity and truthfulness, they have in them only the elements of artistic success. And one of them, "Mrs. Harrison," has never been produced.

What Masefield thinks of the theatre is vigorously expressed in his introduction to "Shakespeare," where he pleads for a theatre for the right production of the comedies and tragedies. He deplores the ground landlords, and writes: "Art is the thought of men with vision. When art is

(Continued on page vi)



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A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARY GARDEN AS THAIS

Napoleon and the Drama

By EVA E. VOM BAUR

TO the average mind the name Napoleon is synonymous with war. Few connect it with the concomitants of peace—with the arts, for instance and the things of culture and the higher cultivation of the mind, of recreation and of leisure. Historians find it so difficult to tell within the confines of a normally sized work of what he did to change the geography of Europe during his short meteoric career that they seldom have the opportunity to devote much space to accounts of his influence in other phases of the life of his times.

It is quite surprising, then, to find that his influence upon the drama is sufficiently far-reaching to fill a five hundred page book in the telling of it. But Henry Lecomte, a modern French dramatic critic, has used all that space to give little more than a mere outline of the events in Napoleon's life which had a bearing upon things theatric and the documentary evidence to prove the conqueror's interest in them.



NAPOLEON

One might suppose, of course, that to a man with so keen a sense of the dramatic in everything he did himself, the stage would be exceedingly attractive, but according to this writer, Napoleon's interest was more political than personal. The author does not, however, agree with Mme. de Rémusat, Bonaparte's contemporary and one of his most intimate biographers, who claims that he failed absolutely to get the illusion of the theatre, and gave it his attention only because he thought it a part of his rôle as Emperor to do so. But Lecomte does suggest, wittingly or no, by his citations of innumerable facts, edicts and anecdotes, that the Emperor was less interested in the theatre as a spectacle than as a means to heighten the dramatic effect of his own little play to the gallery. One gets the idea, through this book, that Napoleon did not regard the theatre, primarily, as a plaything to satisfy his imagination, but rather as a serious matter worthy of the Government's best attention and thought; to him it was not so much a source of amusement and diversion from the cares of state as an educational influence to be made potent in the affairs of state. In short, he saw in the theatre an excellent means of keeping public sentiment pitched to a high key of patriotism, and of keeping his own views of the glorification of France through conquests ever before the people. "The best way to praise me," he said at one time, in answer to a query from a stage-manager, "is to play such things as shall inspire the nation, especially the young people and the army, to heroic sentiment."

To bring himself, any reference to himself or to his contemporaries upon the stage he regarded as the height of indelicacy and bad taste. That was not his way of gaining public approval for the course of his actions, for this method would tend rather to inspire freedom of thought and to encourage criticism. His method of glorifying the state was by glorifying its kings, by recalling great crises in the political histories of other times, and by exalting the heroes who triumphed in them. He discouraged the presentation of anything which "dealt with times too near the present," and declared that

> "What the stage requires is antiquity. If anyone wishes to write a drama about more modern times, let him remember this: that politics play in modern drama the part that fatality plays in the drama of the ancients. It is politics which leads to real catastrophes, not deliberate crimes."

The play which gave Napoleon perhaps the greatest satisfaction was one by Luce de Lanceval, based entirely upon the story of Hector as it is told in the Iliad. He liked it because it was full of the glow and ardor of patriotism, and declared that if his soldiers could see that play before entering upon a battle they would go out to meet the enemy with redoubled spirit. In many plays dealing with the exploits of former national heroes he saw situations and lines applicable to himself; that others saw them, too, Lecomte shows by citing many instances where the audience applauded particularly apt lines and indicated by nods in the direction of the imperial box that they, too, had appreciated the analogy.

To him the first purpose of the drama, therefore, was to stimulate hero-worship; for to his mind it should deal with politics rather than passions. "Love is the portion of the idle classes," was his comment.

> "The interests of the state, passions directed towards political ends, the development of the career of a statesman, revolutions which change the face of empires—these are matters for tragedies. The other interests which we find mingled here and there, the love interest above all, constitute but the comedy in tragedy. . . . Tragedy is the school of great men; it ought to be that of kings and peoples, too. It is the duty of sovereigns to encourage and to promulgate it. Tragedy inflames the spirit, ennobles the heart and creates heroes."

In Napoleon's opinion, Corneille chose and handled his dramatic material better than any other writer known to him. He wrote at one time:

> "France owes to Corneille a part of her brave deeds. If he were living now I would make him a prince. . . . I love tragedy when it is as lofty and sublime as Corneille made it. In it great men are truer than in history; we see them only in the crises that develop them, in the moments of supreme decision, and we are not overburdened with all the paraphernalia of details and

conjectures which the historians give, and which are often false. This is so much gained for glory; for in the man there are so many pettinesses, so many fluctuations, so many doubts; in the hero these disappear. He is the monumental statue in which the infirmities and the tremblings are no more; he is the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, that correct and sublime group in which, by my faith, one scarcely suspects the presence of the base lead and the pewter plates which the artist, in his frenzy, threw into the seething melting-pot to produce his demi-god of bronze. I am grateful to tragedy for enlarging thus certain men, or, rather, for restoring to them their real nature—that of superior men in mortal bodies."



FRANCOIS JOSEPH TALMA AS NERO
An actor whom Napoleon honored above all others

As for comedy, "I accept," said Napoleon, "the general admiration for Molière, but I do not share in it. He has placed his characters in situations where I never have any desire to see them act." Mme. de Rémusat, whom Lecomte regards as a disparager by habit, interprets this view of the "comédies des moeurs" in her own sharp way: "How could one dare to exhibit upon the boards the weaknesses and foibles of various classes of society when all society had been renewed by Bonaparte, whose work had to be respected at all costs?"

For dramas which can be classed neither as tragedies nor comedies Napoleon had no use whatsoever. He dismissed them with the comment that they are "tragedies for chambermaids, and not worth living for more than a night." The "little theatres"—variétés and vaudevilles—he deemed so far beneath the notice of an Emperor that when he heard that the Empress Josephine had been seen at the Variétés-Montansier during one of his absences, he wrote to her from Osterode a sharp letter of remonstrance, dated March 17, 1807:



MLLE. MARS
One of the glories of the Théâtre Français under the First Empire

"It is not proper for you to sit in a side-box at the vaudeville; it does not become one of your rank. You must attend only the four big theatres, and always sit in the imperial box. Sometimes it is inconvenient to be great; an empress cannot afford not to be particular."

Later in the year he ordered this theatre closed. Being too near the opera, he declared in a council of State, it detracted from its patronage, and besides, *"c'est un scandale pour les moeurs"* (a moral scandal). Cambacérès, the Minister of the Interior, deeming this criticism too severe, interposed in behalf of the amusement hall, whereupon the Emperor retorted quickly with: "I am not astonished that the archchancellor wants to maintain the Montansier, for that is the wish of all the old beaux of Paris."

Within less than a year a great many other theatres met the same fate as the Montansier, for the Emperor issued an edict that the number of theatres in Paris be limited to eight, gave the names of the favored few and specified for each the kind and number of the performances it might give. The unfortunate managers of the condemned houses were granted two weeks to wind up their affairs, and were offered no compensations for their losses. They might, however, if they chose, establish themselves as annexes or duplicates of the authorized theatres, according to their specialties.

"The Government was rigidly suppressing any rivalry to the legitimate drama, and the results proved that the theatrical productions of a lower order were essential neither to the needs of the people nor to the artistic success of the city," writes Lecomte. "The rapid suppression of the banished *'spectacles de curiosité'* and the disappearance of the lower order of shows proved that their existence really interested but a minority of the people, after all." What an argument for the zealous uplifters of the drama to-day!

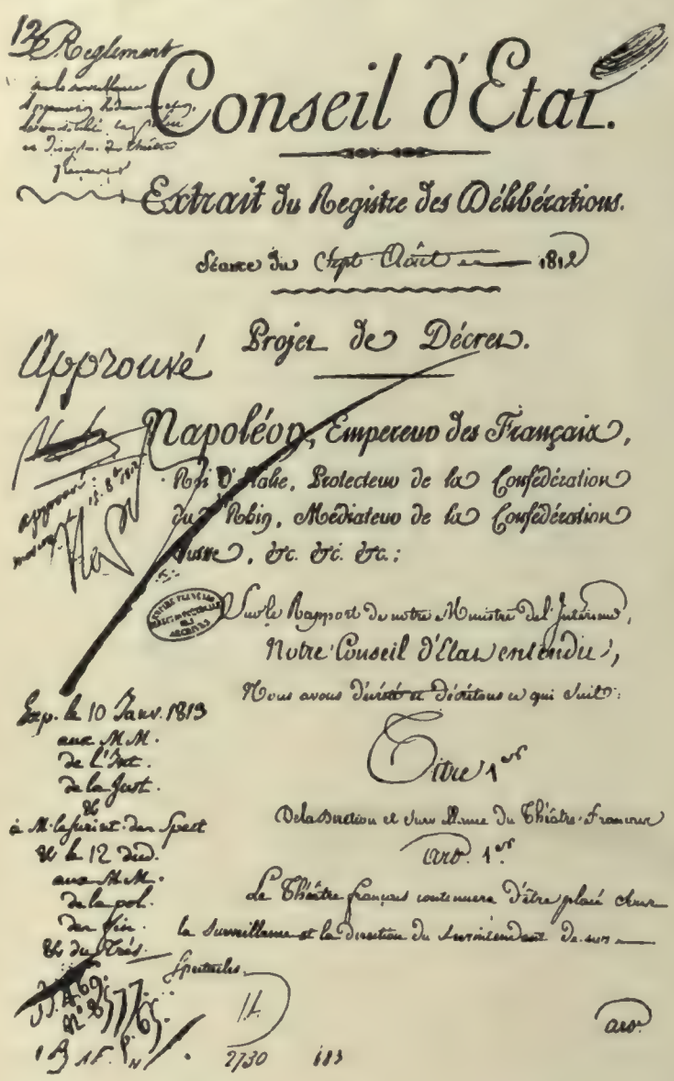
These edicts, carefully and explicitly worded, defined the rights and functions of the managers with such precision that they left them practically no freedom. The opera may give only such musical dramas as shall deal with gods, kings and heroes; the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin is to be devoted to melodrama, la Gaité may produce pantomimes, provided they do not include ballets, and no theatre may produce anything which rightfully belongs to the province of another. In other edicts the discipline governing everyone from call-boy to the conductor of the orchestra was determined, the finances of the various theatres were given



MLLE. GEORGE
An actress of statuesque beauty and the Emperor's favorite

the most careful consideration, scenery, costumes, vacation money, the prices of seats and the limitation of free tickets—all these things and a great many more, including the reading of manuscripts and the fire laws for the protection of the buildings, were considered and regulated by manifestos issued by the Minister of the Interior at the instigation of the Emperor. Until 1807, when Napoleon created the position of the Superintendent of Public Performances, the Minister of the Interior and the Prefect of Police shared the responsibility of enforcing them.

The Government did not make the common mistake of taking Paris to mean France, but legislated with the same forethought for the provinces as for the metropolis. Being a patriarchal government, it also felt responsible to the people for their recreation, and so for the benefit of the non-Parisians the "Théâtres des Départments" were organized. The big cities, Lyon, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Nantes and Turin, each had two theatres, and the smaller cities, such as Rouen, Brussels, Alexandria, Metz and Strasbourg, had but one. Those cities and towns which could not afford to maintain a permanent theatre were grouped into twenty-five districts or circuits for traveling companies of players to visit in rotation. The prefect in each district was responsible to the Minister of the Interior in Paris for the welfare of the players and the rigid enforcement of the laws governing them and their performances. As the repertoires of these companies were the same as those of the various theatres in Paris, the morals and the literary tastes of provincial folk were as safeguarded as those of the Parisians.


Conseil d'Etat.

Extrait du Registre des Délibérations.

Projet de Décret.

Napoléon, Empereur des Français,

Roi d'Italie, Protecteur de la Confédération du Rhin, Médiateur de la Confédération Suisse, &c. &c. &c.:

First page of the famous Decree of Moscow, issued during Napoleon's Russian campaign, and which laid down the articles that govern the Théâtre Français, even to the present day

No edict is more carefully worked out, none more complete, than that defining the organization of the Théâtre Français. This is known to be in great part the work of Napoleon himself, for many are the reports and stories of how he compiled it during those incomparably stormy and troubled days during the siege of Moscow. Why he chose this time and place for the organization of a theatre is a matter of speculation as futile as any diagnosis of the motives of this arch-diplomat. But no matter whether this act was to serve as a blind for the enemy or as a source of diversion from his multitudinous cares, it certainly helped to emphasize his versatility and to illustrate his extraordinary powers of concentration.

"When they see this decree in Paris," he said, "they will say that, wishing to relieve my mind of the anguish harassing it, I sought distraction at any cost—and found the most frivolous possible." He was as distraught and troubled in spirit as any of the officers about him, but he chose to dissemble by chatting about the political importance of art, of dramatic art in particular, of the Théâtre Français, Corneille, actors and a little of everything else pertaining to the theatre, while they sat, grim and silent, uncomprehending and shocked. Doubt and worry weighed upon their spirits and "they had neither the force of will nor the desire to indulge in the relaxation of mind which the tormented genius was granting himself."

With that mind capable of planning the minutest details without losing sight of the breadth and depth of the scheme as a whole, he issued a decree covering, in 137 articles, everything from the scope of the repertoire to the pensions for the actors and a school of dramatic art—decrees showing such sanity of judgment, such intimate knowledge of the necessities and requirements of the stage, that they have proven applicable and adequate even to the present day. "Since they were formulated, but a few minor changes of detail have been made, for every time a new administration, without right or justice, violated any essential provision of these laws, it was compelled to revert to the wise and clear text of the decrees issued by this genius-legislator."

A government which did so much to maintain theatres and encourage dramatics felt that it was justified in controlling the productions and utilizing them for its own benefit. And as the Emperor thought that liberty of speech or thought or press was no requisite of the common people, and that literary and dramatic tastes, to be of the highest, must be directed by authority in Paris, we find that the strictest censorship of the drama existed during the days of the First Empire.

But even in the days of his Consulate, Napoleon began to watch the theatres, to suppress whatever influence he found them exerting upon public opinion which he regarded as detrimental to the State. In 1800 he issued a decree to the effect that no piece might be produced without the consent of the Prefect of Police; this was never revoked, but frequently re-enforced and strengthened so long as he was in power. Mention of the Bourbons, of Henry IV., of recent political events, criticism of the police or the army was prohibited—in fact, "anything which would be contrary to good morals and to the principle of the Social Compact." In 1811 the Commissioner of Police in Hamburg, Germany, was notified "to suppress certain works of Werner, Kotzebue, Goethe and Schiller which seem to have the effect of stirring up trouble in the social order of things, of killing the respect which is due to authority. Most of these pieces contain insolent declarations against the Government and the French people. I mention particularly 'Attila,' 'Maria Stuart,' 'William Tell' and 'Faust.'"

Never quite trustful of the vigilance of his prefects of police, Napoleon kept a careful surveillance of theatrical performances himself. Once or twice he caught them napping. When, in 1810, he found that "La Mort d'Abel" had been put into rehearsal without his knowledge or consent he wrote in considerable anger to M. de Rémusat, Prefect of the Palais:

"Henceforth no opera may be given without my consent. In general, I do not approve of works based on subjects taken from the Scriptures. They should be left to the Church. . . . The ballet 'Vertumne and Pomone,' which you also allowed to go on without my permission, is a dull

SCENES IN "THE GYPSY," AT THE PARK THEATRE



Photos White

ACT I. ERNEST LAMBART AND THE GYPSY GIRLS



BLANCHE WEST AND WILLIAM SELLERY IN ACT I

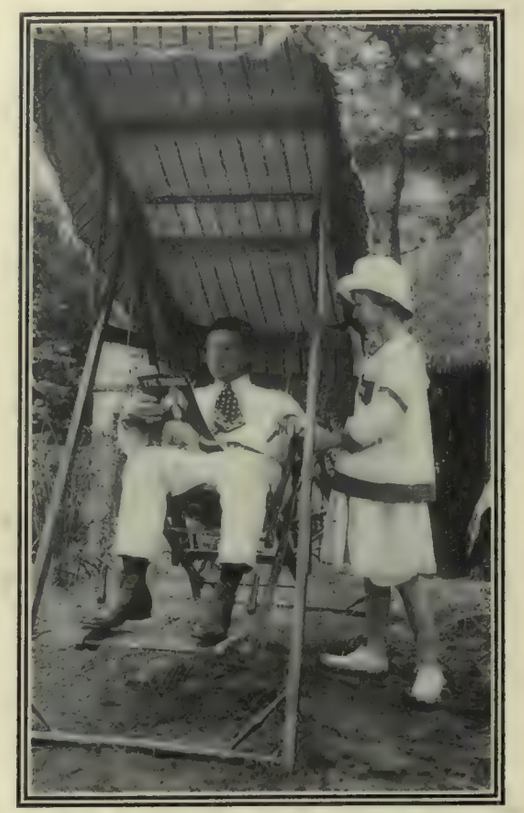


VIOLET SEATON AND FRANCIS LIEB IN ACT II

allegory in bad taste. The ballet, 'The Rape of the Sabines,' is historical—that is better. Ballets should be mythological or historical in theme—never allegorical. One should try to lead public taste, not follow it."

Whenever he left Paris, Napoleon was always very particular to delegate his supervisory and censory powers to some one person, holding him strictly responsible for any harm that might come to the *esprit public* through the fault of a lax censorship.

A drama rendered harmless to the people and helpful to himself he regarded as an excellent educational influence, and planned, therefore, to have the Government arrange for as many public performances and fêtes as the exchequer permitted and the national holidays exacted. Until the establishment of an empire made their celebration a little *mal à propos* the anniversaries of the storming of the Bastille (July 14) and the Proclamation of the Republic (September 21) were *the* red-letter days in the calendar. After 1804 they were changed for the more appropriate St. Napoleon's Day (August 15) and the anniversary of the crowning of the Emperor (the first Sunday in December). Twenty-eight times during Napoleon's reign the people of Paris and those who could attend the performances of the travelling companies in the districts were treated to public performances by the best actors of the day, of some of the best works in their repertoires.



HECTOR DUFRANNE AND HIS DAUGHTER

Like all artists who wish to keep in touch with matters theatrical and operatic, this well-known French baritone is a constant reader of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. The above picture was taken last summer at his country residence near Paris

The actors and the theatre existing practically under his personal patronage, Napoleon felt that he could demand their services for a private performance where and when he pleased. To amuse his court he often ordered a troupe of players or opera singers to perform at St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, Malmaison or the Tuileries, or even in the intervals between campaigns, to Mayence, Strassbourg or Milan. Even in times of war he exacted the same attention and the same services. During the campaigns in Prussia and in Austria and during his voyages in Italy and in Egypt a troupe of players and singers accompanied the army. He made this provision as much to amuse his officers and keep his men out of mischief during their tedious, long hours while in camp as to make the people at home believe that there was so little to do in the way of warfare that they needed all the amusement and the gaiety the theatre could afford to help them pass away the time. In 1813, when he sent for a troupe of players to join him at Dresden, Napoleon wrote to M. de Rémusat:

"I want this order to cause a sensation in Paris so that the news of it will get to London and to Spain. I want them to think there that we are amusing ourselves here."

And this at a time when he was planning to invade Russia and defy all the powers at once!

Napoleon having achieved an ambition by surpassing the prowess of Louis XIV in war, sought to equal him as patron of the arts. His natural appreciation for literature, Lecomte regards as a passion, quoting extracts from numerous documents of the councils of state to prove his contention. The Emperor on one occasion said to his minister:

"Seek always to find talent. I do not want a single man of merit to pass through my reign without recognition and without our gratitude. Literature is in need of encouragement. You are its minister; tell us by what means we can encourage the various branches of literature which have at different times made our nation illustrious. I would give anything in the world to have a good tragedy to reward. The army is trying to bring honor to the nation; the men of letters are not."

Talma, an actor whom Napoleon honored above all others ("I never meet him but I take off my hat," the Emperor had said), came to the Emperor every time he had a new part to study. As no one had a closer, more intimate or wider knowledge of men than Napoleon, the actor derived great help from his criticisms and suggestions. One day he was playing "Cæsar" in "The Death of Pompey," and Napoleon made this comment:

"You are using your arms too much. Heads of empires are less generous with their motions; they know that a gesture is an order, that a look means death: that is the way they use a gesture and a look. . . . Don't make Cæsar talk like Brutus; when one says that he will curse kings, he makes you believe it; the other does not. . . . Men like that do not scatter their gestures broadcast; they concentrate them. . . . I like the simple way in which you handle tragedy; when dignified characters are agitated by passion or given over to meditation they speak, without doubt, a little louder, but their language does not have to be any the less true or natural. For example—this moment we are speaking in a conversational tone; eh bien! we are making history."

On another occasion the Emperor said to the actor:

"Talma, you come here so often; what do you see here? Princesses whom they have separated from their lovers, princes who have lost their estates, kings whom war has raised to the highest rank, great generals who strive for or demand crowns. All around and about me are deceiving ambitions, jealous rivalries, catastrophes, sorrows hidden in the depths of hearts, afflictions that cry aloud. Certainly there is much tragedy; my palace is full of it, and I myself—surely I am the most tragic figure in my own times.

"Ah, well—! Do you see as with our arms flying about in the air, studying our gestures, taking attitudes, affecting airs of grandeur? Do you hear us cry out? No—, without a doubt; we speak naturally, as anyone speaks when he is inspired by an interest or a passion. That is the way the people who have occupied the world's stage before me have acted and played their tragedies. . . . There are examples for you to contemplate!"

The only time Napoleon waxed poetic was when a pretty young "queen of the footlights" lent the inspiration. The verses were poor, but when the writer became famous, the owner waxed rich.

"Of course Napoleon liked actresses," writes Lecomte, "for he was neither angel nor monster, and at that time, as always, gallantry was an inherent part of the theatrical profession. But even his critics must grant that no (*Continued on page viii*)

The Home Folks

When Laura sought the stage,
Ah me! There was a great commotion;
The village mothers shook with rage
At such a "sinful notion."
The village Solons stroked their beards,
And said with mien exacting,
"This girl of your'n is better dead,
Than dancin' or play-actin'."

When Laura captured Fame,
Ah me! It was a different story;
They quite approved her "fancy name,"
And boasted of her glory.
"By gum!" said one, "I told yur so!
She had the dramer in her."
While others vowed, "Huh! years ago,
We knew she'd be a winner!"

MORAL

Oh ye who lack encouragement,
Remember to your sorrow—
The thing you need the most to-day
Will hunt for you to-morrow!

LESLIE CURTIS.

The Deadly Cabaret

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

AH-HA! Here is something that gives joy to you loafers of the dark, you self-glorifying, pot-bellied wine swillers, you crammed-stomached, dollar-marked sensation seekers with noses big-pored, scarletly protuberant and gleaming as a vaselined tomato; to you fish-eyed nymphs with faces pasty as wet talcum and sickly veined, and scarlet mouths dripping with bar-room anecdote; to all you silk-hosed female crew with cheeks of pinked plaster and eyes a-penciled, with bodies washed in the lewd scent of Patchouli and glances ever alert for the main chance. Here is something decked in sparkling spangles and seeking to cover its lech with sounds of music and whirl of dance and flash of smile; something that beguiles the law and hides its leprous, polluting, scaly self in the demure garment of pseudo-respectability; something to draw in the unwary, to defile the good wife's ears, to send the crimson into the face of virgins! A little thing, inconsequent, trivial, harmless? A trifling thing, negligible, immaterial? So say you? Well, then,—so, too, is the tiny typhus bug; so, too, the lilliputian spark at the tip of a trailing fuse; so, too, the meagre scratch of the pimple that leads to poisoned blood. Beware, you whose feeble minds may recall the glory that once was Rome's and whose perverted skulls may perhaps conjure up the clash of cymbal, the flash of naked limb, the languorous lyre and indolent couch that in insidious stealth drew what blood was left from out the veins of the Great White Appian Way, beware of the new-come licensed bagnio—the New York cabaret!



From the *Meggendorfer Blaetter*

"It must be terrible for the people who have to sing here for hours every night."
"Oh, it's far worse to have to listen to them."

For the cabaret show, that latest importation from the slums of Europe, has sunk its tooth into Manhattan. From the Café Boulevard on the South to the Campus restaurant on the North, from the "Morgue" on the West to Joe Blaney's river-front café on the East, the cabaret is the rage. Everywhere cabarets. No restaurant so humble that oysters may not be swallowed to the tune of *Snap Your Fingers and Away You Go;* no café so meagre that Pilsner may not be gulped to the giddy whirl of the *Fandango Flip-Flop*. Platforms exhibit painted sopranos in bespangled Sixth Avenue second-hand creations, bassos in reverberating "dress suits," short-skirted dancers in bodiceless waists, contraltos in red and in black and indecent. Where there is no platform pretentiousness, a balcony reveals the "artists"; where no balcony, the familiar floor will serve. In and out of the table-lanes wiggle the smickering warblers and twine the lithe leg-lifters. It all doesn't cost a cent. It is free—financially and, especially, morally. It is all as gay as a pint of uncorked domestic champagne, as unforced as a pawnbroker's smile, as devlish as devilled ham. That is, really! Externally it is all thought to be as wicked as Sin itself; that is, by the innocent visiting folk from Poughkeepsie and Oswego and Albany an—New York. The word has been spread. The tidings have been loosed broadcast. And the country cousins have heard. have gone to see and have believed.

The chief vice of the New York cabaret shows is their amazing dullness. Their next greatest vice reposes in the fact that a great many misguided souls do not think they are dull. The best definition of a New York cabaret show is this: A sly means whereby a man is persuaded to believe "what's the use of paying two dollars to go to the theatre when I can see this show for nothing," and whereby he is persuaded to drink two dollars' worth of alcohol and eat two dollars' worth of food he doesn't want, and stay up until two o'clock in the morning in order to persuade himself he has got something for nothing. As a matter of record, it may be admitted that he actually does get something for nothing. He gets the free idea that he has robbed the box-office of a couple of dollars. As a matter of fact, however, all he has done is to borrow from the theatre manager to pay the restaurateur. And in the act he has gathered a few hoarse, wormy songs, a view of an abdominal schottische, together with a jag and a cigarette voice, in place of two and a half hours spent in a respectable place of amusement witnessing a respectably amusing performance at half the price.

The typical cabaret show visible in the larger and more highly decorated eating halls on and adjacent to Broadway substitutes vulgarity for originality, brazenness for art and stupidity for talent. In not a few instances the alcoholic appetites of the men customers are deliberately awakened by females who are paid to insinuate themselves close to the tables, brush suggestively up against the men and execute indecent lyrics under the guise of being "performers" and "entertainers." On the night of October 8, the present writer observed at one of the best known of the cabaret places a series of actions, presumably "all a part of the game," that for subtle prurience and veiled itching might not be matched even in the darkest corner of that fairy-lanterned garden of the Bal Bullier in Paris or in the remotest niche of the *promenoir* of the Empire in London. A table at which were seated three men, one about fifty, one somewhere in the region of forty-five, the third maybe thirty or thirty-two, Their air the air of "good spenders"; their manner quiet, if suggesting beneath the quietness the foreboding rumbling of Goodtime. In the argot of the gutter, here were three men whom the management of the restaurant in question spotted for "good things," free spenders, but who had to be urged on—get me?—teased. They might open two more bottles—maybe three—maybe six. And the profit in champagne is large. Champagne buyers make the restaurant go. It is the "opener of wine"—to quote in the vulgate—that the proprietor keeps his eyes on.

How to coax the men into "opening"? The girls (*i. e.*, the "performers" of the cabaret) did not have to be told. They had been coached long before this—probably when they applied for positions and had the jobs given them. They knew their business. They knew what the boss expected of them. And right here let the remark be insinuated that it seems to be a curious coincidence in the cabarets that the girl performers rarely start to wiggle in and out of the tables unless the crowd looks like "openers." However, to return to the case in point. Presently two girls—women, rather—dressed in as-it-were Spanish costumes took the floor and began to writhe and larynx to the click-clap of castanets. Demurely they kept their eyes on their feet—modest, timorous, bashful little things, neither of whom could have weighed over one hundred and ninety pounds! Slowly, but surely, toward the table of the possible "wine-buyers" they glided—still with their innocent eyes on the floor. Arrived at the table. Suggestive inundations mistermed dancing, a sly look out of the eye-corner, a bumping against the chairs, a teasing grin, a whispered "Can we sit down with you after awhile?"—all part-of-the-game! * * * * "Waiter! two quarts



Photos White ESTELLE RICHMOND
An attractive player



LILLIAN LORRAINE
In "The Follies of 1912"



HAZEL LEWIS
At the Moulin Rouge

of champagne!"

There are several cabaret exhibitions along Broadway and directly off Broadway, running at full blast to-day, where the system of ethics in force is not one whit more refined than that obtaining at the beer halls along the Bowery at Coney Island. These cabaret shows are the dive saloon shows of the slimy alleys in better dresses, without the swearing and with better ventilation. One need not be a moralist to be nauseated at this kind of thing. Something like a swift rush of supreme disgust goes quivering through one's body when a smirking blonde in a showy dress finishes her cabaret ditty, and is observed to toddle over to the table of some "wine-opener" under the cloak of its being all part of a cabaret performance. Cabaret, bosh! An appropriating and degenerating of a decent French word to cover with tinsel the dismal practices that obtain in their true colors in the vicinity of Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street!

Publicity and frankness are needed to dispel the myth that one of these "free" cabaret shows is a substitute for the theatre. The word has gone forth through the thitherward cities and provinces, that the visitor to the metropolis is foolish to spend his good money at the box-office, when he can see the same thing at a restaurant without having to pay admission. The fact that a quart of champagne (five dollars) is the price of admission at the most loudly colored of these cabaret shows, can be skipped by. With the dissemination of the news of the vast entertaining and amusing qualities of the cabarets, a considerable portion of the visiting populace has been beguiled into parting with its gold and silver through wine glasses instead of opera glasses. And, realizing it has been hoaxed, the visiting populace has emerged from the cabaret places and, in the vernacular of the circus, has covered up its own chagrin by playing its friends still on the outside of the tent for suckers. Thus has the snowball been steadily enlarged.

The very best of the New York cabaret shows—the highest priced cabaret show of them all—has a bill that is made up of two women singers, a banjo player, a male vocalist, a team of dancers and a young girl performer who jigs an accompaniment to her tunes. All of these performers have been obtained from a vaudeville booking agency, and are persons who, by no hook or crook, have been able to get a job of any kind on the stage. We may except the young girl—a mere child—who seems to have a slumbering talent that is here being abased and crushed in its infancy, along with the girl herself, before the leering gaze of old men and "fresh" young fellows. This, then, is conceded to be the best and most elaborate carbaret show in town! A platform, an orchestra and a colored spot-light are there too. And yet this best of the shows—to see which your check must not be under three dollars at the least, unless you wish to be put down (and maybe out) as a "four-flusher," "cheap-skate," etc., etc., by the restaurant crew—and yet this best of the shows in all cabareting New York would not stand the ghost of a chance at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre or at the ten and twenty-cent (mostly ten) moving-picture vaudeville playhouses that are scattered in every nook and cranny of the Greater City. A whiskey-stilled soprano, a bleater of an unkeyed something, a male vocalist rendering *"Asleep in the Deep"* in dolorific style, a couple of dancers—what a glitt'ring, glamorous, talented array on which to spend money for drinks you do not want, and via a headwaiter for a table you don't want—to see an exhibition allegedly for "no price of admission!" The myth of it; the joke of it; the downright funniness of it!

That the vogue and spread of the cabaret show has already hurt the theatre, is not to be denied. That it may hurt it even more if it keeps on in its mushroomy way, is probable. But that the cabaret show *will* keep on growing and augmenting itself in point of numbers, may be doubted seriously. Already the public is beginning to "catch on"; already the decenter portion of the restaurant-going public is beginning to realize that the cabaret shows may be all right for visiting drummers and celebrating college boys and speedy females, but not quite the proper caper for persons who at the moment are seeking decent amusement in a decent way in decent surroundings instead of pseudo-decent fun and scarlet suggestiveness in something that would be a "joint," if it weren't for the fact that there are carpets on the floor and a fine chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Speaking of this, good brother Julian Street, while sticking a pin in the "glamor" of the cabarets, has said: "The joints may fairly claim a sort of cousinship with this new-come French

(Continued on page ix)

The Forest Theatre

ON the California coast, little more than one hundred miles south of San Francisco, there is a unique little town which straggles along a high pine-covered ridge and down over wind-swept dunes to the snow-white sands of Carmel Bay, four miles from the historic old town of Monterey. It is linked historically and geographically with the earliest civilizing influences of the West: the Missions of the Roman Catholic Church. On its borders stands the old adobe church of San Carlos de Borromeo, Father Junipero Serra's favorite mission, a mute memorial to the lofty ideals and large plans of those men of two centuries ago. The present town, Carmel-by-the-Sea, seems to have caught and held the courageous and creative spirit of the pioneers, and it has become a Mecca for artists and writers, an inspiration for artistic achievement.

One of the most vital outgrowths of Carmel's artistic life is the Forest Theatre Society. It was founded in the winter of 1909 by a group of Carmel men and women to encourage the art of the drama in California.

The outdoor theatre is a practical possibility in California nine months out of the year, and with this in mind the society set about to choose a site. A beautiful open hillside above Carmel proved to be a natural amphitheatre with excellent acoustic properties, and it was easily converted into an outdoor auditorium, and appropriately named the Forest Theatre.

It was protected and screened by an encircling forest of Monterey pines. The back curtain and stage wings were the slim, stately trees, a low growth of manzinita and oak concealed the dressing-rooms, and a near-by group of trees effectually sheltered the orchestra. The stage was built upon a mound facing the hills, smaller shrubs and trees were transplanted to it, and the result was a charming sylvan stage spacious enough for spectacular choruses, and admirably adapted to all plays requiring an outdoor setting. Seats for one thousand people were arranged upon the hillside, and in the summer of 1910 the Forest Theatre was formally opened.



SCENE IN "THE TOAD," AS PRESENTED AT THE FOREST THEATRE

The initial performance was "David," a biblical drama by Constance Skinner, a California woman. In 1911, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was chosen and presented in July. The third performance was more elaborate and pretentious than anything before attempted. An historical pageant took place in the afternoon, and in the evening "The Toad," a three-act drama of ancient Egypt, was enacted. The author is Mrs. Bertha Newberry, a Carmel resident, and hitherto unknown as a writer of plays.

This completes the list of Forest Theatre productions so far. They have each been successful, presented with sincerity and artistic attention to details.



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THE FOREST THEATRE AT CARMEL



Photos H. D. Van Eaton

"I am an Oriental, a Jew—the wandering tribes of Israel slept often under the stars"

Nazimova—The Unknowable

By LUCILE ERSKINE

FROM a dingy tenement room on the East Side, where, as Madame Nazimova herself drolly says, "we had to knock before we entered, so the rats could make room for us," to a luxurious, gold-leaf apartment just off Fifth Avenue, is what dramatic genius and linguistic adaptability have done for this Russian actress, who was financially as well as artistically successful in St. Petersburg, before her tribulations began here in America. At the time of her unhappy experience on the East Side, she believed her coming to the United States to be the greatest mistake of her life. Now she is of a different opinion. Closing the white and gold door after her, she led the visitor to a cosy niche in which were a blue divan, pillows, rugs, all of the same French shade, and demurely she said:

"At your service!"

Her child-like simplicity completely disarms one. She might have been some intimate chum, as, indifferent to the conventions, she nodded carelessly to a seat, curled herself up on the divan opposite, and puffed away at a cigarette in a gold holder. Nazimova is an inveterate smoker. She smokes incessantly, yet naturally, as many foreign women do, and without the bravado that the American cigaretter puts into her forbidden whiffs. The actress insists that tobacco helps her to think.

Her gown, a loose robe of crinkly stuff which fell in graceful folds, blended with the Copenhagen blue of the general color scheme of the room. Around her mouse-colored hair glittered a band of gold, an artistic frame to the small, delicate, intellectual face. Her eyes, of a blue "never seen on land or sea," are inscrutable, two veils that guard the most secret chambers of the brain. Her voice has the golden insinuating qualities of the Bernhardt, and her feline grace, as from one posture she melts into another, recalls the rising and falling of the waves of the sea.

It was a typically Russian room, with a brass samovar simmering in a corner, the charcoal beneath glowing like a bed of rubies. Around the walls were innumerable portraits of the actress, photographs and oil paintings, each having one or other of the unique sinuosities of which Nazimova has a larger repertoire than possibly any woman living. Yet none did her justice; for Nazimova, when in repose, is not herself. One cannot make a rippless pool out of a flowing fountain without changing its integral character.

On the piano, amidst a pile of music and ornaments, stood a bronze cast of her as Hedda Gabler, that Norwegian heroine as indissolubly connected with her name as is Hamlet with Edwin Booth. It was difficult to believe that the little spright of a woman now before me (she seems much shorter in stature off the stage) could be Ibsen's elongated, decadent destroyer. That is the marvel of Nazimova, the artist. She sheds her own personality like a worn-out skin and fits so tight into the character she impersonates that hers is genuinely a creation. Beside the Hedda Gabler was a cast of Duse's hand.

"Such a sad hand!" commented Nazimova, gazing at it pensively. Then, as she had been quiet a second—a long time for her—she sprang up impulsively and took down the hand to show me.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"No, I have never met her," she replied, stroking the beautiful marble fingers. "I was afraid; she is too wonderful. It is enough to see her face. All the tragedy of the world is there; yet it is not beautiful. Great actresses rarely are."

But I had not come to discuss Duse. I had come to get this clever Russian woman to tell me something about "Bella Donna."

"I read the novel and copied about 160 pages from it, just to enable me to get into the atmosphere. I spent six weeks studying the book in that way. I now know those pages perfectly; yet I shall never utter the words. Then I began to read everything I could find about Egypt—to get more local color—and after that I studied the play and got my lines. Then I put it all away, and tried not to think of it; yet one night I was in a restaurant idly watching a woman. Suddenly she moved her arm. Like a flash I took the gesture from her. It was just what I needed for 'Bella Donna.' That is the way my characters form, they creep upon me unawares. When I went to my first rehearsal, I knew Mrs. Chepstow would stand out vividly before me, complete in every detail. But the great character in 'Bella Donna' is the Egyptian. Well I know what he means by his veiled words. Sometimes I feel I could answer him in his own tongue, for somewhere, sometime, I have seen him before. I knew him thousands of years ago, the last time I was on earth."

Often have I listened politely, but secretly scoffed, while some fashionable celebrity told me that he or she was once filleted Greek or triumphant Roman, but when Nazimova said, "I knew him thousands of years ago," and raised her hand in solemn earnestness, I felt certain that the eyes looking over my shoulder into the misty past had sometime seen antiquity and remembered.

"You are all mystery, Madame Nazimova; tell me about your life."

"Which one?" she retorted, with quick irony.

The girl was gone—a woman, with a face that sorrow had help mould to power, looked fixedly at me.

"The real one—the inner one—the life that no one knows."

"For publication?"

The actress raised her eyebrows as she replied with a smile:

"It is already written by myself." Running lightly to her desk, she brought out some manuscript, an autobiography, and sitting down, began to turn the pages.

"It's up to the time I was eleven years old. I remember everything as if it were yesterday. I wrote it in Russian, of course, and everything is true; not what I should have thought and should have done, but what I *did* think and what I *did* do, and it will be so all through."

"When will you publish it?"

"When I am very old—and there is no more to write."

This autobiography ought to be interesting, when we remember that Nazimova is of the same race as Marie Bashkirtseff and Sonya Kovalesky—those super-women that Russia alone seems able to produce. It will certainly be frank.

"That is what most American women lack—frankness," she said, curling up once more in the chair; "frankness in everything—in speech, in manner, in dress. I mean, of course, the average rich, so-called society woman. They are not natural, not themselves. They are dolls. They wear masks. If they doff them, it must be when they are alone. What they think and do they never talk about. Do they think? I doubt it. They dress after some lay figure, and try to be as much like everybody else as if they were a flock of sheep. Have you read Olive Schreiner's book, "Woman and Labor"? She flays mercilessly the fashionable woman of to-day. She denounces her as a parasite, a danger to our civilization. Interested only in their selfish pleasures, contributing nothing to science or art, often bringing forth feeble-minded, degenerate sons, such women constitute a menace to society. This does not apply, of course, only to American women, but to the rich, idle woman the world over. There is more wealth in America, so one notices it more here—that's all."

"What do you think about American men?"

"I don't know them——"

She lit another cigarette, and then, with a smile and a rougish



"I knew him thousands of years ago, the last time I was on earth"



"The hunger route is the only way"

twinkle in her eye, she quickly added:

"They seem very manly, compared with the effeminate specimens we have in Russia."

"So you like America?"

"How could I help it? Everything here is just the contrary of what one expected. The life is feverish, exhilarating. Every day one hears new, undreamed-of things. You Americans are not supposed to have any myths, yet look at the mythology you create about stage people. Think of all the innumerable people who claim to have discovered me on the East Side—my brave rescuers from poverty and obscurity—they are legion! As a matter of fact, it was not so very bad down on Fourth Avenue. While we did not make money, we played the great classic plays—such as Fifth Avenue would turn up its fashionable nose at—and we played to the most discerning audience in the world. I think it admirable that your rich society women aid those people financially, but sometimes I wonder if Fifth Avenue realizes how inferior mentally it is to Fourth Avenue. The intellect of New York you will find on the East Side; there you find brilliant, cultivated, university-trained men and women. They may lack, for the present, the material things of life, but the future is theirs. They see far and know it.

"Then all at once I became a fad; people were as curious about me as if I had two heads or three legs. The greatest tribute I receive are the letters from men saying that seeing me as 'Nora' in 'The Doll's House' has made their home life happier. To make people happy—that is the highest service given to anyone. If the stage does it, why is it not on a par with the pulpit?"

Nazimova is noted for the artistic manner in which she dresses a part. I asked if she designed her own gowns.

"I never think of changing the lines of my gowns. I abhor the skirt and waist; the break in the middle of the figure is hideous. All art teaches us that the straight line from neck to toe broken by the natural line of the figure is the most beautiful and becoming. I wouldn't think of wearing a panier, unless I wished to appear grotesque—yet I am not a frump and don't look out-of-date or freakish. I make my own mode. I am myself in my dress as in everything else. It is fear that makes American women so much clay in fashion's fingers. If they were more individual in gowning themselves there would be more personalities among them. The costumes I wear on the stage are not externals; they are symbols; they say again in colors what I say in my lines. In 'Hedda Gabler' I had a special rubber to elongate the collar and give a diseased look to my face.

"During the dramatic season my life is no different from any factory or shop girl's. I have no time for anything except an occasional book. Instead of having one 'boss' we have



"We go to art to forget; the more we work the more we forget"



White

Benedick
(E. H. Sothern)

Beatrice
(Julia Marlowe)

Act V. Scene 4. Benedick: "A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts!—
Come, I will have thee"

SCENE IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY, "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," RECENTLY AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

many—the public, and disappointments in battalions, and often despair. A play's success or failure is like tossing a coin; not much fun when you are the coin tossed."

"Does not your love for your art make up for everything?"

"Oh, no, I don't say it does, but love in my own life was unfortunate, and I often wonder if the smug bourgeois who envy us know that we go to art to forget, and that we work hard because the more we work the more we forget. Happiness and greatness are as far apart as the poles. The satisfied are silent; the unsatisfied sing."

When asked if she was interested in any of the women movements of the day, thinking she must be, restive and brilliant as she is, she shook her head and replied with a strange, cryptic look:

"Suffrage, or as Barrie calls it, women wanting to grow beards like men, or eugenics, the production of genius *à la carte*—it seems to me that I have heard all those tiresome questions discussed and settled ages ago."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Some place, some time. I remember and I forget. It was long ago, thousands of years since."

She does not smile. Her face is serious and pensive. You are puzzled. But she does not explain. With all her naïveté, there is something eerie and uncanny about Nazimova. She understands everybody, but no one completely understands her. As soon as she lets you into one unexplored crevice of her personality she closes the door and you can permeate no farther. She is unknowable.

"Only," she went on presently, "the modern woman is efficient, because she is so masculine. Mere femininity gets nowhere. It spells weakness, dependence; and for a woman to have manliness does not mean that she must wear men's clothes, cut her hair short, or get drunk, but that she must have great physical endurance, mental breadth, and survey the world as it is, and not be cuddled with half-truths. I think no woman ought to select the stage for a career unless she has intellect. We would have greater drama if we had more brain among our actresses. Beauty and style are not essential. The "make-up" box will simulate the one; a clever dressmaker will manufacture the other. I don't mean, however, cold, hard intellect. She should be like an æolian harp, so that every human harmony can play upon her; not she upon it. Experience is not necessary—we who mimic life must understand it. You understand with your mind. It is not necessary to visit each and every stratum personally, yet you must know how it feels to be a prisoner at the bar of justice or a child playing among flowers. Intellect alone teaches you that, plus sympathy with humanity—and always she should have an adoration for the beautiful.

"I am very glad, as I look back," she continued, "that I had so much beauty in my early life. Unconsciously, I was preparing for art. I was born at Yalte (the Newport of Russia) on the Black Sea. Our house was right on the water, and in Winter the waves would splash against the windows and the salt lashed the glass like stones. Then we used to climb the mountains to view the sunset. And such coloring! Nowhere out of Italy does the sun dip as gloriously as in the Black Sea. Then I went to Switzerland to be educated, and grew up with the icy peaks to inspire, to strengthen."



Photo Burke Atwell

GLADYS WYNNE AND FISKE O'HARA IN "THE ROSE OF KILDARE"
Scene in the new Irish drama in which Mr. O'Hara is now appearing on the road

"What made you go on the stage?"

"Just like any stage-struck girl. There were no players in my family; my father was a chemist.. At fourteen I went to the Conservatory; later I was a 'super' at Moscow. There I nearly starved. My father had died, and my guardian left me without funds."

"Do you think the hunger route the only way to fame?"

Quickly she nodded assent. Impressively she said:

"Yes, the only way."

We fell to talking about books, and she ran into the adjoining room to get one for me.

"Come in here," she said.

(Continued on page vi)



Gertrud Eysoldt as Turandot



A group of girls in "Turandot"



Johanna Terwin as Adelma

A CHINESE FAIRY-TALE

By RICHARD SAVAGE.

A CHINESE fairy-tale, conceived by an Italian of the eighteenth century, put into verse by a German poet of the nineteenth, revised by a German playwright and set to music by an Italian composer of the twentieth and finally adapted to the American stage by an Englishman—that is the international complexity of "Turandot," a classic remodeled and modernized by Karl Vollmueller which, under the management of Max Reinhardt, was one of the theatrical sensations of Europe last winter. The play had been scheduled for production in America this fall, but the cool reception recently accorded the Gautier-Loti Chinese drama may bring about a change of plan. Managers like to swim with the tide. If a play of the Civil War scores a hit, quickly they present another piece on the same subject. The Oriental play "Sumurun" won a great triumph. Immediately it was followed by "Kismet." Sometimes the tide takes them in the opposite direction. A Chinese play fails to please; therefore all Chinese plays are bad. That is not reasoning; it is the way of the tide. Mr. W. A. Brady had purchased the American rights of "Turandot" with the intention of presenting Grace George in it, but he has changed his mind and will present his wife in a dramatization of Compton Mackenzie's novel "Carnival" instead. But this does not detract from the merit of "Turandot," which is an interesting work and one which the American theatre-goer should have an opportunity of seeing.



Alexander Moissi as Kalaf

If the German poet, Schiller, had not felt obliged to set his pen to work even when he was aware that his muse had deserted him, this play would never have seen modern footlights, but as it is, lacking stuff for a drama, he rummaged among the Impromptu Comedies of eighteenth century Italy, pulled out a rare piece by one Carlo Gozzi and converted it into a tragi-comedy of his own. Though much read and frequently quoted in Germany to-day, this play has never been produced with much success. Schiller turned the story he found into a tale with a moral, and as that will hardly do if one would amuse a modern audience, Max Reinhardt, who knows how to please the public, had Karl Vollmueller, one of his poetical allies, hark back to the original Italian manuscript to build up from it a real comedy, full of fun and mischief. He has succeeded in giving us a most amusing story with all the thrill and the pathos, the improbability and the nonsense of a genuine fairy-tale, which the music of Ferrucio Busoni, the costumes and the scenery designed by Ernst Stern of Munich, and the pantomimic interpolations of Max Reinhardt have converted into just such a wonderful spectacle as the modern audience demands and has learned to expect.

These genii of the stage with their magic transfer you at the rise of the curtain to Dreamland, where nothing is definite and everything is indescribable. Action and costumes, people, words, music, they all melt together into a vague and nebulous impression.

Though that is just the effect that Reinhardt would produce—the effect of atmosphere rather than that of correctness of detail—it is achieved, strangely enough, only through the most conscientious regard for the historical demands of the manuscript. The close analyst in the audience—he who is not content with general impressions, but must inquire into the whys and wherefores—is not long in determining that the dramatic effect here is compounded of equal parts of Venice and the Orient. The fact that this is as it should be, gives the play the interest of abnormality, and places it immediately beyond the throes of classification. We are seeing here, if we but know it, a Chinese fairy-tale through the eyes of eighteenth century Italy; we are meeting characters which belong as much to mythological China as to early modern Italy—they are Chinese characters playing through Italian masks.

The very first scene of the play introduces that strange admixure of Italian and Chinese by presenting



Paul Bienefeld as Tartaglia



Wilhelm Diegelmann as Altouni



Hans Wassmann as Truffaldino

a Venetian Bridge of Sighs in the streets of Pekin. On the iron spikes of the city gates are mounted the grinning, gaping heads of men whose hair has been neatly trimmed into a lone, solemn lock in the center. So symmetric and amusing an array do they present that one wonders whether they have been put here as an ornament to the city. Kalaf, an Astrachan prince, who arrives upon the stage riding a donkey, and clad in a phantastic Tartaric costume is also lost in wonderment at the sight of these monstrosities. From a passer-by, in whom he recognizes Barak, his former Chamberlain, he seeks enlightenment, and hears that these are horrible evidences of the matchless cruelty of the proud and beautiful princess Turandot, and of the eternal sadness into which she is steeping her people. Her keen and lofty mind so controls her heart that she can see in men only inferior beings and must, therefore, utterly repudiate the thought of marriage. The King, her father, has begged, he has cajoled and tried to bribe her into accepting one of her many suitors, but to no avail. Finally, however, they have reached a compromise which is this: That in open court, to any man who would seek to woo her, she will put three questions. Should he succeed in answering them, she will become his wife; should he fail, he will have to pay the penalty with his head. Cries the Astrachan prince incredulously:



Copyright Falk

HOWARD KYLE

In the title rôle of Lessing's play, "Nathan the Wise"

"What a terrible tale you are telling me, Barak, but what fools of men to have risked their lives for such a monster of a girl!"

"They were not fools. They could not help themselves, for they had seen her picture. The soul of him who beholds it is lost, and he will go dancing to his death only to possess the original."

To-day is the funeral of the latest victim of Turandot's haughtiness. The distant roll of drums announces the approach of the executioner. Kalaf tells Barak that as he is here in disguise seeking his fortune, he must disclose to no one his identity. He is reduced to this life of adventure, he says, ever since he has had to flee from his native Astrachan and seek shelter in the neighboring kingdom of King Keicobad, the Tartar. During the wars of this king with King Altoum, of Pekin, he had had to flee again. His parents, alas, he had lost on the way, but when he had made his fortune, he meant to find them again.

As they are talking of these things, in rushes Ismael, the miserable servant of the last unfortunate prince who could not guess the riddles. He cannot be comforted, and in his madness and fury he throws to the ground the portrait of Turandot, which had been the undoing of his poor master.

Here follows the most gripping scene in the play—that in which Kalaf first looks upon the picture of Turandot. As Alexander Moissi played it, he gave a most subtle psychological study, not of a man who is overcome by the emotions suddenly aroused in him, but of one who is gradually moved, pleased, fascinated and finally enthralled by the face in the picture before him. Busoni's music here is an aria upon a theme of awakened love. Instead of disturbing the mood, as incidental music so often does, it serves to enhance its wonder and fascination.

The second act takes place in the hall of the imperial palace. A door at the right leads to the Seraglio, that at the left to the chambers of the Emperor. Truffaldino and Brighella are busy airing their satisfaction over the arrival of another suitor, and ordering the eunuchs about their business of arranging the room for the next guessing contest. With pompous music, the court enters, and with due ceremony the Emperor directs a sacrifice to the gods to gain their indulgence for this unfortunate young man who is risking his life for an unattainable end. When Kalaf enters, the Emperor begs him to reconsider his candidacy for the hand of the princess, telling him that the people are grumbling and openly protesting against this matrimonial massacre. But, in spite of Tartaglia's added timely reminder, "Have you ever considered what it means to be a head shorter?" he remains obdurate—for has he not seen the portrait of the beautiful and incomparable Turandot?

Again the music takes up the story. Truffaldino enters shouldering a broadsword and followed by eunuchs and slaves with tambourines. Then come Turandot's two favorite slaves, the one in Chinese, the other in Tartaric costume. The former carries a small basin in which are the sealed answers to the riddles, which she distributes among the learned doctors, who are lined up in their chairs of state at the back of the stage. The procession passes the Emperor, prostrating itself before him. Finally—Turandot, in rich Chinese costume, deeply veiled, dignified, serious, proudly erect. At her approach the court renews its protestations of fealty. After a surreptitious scrutiny of Kalaf, she turns to her Chinese slave to say: "Zelima, what is happening to me? Never before has a man aroused any compassion in me, but this one has found a way." She begs Kalaf to abandon his purpose.

"See," she says, "I am not as cruel as they make me out to be. It is only my disgust for men that makes me do this. Do not tempt my mind; it is my sole pride, the only weapon given me by Heaven to conceal my soul. It would be my death to have it uncovered."

But Kalaf is not to be won from his determination and the contest is opened. While it is going on the court drinks tea out of tiny cups to tinkling music, to which Truffaldino beats the time with silver bells as he sits at the foot of the princess in the midst of the lovely ladies of the Seraglio. Mingled with this lighter *motif* are many others descriptive of the conflicting emotions and interests of the participants in the scene—the suspense, the breathless interest of the court, the mingled fear and hope of Turandot, the passion and the calm determination of the prince.

Twice he is successful with his answers. Turandot, shaken in her self-assurance, begs him to desist before it is too late. She says to him:

"Daring fool, know that my hatred grows step by step with your hope for victory. Leave this place at once. That is the only way you can save your head."

But Kalaf does not wish to save it in that way, Turandot must give him the third riddle to

(*Continued on page vii*)



White

Punks (David C. Montgomery) — Cinderella (Elsie Janis) — Spooks (Fred A. Stone)

Act. 3. When the clock strikes twelve Cinderella's beautiful clothes are transformed into rags.

SCENE IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE



White
Act I. Bob: "If I had the money you could have a million hats!"



Bob Reynolds (Mr. Edeson) Mrs. Reynolds (Lolita Robertson)
Act III. Bob: "You and I don't seem to do team work when it comes to thieving!"



Act IV. Mrs. Reynolds: "I don't know whether he will be home at all."

SCENES IN EUGENE WALTER'S NEW PLAY "FINE FEATHERS," SUCCESSFULLY PRODUCED IN CHICAGO.

Chicago Applauds Eugene Walter's New Play

EUGENE WALTER, who wrote "The Easiest Way" and "Paid in Full," two plays which stirred New York, has written another drama, entitled "Fine Feathers," which, from all accounts, appears to make an equally popular appeal. New York has not yet seen the piece, which has broken all records in Chicago this season. Produced there at the Cort Theatre on August 12 last, it is the only one of the early productions still current. It was intended to open the new Cort Theatre, in this city, with "Fine Feathers," but in view of the capacity business still being done in Chicago, the New York opening has been postponed.

Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, the critic of the Chicago *Record-Herald,* in his review, declares that the play points a lesson of the highest moment. "Here," he says, "we have the tragedy of a man who relinquishes a right ideal of conduct and pays to the uttermost farthing for the surrender of his soul. Here again is tragedy growing out of incessant fretting at the vexations of a kind of existence almost everybody has to live—disgust at its small economies, impatience with the slow and onerous methods by which a little may be saved and a little ease and pleasure be obtained. The promptings of affection, the wish to see beloved dependents enjoying the things that make life agreeable, are factors in the spiritual disintegration that is the essence of Mr. Walter's tragedy. So Robert Reynolds, irked by his far from unendurable poverty, and shamed by the deprivations his young wife declines longer to endure, takes, like the Laura of Mr. Walter's earlier tragedy of every day, the easiest way. By wickedly misusing his position, which is underpaid, but involves the highest responsibility, he is able to let inferior material go into the construction of a great public work, on the stability of which the lives of hundreds depend.

" 'That dam will last a hundred years with second-grade cement. In twenty years it will be found inadequate and be torn out. The difference between the cement those specifications call for and the cement that will serve is $200,000. Forty thousand of that is yours if you do what you know you can do.'

"That is the gist of the proposition submitted to the young Reynolds, of the mortgaged bungalow on Staten Island and the $25-a-week place in the laboratory of a huge factory.

" 'But that's stealing,' he says, and his contempt is quiet—no heroics in it. The confident, easy, plausible man of affairs replies: 'It's picking up the loose ends of a business deal—and it's picking up the loose ends that's made the American millionaire.'

"So the loose ends are picked up and Robert Reynolds and his wife move from the bungalow on Staten Island, where it was 'shut up the house all winter to keep the air in and shut it up all summer to keep the mosquitoes out,' to a villa on Long Island, where the ventilation is better and the living softer. They had two years of that, and all the time that 'Bob' Reynolds pretended he was getting away with the wrong he had done he knew the wrong was getting him, and he grew gaunt and hollow-eyed, and more and more he put his trust in the bottle and more and more he threw the money that had come of picking up the loose ends into crazy speculations. He turned to the confident man of affairs for more money, and sometimes he got it. He knew it was blackmail, but it was also life and luxury, and a part of 'the easiest way.' But that money went, too, and when 'Bob' was advised to go to the same source for still more, he said, 'He's tried to help me—but it seems as if I couldn't be helped.' There came a day of unprecedented high water and the dam went down and hundreds of lives readjusted the balance of the proposition relative to 'picking up the loose ends.' Then 'Bob' Reynolds, collegian, whom everybody had liked, a good man in the classroom and on the football field, fond husband, and thoroughly schooled chemist, fell a-raving and his mind leaped backward to the day when he and his wife left the bungalow on Staten Island. 'Since that day,' he moaned, 'we've been piling up these things.' The easiest way seemed to be to make an end of it, so he stepped to the telephone and said, 'Send an officer to the Reynolds house on Berkeley Avenue—it's a case of suicide.'

"The room was dark. The woman sat huddled on a divan such as they couldn't have gotten into the Staten Island house. She heard the words, then the shot. There was a hurrying of many feet; then pounding on the door. The playhouse curtain glided downward with an ironic softness, dulling the sounds of the screaming and shutting the turmoil from view.

"Don't you know there are some men who can't do a wrong and get away with it? The wrong always gets them."



Photos White

No. 1. The seven dwarfs asleep. No. 2. Queen Brangomar and Witch Hex. No. 3. Snow White (Marguerite Clark) in the Butterfly Dance. No. 4. Snow White and her maids of honor. No. 5. The dwarfs discover Snow White asleep. No. 6. Witch Hex and her three cats. No. 7. In the throne room of the Queen's palace.

SCENES IN "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE



Wilton Lackaye



Blanche Bates



Julia Marlowe



May Irwin



Mabel Taliaferro



Otis Skinner

THE PLAYER'S CHRISTMAS

By ADA PATTERSON



Maxine Elliott



Julia Dean



Frances Starr



Eleanor Robson

AT Christmas pity the poor player. The rich player, also, for on this day his purse, overflowing though it may be, is powerless. Christmas, for you and me and others who jog in comfortable, undisturbed obscurity along life's road, is home-time and heart-time. For the actor it is work-time and homesick time, the day when he wishes he were a coal heaver, a hotel porter, anybody but a mime.

On this classic holiday he is as forlorn of aspect, as heartsick and hopeless, as that child from the tenement who stares with hungry eyes into a window draped with holly and crowded with gifts and goodies. For corroboration of this strong statement, see any actor who happens to be playing in a Broadway success on this day. He will tell you that he anticipates Christmas with dread.

Maxine Elliott, who is just now illuminating English society even more brilliantly than she did the American stage, clothed the idea in different phrase. Said she, "Christmas on the stage is nothing. There isn't any."

Into every player's summary of the supreme holiday of Christendom there creeps a plaintive note. Even Lillian Russell, who is the apostle of cheerfulness in all circumstances, complains that she never sees Christmas. "I pay for a big Christmas tree and all the presents on it, but I never see it until next day, when it is stripped of all the presents and looks like a banquet table the morning after."

A poignant instance of that twisting of the heartstrings which banishes the accustomed gaiety from the faces of our entertainers beyond the footlight is that which befell Wilton Lackaye in the mid-winter holiday season.

Everyone who has met Mr. Lackaye when off the boards has been fairly sure to meet his small human replica, Wilton Lackaye, Jr. The actor's human copy, his echo and preferred companion, is the small, sturdy lad of eight years, who takes three steps to his father's stride, but toddles uncomplainingly on, whether their walk be down the famous street of amusement or along the beach of the Lackaye home at Shelter Island. A oneness more signal than that between the only child and his parents exists between the senior and junior Lackaye, one so extraordinary that the eminent character actor exalts the trimming of his son's Christmas tree into a sacred rite. Not content with merely ordering the tree on this occasion, he had gone adventuring among the stores for the largest and finest in town. He had set it up himself in the drawing-room of his house on Ninetieth Street, near Riverside Drive, had bought the Santa Claus offerings and himself hung the tree heavy with them. This conjures a vision of a jovous early waking on the dawn of Christmas Day, of the patter of eager little feet, probably bare, down stairs and shrill many-worded joy ecstasy at sight of the wonders Kriss Kringle had wrought, while fond parents look at the child, not the tree. Banish the vision. This is a story of the player's Christmas.

As the clock struck twelve, the whistles blew and bells rang, and all the pandemonium of good will was let loose. Mr. Lackaye, traveling bag in hand, a rueful face looking over the collar of his greatcoat, was descending the steps quickly, but reluctantly, to his cab.

"You must drive double quick to catch my train. I dare not miss it," he said gruffly to the driver.

"Got any little people at home?" he asked the driver after the wild swaying gallop to the station. "I've got one and I can't be at home to see how he looks when he sees the tree to-morrow."

The next night he played "The Pit" in a Southern city.

Blanche Bates recalls the actor's chief humiliation, being fined on a Christmas. "I was playing in a stock company in San Francisco, and after the matinée started on a walk to give me an appetite for a boarding-house Christmas dinner. All would have gone well enough—though one should use the word ill (not well) about an actor's Christmas—if my walk through Sacramento Street hadn't led me past Chinatown. Strange sounds fell upon my ears. I stopped irresolute. You know what happens to the person who hesitates. I was soon lost in the audience of a Chinese theatre. I sat there, enjoying the Oriental grotesquerie, sat on and on, until, glancing at my watch, I saw it was half-past seven. I had missed my boarding-house dinner, which was not an unalleviated evil, but it was time to hurry to the theatre. I started to make my way to the door, but a Celestial barred the way. Rude barbarians of the younger nations may leave the playhouse while a drama is unfolding, but not an Oriental playhouse. That is more than crass rudeness. It is sacrilege. The Celestial nodded toward the door. It was locked. There was nothing to be done but to wait. The queer, monotonous music lost its charm. The strange actors got on my nerves. Bernhardt herself could not have held me at that moment, nor in the succeeding hour and a half that I waited until the audience had paid its homage to art and the curtain fell and the door was unlocked. It was a quarter past nine when, dinnerless, I reached the stage door. My firm friend, the doorkeeper, had lost the power of speech. He could only wag his thumb over his shoulder to a spot whence came wickedly profane sounds. They came from the stage manager. I paid the fine. I thought I ought to after keeping the audience waiting an hour.

At least one actress could not resist the call of Christmas. That was that most domestic of actresses, May Irwin. To the con-

sternation of her manager and the loudly expressed ire of the owner of the theatre she cancelled her engagement in Detroit and came to New York to spend Christmas with her sons, Walter and Harry, at the Irwin home on Sixty-eighth Street, near Central Park. "On the train I wrote out the menu and telegraphed it to my cook, and there was waiting for me the best Christmas dinner I ever ate," said the unrepentent rebel against the customs which make, and keep, an actor's Christmas unhappy.

She in whom, as Mrs. August Belmont, is becoming submerged the memory, if not the personality, of Eleanor Robson, has told of the unhappiest of all her unhappy stage Christmases.

"My mother was away," she said. "Our little flat was terribly lonesome that Christmas morning when I awoke, as a malicious fate would have it, earlier than usual. The day began badly, for my little spaniel, Prince Charlie, was ill. He had licked the fresh varnish from one of the chairs and seemed to be ready to pass from this plane. The Christmas gifts which mother had written that she would send did not arrive. My maid had the toothache and had wrapped her head in a Turkish towel. The day dragged on until it was time to go to the matinée. There the actor's deepest humiliation befell me. Our play had been a failure, and on this Christmas afternoon it was necessary to close the theatre because no one had come to see us. On my way home the cab suddenly stopped.

" 'What's the matter?' I called to the driver.

" 'Look around you, mum, and ye'll see,' was his surly answer.

"We had gotten into a funeral procession and the driver was unable to leave it.

"When we extricated ourselves from this solemn environment, and I reached my home, the maid was no better, the dog was worse. Miss Ada Dwyer, of my company, had asked me to dine with her, and together, at her hotel, we ate our Christmas dinner, she with sorrowful face because her husband and daughter were far away. My tears fell into my plate and mingled with my turkey."

Frances Starr relates the tale of Christmas at a lake town in Michigan when a northern blizzard encompassed the lonely thespians. They were snowbound in the theatre, and celebrated the day dolefully about a stunted pine tree in the cellar.

Julia Marlowe, afflicted with Christmas home-sickness, which she asserts is the worst form of nostalgia, and which reaches its most tortuous form in an actor's breast, sat weeping in her dressing room on a Christmas Eve in a Western city, when a timid tap at the door interrupted her smothered bewailings. Drying her tears she went to the door.

"Mr. Sothern wants to know if you would run over the last scene with him on the stage," said the stage manager.

Miss Marlowe followed the stage manager to what she expected to be a stage crowded with Dantean shadows. Instead, she blinked at the brilliant spectacle of tables set in a hollow square, adorned with holly and mistletoe, shining with silver and piled high with a turkey, with a scroll "Welcome" stretched across the delicate brown of his capacious outlines. There were gifts for all, pleasant speeches from all, and the hour that began with tears of sorrow ended with those of joy. It was a surprise arranged by her thoughtful co-star for the woman who later became his wife.

Otis Skinner thinks the Christmas spirit should be spread, even though more thinly, over the year. The only time he waxes peevish is when his wife, the former Maude Durbin, his one-time leading woman, leads him captive on pre-Christmas shopping tours. So much does he dislike this inevitable shopping that his revolt against Christmas customs has found expression in his specially coined term, "The great annual swap."

Julia Dean and a lone stranger were the only diners in the long, echoing restaurant of a hotel in the South, where she was playing on a recent Christmas. "I think each was sorry for the other," said Miss Dean. "It was embarrassing, for although we sat across the dining room from each other, the room was so silent and empty that we could hear each other munch."



Bangs

MARGERY PEARSON

Now appearing as Suzette in Sam Bernard's new play "All for the Ladies"

Mabel Taliaferro strikes the optimistic note as to the actor's Christmas. I saw her in a box at the Criterion Theatre last Christmas night, an adoringly admiring baby actor in her lap, while the eyes of both were riveted upon the stage, where the small actors were aping the large, at the Stage Children's Christmas Festival.

"My Christmas is movable," she said cheerily. "It isn't on the twenty-fifth, but on any day when the Stage Children celebrate. I always have a happy time renewing my own Gerry Christmases."

Anna Held bears testimony that if you can beg or borrow a child for that day you can contrive a Christmas semblance. The late Richard Mansfield, being of the same belief, gave a Christmas party to a child member of his company on his private car, while the train bearing his company was speeding between Galveston and New Orleans.

De Wolf Hopper always gives a Christmas party to the child members of his company. When, as in the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," there are many children, his content is deep, even with an actor's Christmas.

August Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, in the preface to his play, "Countess Julie," says:

"Not long ago they reproached my tragedy, 'The Father,' with being too sad—just as if they wanted merry tragedies. Everybody is clamoring arrogantly for 'the joy of life,' and all theatrical managers are giving orders for farces, as if the joy of life consisted in being silly and picturing all human beings as so many sufferers from St. Vitus's dance or idiocy. I find the joy of life in its violent and cruel struggles, and my pleasure lies in knowing something and learning something. And for this reason I have selected an unusual but instructive case.



Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Lady Macbeth



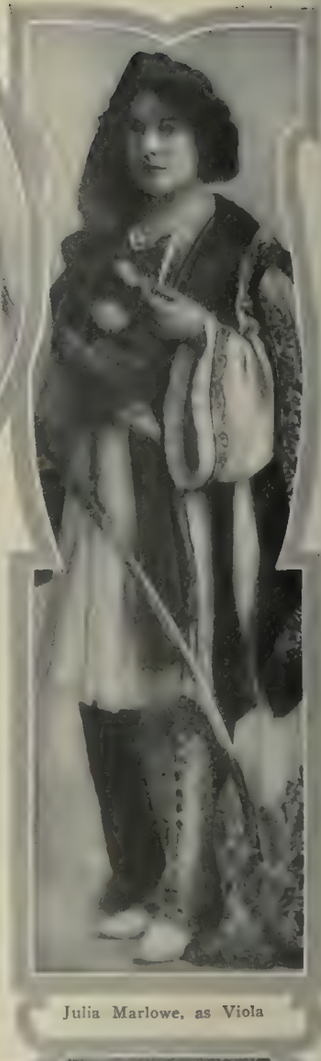
Margaret Anglin, as the Shrew



Ellen Terry, as Queen Katharine



Ristori, as Lady Macbeth



Julia Marlowe, as Viola

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN

By MABEL KEIGHTLEY

FROM time immemorial woman has been the inspiration for the masterpieces of genius. Artists have painted her; sculptors have moulded her; poets have sung in praise of her beauty and virtues, but it remained for Shakespeare to cover her with undying glory.

Very little is known of the mother of Shakespeare beyond her lovely name—Mary Arden. In those days little, if any, attention was given to the biographies of women. When one possessing an uncommon intellectual faculty was discovered the sires were hunted up and lauded, when, in truth, it will be found that in almost every case great men have had great mothers. There is a possibility that Mary Arden was an unconscious model for some of Shakespeare's splendid characters, for had she not been one of the most noble and sweetest of women she could never have dowered her son with such superb imagination, supreme passion or lofty quality of soul.

Napoleon said: "A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure."

That Shakespeare voiced this sentiment has been amply proven. He gave to us a magnificent procession of men, nobles, warriors and statesmen, kings and clowns, yet above all reigns his gallery of perfect women. No writer before or since his time has produced a greater number or a more truthful delineation than this master-poet. If he drew bad women, they were fiends incarnate; if good, they were sublime; if they were gay, there was no limit to their humor—the type is ever perfectly drawn. But no matter what type of woman he created, he never forgot she was a woman. For instance, Lady Macbeth, the most terrible of all Shakespearean creations. To satisfy her desire for ambition she did not hesitate to resort to murder, but she cried out:

"Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't."

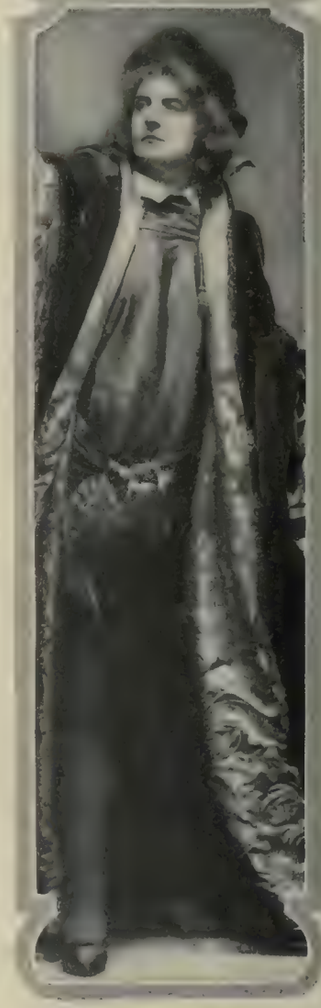
That one line proves the woman is still within her, and also in her urging another to perform what she herself cannot do. She is Macbeth's evil genius—still she is a woman. She exhorts, reproaches, directs, taunts and inspires him to his awful deed. Still she loves, admires and strengthens him. She is not a sympathetic character—rather splendidly heroic. She never shows weakness, is never off her guard, never murmurs except when dreams torment her, yet suffers the torments of the damned in her remorse, but dies uncomplainingly—true to the last.

Shakespeare drew a great and wonderful character in the voluptuous queen of ancient Egypt—the licentious Cleopatra. He made her fascinating, beautiful and artful; surrounded her with a maze of Oriental splendor, but did not give her qualities sufficient to arouse our compassion.

That the poet plainly preferred to write of the lovely, fresh blossoms of the sex is evidenced by the greater number of sweet,



Henrietta Crosman, as Rosalind



Ada Rehan, as Portia



Julia Marlowe, as Juliet



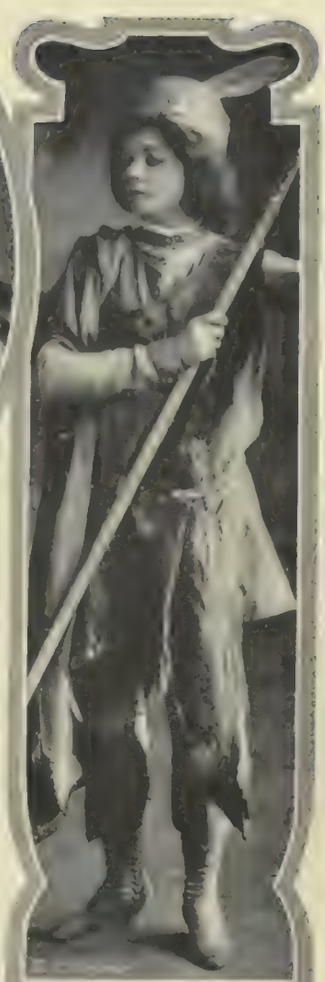
Edith Wynne Matthison, as Hermione



Gladys Hanson, as the Queen in "Hamlet"



Mary Anderson, as Juliet



Maude Adams, as Rosalind



Marie Booth Russell, as Lady Macbeth



Modjeska, as Queen Constance

innocent and gay young girls. How unfortunate would it have been had he preferred to lay waste his God-given talents in creating only such women as Lady Macbeth, Goneril or Regan! Instead, his eloquent and beautiful feminine characters caused Charles Lamb to write of him:

"Shakespeare seems to have had a peculiar delight in contemplating womanly perfection. For his many sweet images of female excellence all women are in an especial manner bound to love him."

Many novelists and writers insist that women are not sincere or steadfast in their friendship, and are not apt to admire another of their own sex. Shakespeare was not of this opinion. That he believed a true woman appreciates and admires a true woman is shown by Jessica's reply to Lorenzo when he questions:

"How doth thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?"
"Past all expressing—the poor, rude world hath not her fellow."

And as for friendship, Helena says:

"We
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key.
So we grew together
Like a double cherry, seeming parted:
But yet a union in partition:
Two lovely berries molded on one stem."

To go farther: Did not Celia leave her palace home and accompany the exiled Rosalind into the wilderness?

"Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir. . . .
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee."

Rosalind is a delightful and bewitching character. The gay, swashing, martial exterior, assumed through her Arden wanderings, does not disguise her bright and glorious womanhood; rather, donning doublet and hose as a means of self-defense more exquisitely defines the beauty and delicacy of her nature. Incidentally, it serves a most pleasing avenue for her bubbling mirth, charm and wit.

Viola is another of the gentle sex who disguises herself under masculine attire. She is not unlike the captivating Rosalind. She has not the latter's pretty sauciness, but in her being "caparisoned like a man" she is none the less tender, sweet and charming.

Miranda is one of the bard's most lovely creations. She is as innocent and unconscious of evil as the books, birds and flowers that have been her playthings and companions, else would she have cried out upon seeing Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian and the other castaways:

O! wonder
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That hath such people in't!"

And the artless reply to Ferdinand's protestations:

"I do not know
One of my sex: no woman's face remember,



Marie Booth Russell as Goneril



Mrs. Coburn as Portia



Julia Arthur as Juliet



Mrs. Brown-Potter as Cleopatra



Viola Allen as Viola

Save, from my glass, my own; nor have I seen
More than I may call men, than you, good friend
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of."

Imogen, the stainless, tender, pitiful Imogen! Deprived of bridegroom, illtreated by an unkind father, abused by a "step-dame false" and domineered by the brutal Cloten, a "noble nothing" as she calls him, and yet never ceases to be the gentle, womanly woman, who remains true to herself whether in her father's court or in the hunter's cave, when princess or servant, and heiress to the throne of Britain, or dispossessed sister to the heir.

As a critic has said: "From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of genius spanned by Fancy's seven-hued arch. . . . He was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought." The variety of his heroines is remarkable. No two are alike. Hermione is a strong, brave and sweet woman—"tender as infancy and grace." She receives with a rare and beautiful dignity the false accusations of her jealous lord. She bears the cross of shame and humiliation without flinching, and after many years of solitude and ill-deserved sorrow, forgives with all her heart the truly unhappy Leontes.

Desdemona is so perfect, so pure and innocent that she is incapable of suspecting Iago of vile and treacherous dealings, and when dying seeks to hide her husband's crime:

"Emilia: Oh, who hath done this deed?"
"Desdemona: Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell."

Then we have the wise and witty Portia of Belmont and her dignified name-sake, the wife of Brutus; the prankish Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page; the peerless Isabel; Katharina, the shrew, and Katharine, consort to the much married Henry VIII—all estimable women in their respective environments.

Katharine of Aragon is among one of Shakespeare's most noted women. She is less poetical than some other Shakespearean heroine, but she is intelligent, stately and natural. Of herself she says:

"Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allowed me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish."

She is noble and brave. She rebukes the all-powerful Wolsey. Her rivals honor her, and even Henry, who has divorced her, says:

"Thou are, alone—
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out—
The queen of earthly queens."



Julia Arthur as Rosalind

To the very end she never forgets her dignity or what is due her. "She will not lose her wont of greatness." Her last words are:

"When I am dead
Let me be used with honor: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like
A queen, and daughter of a King, inter me."

For Ophelia we can have only commiseration. She is far from brave, so we cannot honor her. She is a sweet-natured, sensitive, tender maid, but so lacking in heroism and stability as to be almost pitiful. Hamlet loved her—"forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quality of love, make up my sum"—and yet she failed him at the crucial moment; and when she in turn becomes the sufferer her weak brain is overcome.

Except in the matters of youth and innocence one can scarcely associate the unhappy Cordelia with the passionate Juliet, who, through her own deceit and lack of patience, made a tragedy of what might have been a supreme love story, or to confuse with the gay and frolicsome Rosalind, the brilliant Beatrice, "who was born in a happy hour," or the fairy woodland princess, Perdita.

(Continued on page xii)

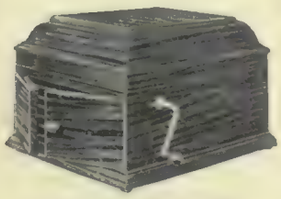
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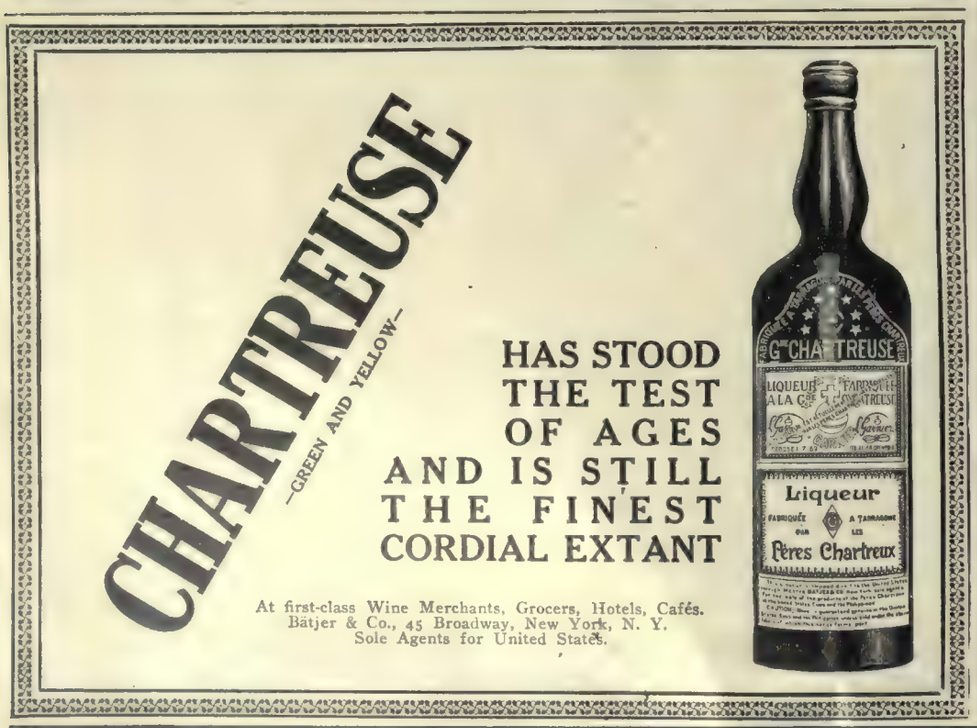
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The Sailor Dramatist

(*Continued from page* 176)

scorned it is a sign that the men without vision are in power. Where there is no vision the people perish."

Even in a truly eloquent passage, Masefield writes:

"Worldly empire has always been gluttonous and foolish. It has always been a monstrous sentimental bubble blown out of something dead that was once grand. Man's true empire is not in continents nor over the sea, but within himself, in his own soul. Here in London, where a worldly empire is controlled, there exists no theatre in which the millions can see that other empire."

Nobility, intensity, bravery are the keynotes of Masefield's inner man; he seeks these as the essential marks of democracy, and these elements he introduces into his play, "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great"—a very remarkable achievement inasmuch as he rewrites history with less wit, but with more moral vigor and more immediate application to the present age than Shaw in "Cæsar and Cleopatra." In the matter of style, this play exhibits uniqueness—a mannerism which might be an affectation were it not effective and sincere. I mean the dialogue is written in short, terse, crisp statements, with no pauses save those of the period. One other dramatic piece has been done by John Masefield—an adaptation for the Royal Court Theatre of "The Witch"—a piece which was arranged for the New Theatre by Mr. Herman Hagerdorn.

It will be seen, therefore, that while Masefield is one of the most promising figures in present English drama, his output is not large. But everything he has done so far for the theatre is indication of perfect workmanship, of clear, formulated characterization, of essential passion. Boys will tell you, after reading his book "On the Spanish Main," or the "Book of Discoveries," that he has the adventurous enthusiasm of a boy. But whether it is history he is interpreting or conditions he is depicting, the human characteristics are what he strives to bring out. So deeply sincere is Masefield that he does not seem to have preconceived motives for doing things.

This dramatic genius thus far has been tragic. That was very evident to the audiences at Aldwyck Theatre who witnessed "Pompey," or those at the London Little Theatre and at Miss Horriman's performance in Boston last year, who saw "Nan." Here is a man deeply concerned about the real life. The truest commentary we could find on Masefield is his work. In his literary tastes, we hear him discoursing on Yeats, Blake, and John Synge; in his outward ambitions. his interest is ever concerned with the sea: he is ever observant of manhood on the broad seas: that is why he has edited so many voyages for his publishers.

*"The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays" has been issued by Mitchell Kennerley, New York, and "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great" by Sidgwick and Jackson, London.

Nazimova—The Unknowable

(*Continued from page* 190)

"I want to show you something."

It was her dressing-room, all in white—rugs, paper, furniture. On the mantelpiece were photographs of Jane Hading, of Bernhardt, and a young protegée, now studying opera. On the table lay a volume of Strindberg. "I love him," she said rapturously. "He utters a great truth when he says: "Men and women hate each other always in the depths of their hearts. Even when they are madly in love, hate is there, coiled up, sleeping. One day it awakes and springs. Ah, that is so true, so true!"

She was silent for a moment, preoccupied by her thoughts. Then, all at once throwing off her serious mood, she jumped up:

"Come and see my roof garden." I followed her up a few steps into a room beneath the sky. On an Oriental rug was a set of willow bedroom furniture. Above was an awning, from which an electric light hung down. She turned to me with a smile: "Here I sleep all winter,—I love the open air. Besides, why should I not live on the roof? I am an Oriental, a Jew,—the wandering tribes of Israel slept often under the stars. They do still in the East."

As I looked over the unoriental vista of New York's irregular sky line, I thought how the poetic will surge up amidst the prosaic—how the racial will persist in spite of alien environment. And then, crouched on the Eastern carpet, with a fresh cigarette between her fingers, she went on telling me of that Oriental Hedda Gabler she was soon to create.

A Chinese Fairy Tale

(Continued from page 192)

solve. Fearing that he will guess that too, she resorts to strategy and—unveils her face. At first it seems as though she would succeed, so dazzled and overwhelmed is Kalaf by the beauty and witchery of her face; but, no, Kalaf is still master of his wits and the third riddle, like the first and the second, is solved.

The court is overjoyed; Turandot infuriated. As Altouni descends from his throne to embrace his promised son-in-law, Turandot interrupts by declaring that there must be three new riddles before she will subject herself to this haughty man. Altouni objects, but Kalaf is willing because: "If I cannot touch her heart I will not have her hand." Though the Emperor will at first not hear of a postponement of the marriage, he is finally prevailed upon to accept another compromise to the effect that Turandot must now answer a riddle given her by Kalaf. If she cannot do this within one day, he may have her heart and hand; if she is successful, she may claim his head.

Gertrude Eysoldt, probably the most intellectual and versatile actress in Germany, plays the part of the princess, not as a cold European beauty, but as a capricious little wildcat "capable of pulling feathers out of birds and scratching their breasts."

The plot now becomes a little thin, but music and pantomime help to keep the interest of the audience at a high pitch to the end. The exercise which Kalaf has set for Turandot's mind is no more complex than to find out what his and his father's names may be. From this point, the story is concerned with the various attempts of the princess and her slaves to eke out the necessary information by trickery, cunning, bribery or any other means. While these various schemes and strategies of a mental war are being discussed and followed, the spectator is conducted from one gorgeous room in the Seraglio to another. The last scene of this act takes place in the bed-chamber of Kalaf, where he is visited by several mysterious persons, each of whom is trying in a different way to trap him into telling his name and his father's name. The first is Zelima, who pretends to have come from his father who is a prisoner of the princess, and begs for a signed word from his son, assuring him of his safety and welfare. But Kalaf is too wary for her and she leaves, no wiser. Then comes Truffaldino with the magic wonder-root which he believes will help him to interpret the gestures of the lightly sleeping prince as spelling out the name in a sort of deaf-and-dumb language. Thinking he has found it in this manner, he departs. Hardly has he gone when in comes Adelma, the Tartar slave, daughter of King Keicobad, who had fallen in love with Kalaf when he had been a fugitive in her father's kingdom. She begs him to flee to safety and to freedom with her, but when he will not hear of such a course of action, tells him that Turandot has bribed the guards at his door to kill him in the night.

In the last act we have the court scene again. Two priests guarding a Chinese idol are at the centre back; the eight worthy doctors are in their places, the Emperor upon his throne, Pantalone and Tartaglia at his side and the soldiers and Brighella keeping order. Turandot and her train enter to the accompaniment of a funeral march, wearing all the insignia of mourning. Proudly and sadly she gives herself up, admitting herself conquered.

Kalaf, believing that Turandot bears only hatred for him, attempts to kill himself, but is interrupted by the princess, who rushes down from her throne, calling with mingled fear and love, "Kalaf, O my Kalaf!"

They look at each other, perplexed and bewildered.

"Is it thus you show your pity—that I should live?
Should live a life bereft of hope and love?
Here ends your power. You may kill me, yes,
But make me live, for that you have no might."

At his second attempt to kill himself, Turandot throws herself into his arms, crying, "Live Kalaf, live—for me!"

After she has confessed that it was not through her own wisdom, but through the cunning of one of her slaves that she obtained the names after she has been duly forgiven for this play at deceit by Kalaf, she makes her first speech as a converted suffragist directly to the audience:

"To you gallants, now let me say,
I love you all, and if you want to show your
Happiness, you may applaud my late conversion."



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Napoleon and the Drama

(*Continued from page* 182)

woman whom he favored ever exercised an influence in his political affairs or in the distribution of his favors."

When Napoleon returned to Paris after his second triumph in Milan, a number of Italians returned with him as singers at the Royal Opera, and one among them, Guiseppina Grassini, the most famous contralto of her times, returned with the conqueror as his mistress. A beautiful and much feted woman, she dreamt of possessing the influence of a Mme. de Pompadour and soon after her arrival made manifest this ambition. It was not long, however, before she found herself commanded to remain in political obscurity. Weary of living in suppression, and finding that the first man in the land was really more interested in the state than in her, she sought the romance which her passionate nature demanded by eloping with a young violinist. Upon her return to Paris, twelve years later, though she had broken her contract, "Napoleon, philosopher, did not reproach her, but reinstated her in her former position at the Opera." After the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington "acquired Mme. Grassini as he did many other objects of art and beauty which belonged to the Emperor."

Napoleon's favorite among the actresses and certainly the one who stood in his good grace the longest, was Josephine George Weimer, a girl who startled all Paris by appearing in the most difficult tragic rôles at the age of fifteen. Whatever she may have lacked in maturity of understanding and power of interpretation, she made up in statuesque beauty and feminine charm. The Consul (for this was before 1804) often had her visit at St. Cloud, playing and romping with her there like a child. His biographers say that he was never more human, more boyish and joyous than in her presence. He was often heard to laugh heartily at her amusing prattle and once was discovered with a garland of white roses she had been wearing in a play, wound about his head.

"Am I not beautiful?" he cried. "I look like a fly in the milk."

Confronted by the prospects of a separation through a projected expedition to England, she and her lover waxed very sad and serious. Sitting down on the floor together, they discussed the matter from every viewpoint, finding no consolation until Napoleon was inspired to suggest a little purse of 40,000 fr. There was some solace in that.

At the height of her power and fame, she, too, broke her contract, fleeing to Russia with a more amorous lover, and again Napoleon showed his magnanimity by reinstating her at the Comédie Française and commanding that she be paid her full salary for the five years of her absence. She, in turn, to show her gratitude, remained faithful to the Emperor when he was exiled to Elba and procured for him some very important papers. At this time she was one of a very few members of the company of the Théâtre Français who refused to play for the Bourbon court, and after Waterloo, she chose to leave the country rather than play for the enemies of her patron who had been her first love. Jerome secured for her the tiny pension of 2,000 fr. a year, and when she died in want and obscurity at the age of seventy-eight, Napoleon's nephew paid for her funeral and brought her the last tribute from the Bonapartes.

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The Deadly Cabaret

(Continued from page 184)

jade (the cabaret): the sort of cousinship there is between the woman of the streets and the favorite of a king. Moe would not go to the joints, so the joints are brought to Moe."

Where the cabaret shows are not patently vulgar, where they are not suggestive, they are plainly stupid. Here is the plain, frank, unvarnished, ungarnished program at one of the best known of the cabaret restaurants as delivered from eleven thirty to twelve thirty on the night of October 9:

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BANJO SELECTION (male performer): *"Alexander's Ragtime Band."*
DANCE (man and woman): Species: *Turkey Trot.*
SONG (woman vocalist): *"I Love My Wife, But O You Kid."*
SONG (male vocalist): *"The Merry Widow Waltz Song."*
SONG (woman vocalist): *"Way Down in Dixie-Land."*

Now, ladies and gentlemen and cabaret operators, I ask you: Could there be a program of keener stupidity and antiquity? Could you, in the cheapest of vaudeville places, encounter such another? Songs with the moss of ages on them creaked out of asthmatic throats and accompanied by the waiter's: "Don't youse want to order nothing more to drink?" Where is the gayety here; where the "revelry" and "life"?

So much for the shows. They will die of their own dullness, their own vacuity. As for the spectators, the majority of them are lecherous, lickerish old men and grinning, evil-eyed, lubrical young ones and the overdressed demi-monde of the West Forties. At the average cabaret show, the antics, the speech, the movements, attitudes and whisperings, the looks and the glances of this worthy crew are in fine accord with the spirit of the whole pandering, seeking, sensual thing. A good place to take the wife, the daughter, the man and wife from out of town! A fine place to take a respectable companion for an after-theatre bit of supper! The tables being placed indecently close, one will frequently have to raise the voice to hide from the ears of one's associate the choice smut of the half-drunken party at the next table. One will frequently have to point out to one's wife something in the other corner of the room in order to divert her attention from something going on at a table in her direct range of vision. Were a restaurant still a place where one went to eat and drink in normal fashion, would such be the case? Has not the faked-up "life" of the cabaret caused this imitation, but just as foul, suggestive by-play to squirm into the hitherto sanitary eating places? Has not this sort of thing, moreover, been encouraged by the cabaret purveyors so that more drinks will be bought and so that the lure of "the atmosphere of Paris" (sad, aborted phrase) may draw extra suckers into the money-spending net?

I think so.

I think, too, that the years of the cabaret are numbered and that even now, on the far horizon, there shows a faint streak of pink that heralds the coming of a fair, clear day when one may again enter a restaurant and get something to eat without being insulted by brazen females hired by the management, and by brazen females and brazen males not hired by the management, who have been led to imagine that they are Parisian boulevardiers just because they order (and pronounce) a dash of absanthe in their cocktails, French-fried potatoes with their filay meenyon, French dressing on their salad and fromaj day Bree with their demi-tassy.

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers 8 to 14 West 38th Street, New York

An Evening at Madame Rachel's

(*Continued from page* 168)

owing to the urgent interference of her sister that she had been forgiven and been allowed to retain her place at the table.

Rachel (answering to her German scolding): Leave me in peace, I want to speak about my youth. I remember that one day I wanted to make punch in one of these pewter spoons. I held the spoon over the light and it melted in my hand. By the way, Sophie, give me the kirsch: we will make some punch. Ouf . . . I am through: I have eaten enough. (The cook brings a bottle.)

The Mother: Sophie is mistaken. That is a bottle of absinthe.

I: Give me a drop.

Rachel: Oh, how glad I would be if you would take something with us.

The Mother: Absinthe is supposed to be very healthy.

I: Not at all. It is unhealthy and detestable.

Sarah:: Why do you want to drink some, then?

I: In order to be able to say that I have partaken of your hospitality.

Rachel: I want to drink also. (She pours out absinthe into a tumbler and drinks. A silver bowl is brought to her, in which she puts sugar and kirsch; then she lights her punch and lets it flame up.) I love this blue flame.

I: It is much prettier if there is no candle burning.

Rachel: Sophie, take the candles away.

The Mother: What ideas you have! Nothing of the kind will be done.

Rachel: It is unbearable. . . . Pardon me, Mamma, you dear, good one. . . . (She embraces her.) But I would like that Sophie takes the candles away.

A gentleman takes both candles and puts them under the table—twilight effect. The mother, who in the light of the flame from the punch appears now green, now blue, fixes her eyes upon me and watches every one of my movements. The candles are brought up again.

A Flatterer: Mademoiselle Rebut did not look well this evening.

I: You demand a great deal. I think she is very pretty.

A Second Flatterer: She lacks *esprit.*

Rachel: Why do you talk like that? She is not stupid, like many others, and besides she has a good heart. Leave her in peace. I do not want my colleagues to be talked about in this manner.

The punch is ready, Rachel fills the glasses and distributes them. The remainder of the punch she pours into a soup-plate and commences to take it with a spoon. Then she takes my cane, pulls out the dagger which is in it and commences to pick her teeth with the point of it.

Now there is an end of this gossip and this childlike talk. A word is sufficient to change the whole atmosphere of the evening, and what follows is consecrated with the power of Art.

I: When you read the letter this evening you were very much moved.

Rachel: Yes, I felt as if something was breaking within me, and in spite of all I do not like this piece very much (Tancrède). It is untrue.

I: You prefer the pieces of Corneille and Racine?

Rachel: I like Corneille well enough, although he is flat occasionally and sometimes too pompous. All that is not true.

I: Eh, eh! Mademoiselle, slowly, slowly!

Rachel: For instance, see, when in "Horace" Sabine says, "One can change the lover, not the husband"—well, I don't like that; that is common.

I: At least you will admit that that is true.

Rachel: Yes, but is it worthy of Corneille? There I prefer Racine. I adore him. Everything that he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!

I: As we are just speaking about Racine, do you remember that some time ago you received an anonymous letter in which some hints were given to you in reference to the last scene of "Mithridate"?

Rachel: Certainly. I followed the advice, and since then I have a tremendous amount of applause in this scene. Do you know the person who wrote me that?

I: Very well. It is a woman who is the happy possessor of the most brilliant mind and the smallest foot in Paris—which rôle are you studying now?

Rachel: This summer we shall play "Maria Stuart," and then "Polyeucte," and maybe . . .

I: What?

Rachel (beating the table with her fist): Listen, I want to play "Phèdre." It is said I

(*Continued on page xv*)

Where Operatic Reputations

(*Continued from page 173*)

tribute to his immense powers and his sturdy character, which won him the loftiest final judgment of all).

Bonci, 1897, "I Puritani," Feb. 18 (*Buonissimo*).

Pinkert, 1897, the same night (*Buonissimo*).

Scotti, 1899, February 9, "Les Huguenots" (*Buonissimo*).

Caruso, 1900, December 26, "La Bohème" (*Buono.*)

Zenatello, 1902, December 22, "The Damnation of Faust" (*Ottimo*).

And so they have come and gone, thousands of men and thousands of women, since 1778, some of them more brave than clever, but all of them willing to be offered to the fearful consideration of some dark-eyed, melancholy man who held the baton in the orchestra. To put them through their paces before this autocrat of the playhouse, there are upon the pay-list of the treasurer of La Scala more than 900 persons, from the monarch down; and it is the latest of these despots, Arturo Toscanini, whom now America has taken.

But even that mighty Director is no king to the world behind his back. Let him once turn his head away from the stage before him, and his power is gone. He who can send the most muscular bass-drummer home to his quaking family in a rage of guilty fear, may have to turn and run before the mandate of the terrible critics in the gallery far above his head. There they sit in judgment on him, lolling back between acts and arguing noisily, or straining forward during the performance of the opera, sprawling on one another's backs in their keen desire to see and hear. There have been times when a single jeer from there has wrecked a well-meant effort at staging a new work; and the time was not so very long ago when an unpopular Director was driven off his rostrum and out of the service of the house forever, and the curtain rung down on a half-done night, and an audience sent complaining to its homes, by just that quick and deadly disapproval.

"Ma! but that is a *bella voce!"* you can hear them whisper, huddled together into an apparently inextricable and certainly indistinguishable mass of human interest, their bodies lax and inert, their minds all on the music.

"Si, si, si, si!" comes chorusing from the heap, piled in the last far corner of the loft. "She will put Italy into her pocket and take it away to *Nuovo York."*

"Dio mio!" you hear in half a dozen places all at once, *"I Americani!"*

The pit is sometimes unreasonable. As early as 1793, according to the records, the audiences were troublesome. Some of them demanded too many encores. Others would not let the performance go on after an interruption caused by some singer particularly capable of arousing hostility. Whistles, hisses, groans, shouts, yells and noises with the feet were specifically named and itemized as offenses against the dignity of the Most Serene Archduke in a manifesto issued prior to 1800. In later days, when seats on the floor cost from $2.50 to $6 each, there is in effect a process of natural selection which eliminates certain elements from the case.

At the ends of the acts every man in the house jumps to his feet and begins a review of the house through his glasses, in approved European fashion. There is an excellent café in the lobby where champagne is served between acts, or where you could go and write a letter home if you wished and the music did not interest you.

But after all, it is less the audience than the singers that count in La Scala, and there you do not see them as they truly are. There is a very famous restaurant in a side street not far from that dusty *porte-cochère* which has been the patient and immovable object of contempt for more than a century. After the performance, while you are sipping your chianti or your black coffee there, in waiting, they begin coming, first the chorus men, and then some of the chorus women, though in smaller numbers, and afterwards a dozen of the lesser singers themselves. There is plenty of material to keep up the conversation. "It is my last night, *caro amico,"* insists a weather-worn soprano, stirring her potion listlessly. "I shall never sing again. What can you do when everyone is jealous of you!"

"Ecco!" responds her companion, with noncommittal emphasis. He hears it every night and it does not hamper his enjoyment of the evening paper which he always brings for this last hour of his day. She continues while he reads, and presently the mere talk rests her and she is commenting with hopeful vivacity on the



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advertisements at the back of the journal he holds between them.

"*Cameriere!* By Bacchus I swear you have eaten that omelet yourself!" roars a full-chested basso from his corner, and sits down again hammering the iron table with his fists.

"Listen, *amico mio,*" declared a fragile little tenor, grasping the buttons on his neighbor's coat and drawing himself up by them to be better heard, "Listen, I will kill that man. I will kill him. I will crush him between my hands for getting in front of me on the stage. My soul hates blood, but it will laugh at his."

"*Va bene,*" laughs the other, shaking off the little fellow. "Here he comes!"

Perhaps a little to your amazement, nothing more serious happens than a handshake all around, and the three finding a corner of their own from which is presently heard the friendly row made by men of all nations upon the question of who shall pay for their drinks. Among them all there is the stale, unshaven paleness of the player's after-hour. There is much smoking of cigarettes, and then with the busy night already on the wane, they straggle out and go chattering home to bed. Meantime the principals have gone their own ways. Some of them are loitering over their more than midnight suppers. One has swept compellingly into an early-morning restaurant, a rôle she loves above all others, and has sent the waiters galloping on a score of magnificent orders. Others are talking themselves over with the newspaper men and the resident correspondents of the music journals who are, in Milan, the "Washington representatives" of their special press.

Halfway home you will hear a cheering in a near-by square, and, crossing through the empty streets, will find in front of some big and all but protesting apartment house a crowd of the admirers of the *prima donna* of the evening, sending up frantic acclaim to her windows, and dragging to the doors the towering flower pieces which were given her on the stage.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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Shakespeare's Women

(*Continued from page* 200)

Sorrow and suffering instead of love and passion, fun and frolic, freedom, and the wood, is Cordelia's lot. Her simple truthfulness leads to her being set adrift from her father's house. Falling into the weakness of age, Lear's fondness for love and flattery is hard to appease. Goneril and Regan with the extravagant and honeyed words satisfy his fond and jealous heart, but when the honest, affectionate Cordelia says she will love him as much as she ought, and when she is married she will "divide her love, her duty and her care," the unseeing bear cries out: "So young and so untender!" To which she replies:

"So young, my lord, and true." Enraged, her kingly father screams wrathfully:

"Thy truth then be thy dower!"

No more is heard of the gentle Cordelia until she returns to England with the French army to succor and aid her father in his extremity,—the father who banished her with his curse.

Tremendous, beautiful, yet how sad is the tragedy of "Lear!" The sublime beauty of this young girl—delicate, frail and tender, still possessing an unconquerable power of endurance, the will to do what is right! How it pulls and tears at the heartstrings when the old King, shorn of his power and glory, comes forth from his cell with his dead Cordelia in his trembling arms—boasting of what he has done—little realizing that the fragile flower has gone from him forever. And when he knows the lovely, noble, truthful one is gone, he cries out in the agony of his despair:

"Why should a horse, a dog, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?"

There are many other beautiful and splendid women in Shakespeare's wonderful gallery. Sweet, kind and brave women who bear their trials and misfortunes without murmur or flinching, and forgive without grudge or parley.

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"William Shakespeare was the greatest genius of our world. He left to us the richest legacy of all the dead—the treasures of the rarest soul that ever lived and loved and wrought of words the statutes, pictures, robes and gems of thought. He was the greatest man that ever touched this grain of sand and tears we call the world."

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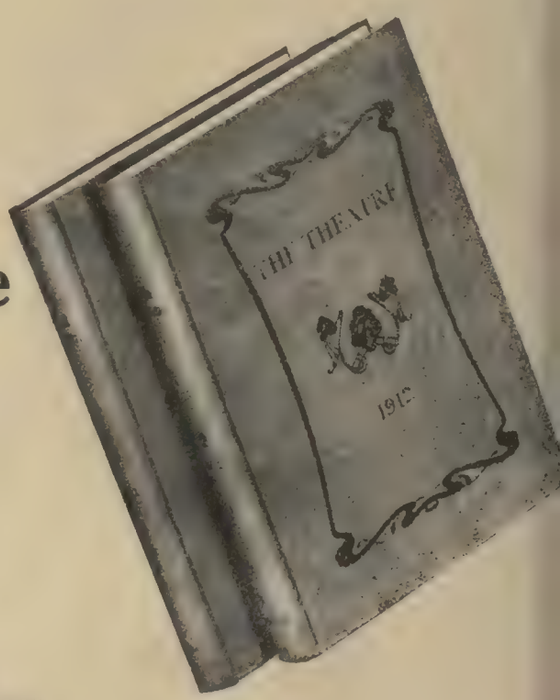
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An Evening at Madame Rachel's

(Continued from page x)

am too young, that I am too thin, and a hundred other stupidities of that kind. But I answer, it is the most beautiful part written by Racine, and I shall play it.

Sarah: That would probably not be right, Rachel.

Rachel: Leave me in peace! They think I am too young, the part is not appropriate. By Heaven, when I am playing Roxane I have said quite different things, and what do I care about that? And if they say that I am too thin, then I consider that a stupidity. A woman who is filled with a criminal love, and who would rather die than submit to it, a woman who is consuming herself in the fire of her passion, of her tears,—such a woman cannot have a bosom like the Paradol; that would be absurd. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. I do not know how I am going to play it, but I can tell you this: I feel the part. The papers can write what they please. They will not spoil it for me. They do not know what to bring up against me, in order to harm me instead of helping and encouraging me; but if there is no other way out of it I shall play it to only four persons. (Turning to me) Yes, I have read many candid and conscientious criticisms, and I know of nothing better, nothing more useful; but there are many people who are using their pens in order to lie, in order to destroy. They are worse than thieves and murderers. They kill the intellect with pin-pricks. Really, if I could I would poison them!

The Mother: Dear child, you do not stop talking; you are making yourself tired. You were on your feet at six o'clock this morning; I don't know what was the matter with you. You've been gossiping all day. And you even played this evening. You will make yourself sick.

Rachel (full of liveliness): No, let me be. I tell you, no. I call this life. (Turning to me) Shall I fetch the book? We will read the play together.

I: You attempt to ask? You cannot make me a pleasanter proposition.

Sarah: But, dear Rachel, it is half-past eleven.

Rachel: Who hinders you from going to sleep?

Sarah actually goes to bed; Rachel rises and goes out, and on returning holds in her hands the volume of Racine. Her expression and her walk have something festive and sacred about it. She walks like a priest who, carrying the holy vessels, approaches the altar. She sits down next to me and snuffs the candle; the mother falls asleep smilingly.

Rachel (opening the book with special reverence and leaning over it): How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book I could forget to eat and to drink for two days and two nights.

Rachel and I begin to read Phêdre. The book lies open between us on the table. All the others go away. Rachel bows to each one as they depart, with a slight nod of the head, and continues in her reading. At first she reads in a monotonous tone, as if it were a litany; by and by she becomes more animated; we exchange our ideas and our observations about each passage. Finally she arrives at the explanation. She stretches out her right arm on the table, resting it on her elbow, the forehead in her left hand. She lets herself be carried away by the contents of the passage; at the same time she speaks in a half-lowered voice. Suddenly her eyes flash, the genius of Racine lights up her features, she pales, she blushes. Never have I seen anything more beautiful, anything more moving; nor did she ever make such a deep impression on me in the theatre.

So the time passes until half-past twelve. The father returns from the opera, where he had seen the Nathan appear for the first time in "The Jewess." No sooner had he sat down than he ordered his daughter in brusque words to stop her declamation. Rachel closes the book and says:

"It is revolting. I am going to buy myself a light, and will read alone in bed."

I looked at her, big tears filled her eyes.

It was really shocking to see such a creature treated in this way. I rose to go, filled with admiration, respect and sympathy.

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The Opera Season Opens

(*Continued from page* 167)

des Arts as a ballet. Mr. Damrosch gave its first performance in America, and he won his hearers' hearts and ears completely. The opening episode of the "Sleeping Beauty" is fascinating, but is eclipsed by the next incident of "Hop o' My Thumb." Then comes the strange tale of the "Empress of the Statuettes," followed by the ingratiating "Beauty and the Beast," and all ending with "The Fairy Garden." The music is charged with imagination of the highest poetic order, the orchestration is very novel and the audience applauded delightedly and demanded repetitions of some. At this concert the soloist was Maggie Teyte, English soprano of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. She sang Mozart's "Voi che sapete" in a listless manner, but then she sang a group of French songs in which she more than redeemed herself—particularly in Duparc's "Extase," which was beautifully sung and most sympathetically accompanied by Walter Damrosch at the piano.

Æolian Hall had been inaugurated several days earlier by a piano recital given by a Hungarian pianist, Gottfried Galston, who has been active in Munich, and is making his first American tour. Galston has great technical equipment, and at times showed that he possessed good, round tone. But for the most part his playing was dry, pedantic and uninteresting in its lack of sentiment.

Marcella Sembrich, wonderful artist, gave a recital at Carnegie Hall after an absence of a year abroad. She taxed the capacity of the hall, and when she appeared was greeted by a reception that proved without any doubt the tremendous esteem in which she is still held by the concert-going public here. Another demonstration was after the second group of songs, when the ushers were all transformed into flower pages and carried masses of flowers down the aisle, completely covering the grand piano and converting it into a bower. Sembrich had deserved all this. She sang, for instance, two of Schumann's "Brautlieder" in a manner that not even veteran concert-goers can recall having heard from any other Lieder singer. Schumann, Brahms, Franz and Cornelius were the only composers on her programme, but she provided variety a-plenty by her artistic interpretations. Frank LaForge played admirable accompaniments.

Another wonderful recital was given by Mischa Elman, the Russian violinist, who also has been absent from America one season. His art and his tone have grown in his absence, for while he was always possessed of an extraordinarily beautiful, lush tone, it seems actually to have grown more lovely. It is warm and round, is noble in its sentiment, Elman is a great player, one of the forces in a battle royal of violinists which is to be fought out this season, as Ysaye, Kreisler and Zimbalist are all to appear in the concert arena here.

So the music season has just begun, but it is already brimful of interest and there is much much more to come.

THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 164)

argues the proposition that there is one code of morals for men and another for women with much humor and distinction.

CRITERION. "BACHELORS AND BENEDICTS." Comedy in three acts by Jackson D. Haag and James Montgomery. Produced on November 2d.

"Bachelors and Benedicts" was pretty sad, and why any theatrical manager could have imagined a metropolitan career for it is one of those things difficult to explain. A bachelor marries. The four cronies of his days of freedom, marvellous specimens of atrocious manners, proceed to comfort themselves in a way not calculated to make them popular with the wife. The newlyweds quarrel, the note of jealousy is touched because of a mysterious girl, who in the end is no mystery at all. They part, but, of course, the reconciliation is finally brought about and the majority of the matrimonial scoffers fall victims to the system. Some of the dialogue was slangily bright, and the widow, with a well-defined plan of action, was cleverly drawn and capitally acted by Grace Goodall.

DALY'S. "THE POINT OF VIEW." Play in four acts by Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced on October 25th.

"The Point of View" exhibited an amount of uniformly good acting that was much better

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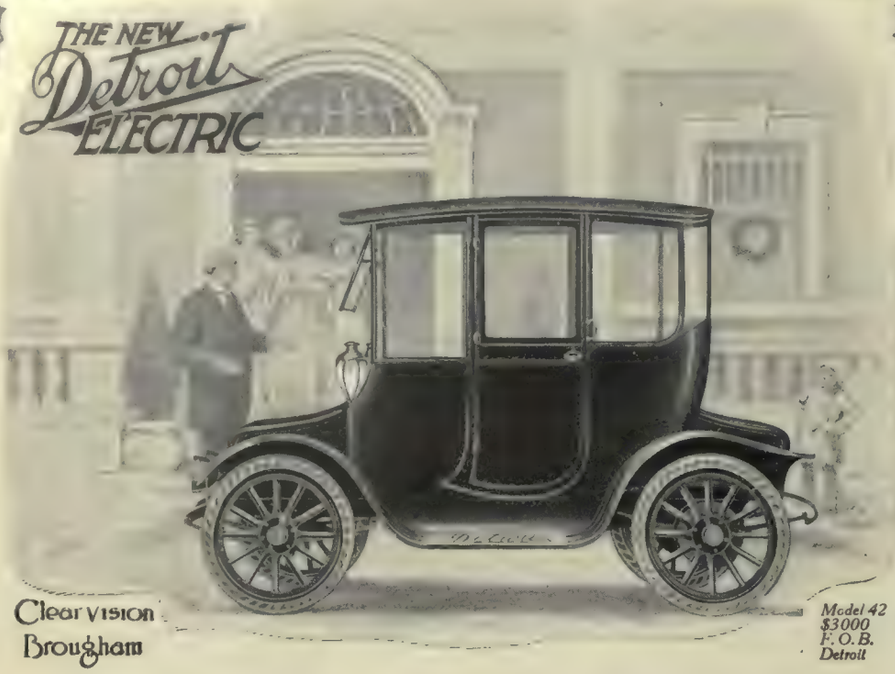
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than the play as a whole. If a girl, engaged to one man, goes wrong with another, and refuses to marry him because she thinks he does not really love her, but is acting under a sense of duty, that is really her own affair. She is entitled to her point of view, and that ends it. It is really a tame ending to a storm of emotional experiences.

BROADWAY. "THE DOVE OF PEACE." Comic opera in three acts by Wallace Irwin and Walter Damrosch. Produced on November 4th.

"The Dove of Peace" is foolishly, or, perhaps better said, inefficiently, fantastic. The libretto is no worse than the common run of what is used for the purpose of giving occasion for song and dance and the devices of stage-managers. It is saved from utter stupidity by glitter and color and the expenditure of those energies that go into all comic operas. Alice Yorke, Jessie Bradbury and Henrietta Wakefield, Arthur Deagan, Frank Pollock and Thomas Hardie were the principals in the singing.

WALLACK'S. "OUR WIVES." Comedy in three acts (from the German) by Helen Krafft and Frank Mandel. Produced on November 4th.

Through a tedious, trite and slow-moving first act we learn in this play that three members of a congenial quartette of bachelors are about to be carried off by matrimony, and that the fourth, the sole survivor, is a librettist in search of a collaborator. Deciding, finally, that he will have none other to compose the music for his words than the originator of certain melodies haunting his memory, he traces them to their source, only to find, to his disappointment, that they are the products of a charming young person, but—a woman. He asks her to collaborate with him, but makes a contract by which each agrees to ignore the sex of the other.

Henry Kolker, whose splendid voice and good delivery are always a delight, acts the part of the librettist with much finish, although he does take himself and his rôle too seriously. Pamela Gaythorne, as Wilson, the sexless melody-maker, makes the most of a shadowy and conventional rôle.

HARRIS. "A RICH MAN'S SON." Comedy in three acts by James Forbes. Produced on November 4th.

Mr. Forbes in this play is not so felicitous as in his other popular piece, "The Traveling Salesman." The story is somewhat trite. In short, it is a slipshod play. A rich father plans that his son shall marry for social position. He has selected for him a silly but amiable girl for whom the son can find no liking. The boy is also to give up his idle life and go to work in the business office of the father's establishment. He accepts the conditions and promptly falls in love with the stenographer, who refuses, out of a sense of propriety, to encourage him. Upon discovering his son's love for the stenographer, the father discharges the girl. She refuses to elope with the impetuous young man, and when she is about to be sent off in the automobile he takes the place of the chauffeur. Arrived at the hotel, he registers, without her knowledge and without design to compromise her, in a way, that leads to complications. Father and mother follow the supposed elopers.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE." Play in four acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced October 28th.

A play whose theme is the safeguarding of virtue may not gain wide popularity in competition with the trivial and the theatric, but this piece, with its simplicity and good aim, should hold its own and prosper by reason of its distinctive qualities. The title of Mr. Hamilton's play is not a good one, for it would seem to imply a reproach to ignorance of vice. The announcement that its lesson is that the young should be taught, in public and private training, the nature of the sexual relation, is also not well taken. The play is not as big as that or as absurd as that. And yet it is not a little play, for it handles with absolute thoroughness, without offense and with sincerity, an accident in the life of youth, and teaches a truth of universal application. If the play preached in a didactic way, and if its action simply moralized, it would not be worth the while, but it is full of domestic tenderness, comedy, genuine feeling and the dramatic.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER." Comedy in four acts by Oliver Goldsmith. Revived on November 11th.

Miss Annie Russell's revival of old English comedies is a pleasant relief in a season that so largely busies itself with plays of questionable

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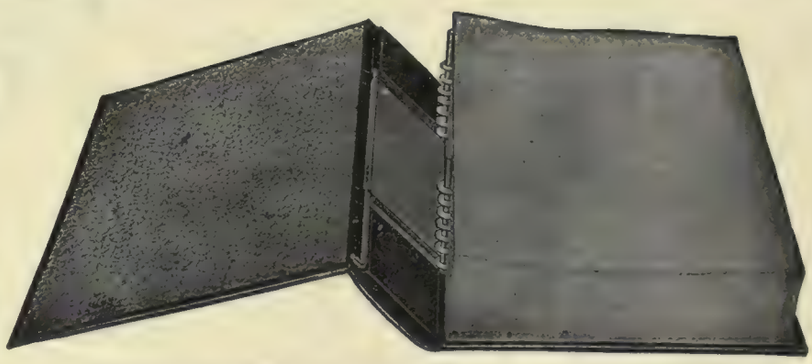
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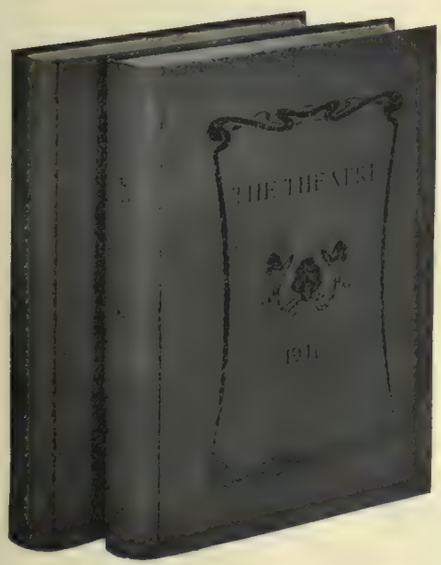
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morals and doubtful theories. No apologies have to be offered for "She Stoops to Conquer." If Goldsmith's piece is a bit old fashioned, it is itself an unanswerable plea for old-fashioned things. It has scenes that are unfailingly entertaining. Certainly much depends upon the people who play in it, and in this production the amiable sweetness of Annie Russell and the harmless and boisterous rudeness of George Giddens give a personal flavor of distinction to Kate Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin. Frank Reicher, too, as Young Marlow, effectively carries the impudence and finally the soundness of character of the young scapegrace that have made the part so popular with actors and audiences for more than a century.

PARK. "THE GYPSY." Romantic operetta in two acts by Pixley and Luders. Produced on November 14th.

This new piece by Messrs. Pixley and Luders is entirely conventional in treatment and plot, the story dealing with the substitution of children at birth. Mr. Luder's music is tuneful, but a somewhat threadbare plot is sandwiched among a lot of songs, dances and specialties and dubious stage humor. In a word, a mild, innocuous stage entertainment that can do no one any harm.

LITTLE. "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS." Dramatized from the story by the Brothers Grimm by Jessie Graham White. Produced on November 7th.

This, of course, is the familiar fairy tale dramatized from the Brothers Grimm by Jessie Graham White. The play, which makes a special appeal to children, was staged under the direction of Mr. Winthrop Ames by George Foster Platt. The special music of a simple nature is by Edmund Rickett, the composer of the music for two of the London Christmas pantomimes. All the characters of the famous story—the little princess who goes a-housekeeping for the seven dwarfs, the wicked queen and her magic mirror, the old witch, the young prince, etc., etc., are there to delight the youngsters.

GAIETY. "C. O. D." Farce in four acts by Frederic Chapin. Produced on November 11th.

A weirdly rural and impossible play is Mr. Frederic Chapin's new American farce, "C. O. D.," but with plenty of amusement in it for those who do not question themselves as to the causes of their laughter. Its improbable story is consistent enough, but made up of odds and ends. Some of the situations have all the manner of French farce, but on the whole the play is thoroughly American after a fashion. Certainly Hiram Jones, the farmer, with his chin whiskers, flourishes, if he flourishes at all, in remote regions in this country.

EMPIRE. "BELLA DONNA." Play in four acts, adapted from the novel by Robert Hichens, by James Bernard Fagan. Produced on November 11th.

Because a book has been a best-seller is no evidence that a play made from it will sell well at the box office. "Bella Donna" is such a case. In a book the novelist may use up reams of paper covered with flowery, even poetical, argument why his heroine or hero should enlist the reader's sympathy. But when these selfsame people are translated from the novel to the stage they have a trick of realizing themselves in unexpected development. If the heartstrings are to be wrung by a gloomy drab story, it can only be done when the object of the story makes a human appeal. Who cares what happens to "Bella Donna"? Where is your appeal? Where is the unwritten law of compensation satisfied? Then, where is the play? Many people have no doubt read Mr. Hichens's book. The play follows it with tolerable fidelity, and it must be said that Mr. Fagan has done his work well. The best that may be said for it is that it is a somewhat picturesque but gloomy melodrama. It is splendidly staged and Nazimova's costumes are wonderful.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE. "NEVER SAY DIE." Play in three acts by W. H. Post and William Collier. Produced on November 12th.

As a hypochondriac, given up by himself and his physicians, Mr. Collier chills the audience for one whole act with the humor of his gloom, but, fortunately for all concerned, warms them up again in the two subsequent acts, during which he passes through all the predicaments possible when a man has promised to die within a year so that his wealthy widow may marry his friend, a good-for-nothing artist—and can't. He tries all the sure deaths from cocktails to black Havanas, and finally decides to get a divorce to live up to his contract, but is spared the trouble by the discovery that he and his wife prefer to remain married,

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in
"Blackbirds"
By Harry James Smith

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in
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FADS AND FANCIES IN FASHION'S REALM

SHOPPING, the diverting pastime of the majority of women at any season, becomes a positive obsession as the Christmas holidays draw near. The spirit of buying and giving impregnates the air long before the Thanksgiving turkey has played his stellar rôle. The lure of the shops enters into the soul of every truly feminine woman; it is too subtle, too insidious to be resisted even by the wary. It is not merely before the counters where pretty fancy articles are attractively displayed that the throngs of shoppers congregate, but in the departments where articles of apparel are displayed. Each little woman with a love of the beautiful delights in the gift of something to wear, something to enhance her charms, be it a piece of jewelry, becoming furs or a hat. Such a gift is sure of a much warmer welcome than the book, which she has probably read, the flowers which will quickly fade, or the picture which doesn't fit into the decorative scheme of her house. All fear lest the gift be considered too personal has long since vanished; this is an intimate age, our friends know our likes and dislikes, our wants and our bank accounts. Blessed are they who give as we would receive.



No. 2. This gown of cream colored chiffon embroidered in gold sequins and crystal beads, is given the newest touch by the drapery of burnt orange shading to a soft yellow. A cord of the beads is twisted through the belt, appearing in a loose, soft rosette of the shaded chiffon.

How much more sensible it is to give the friend who is longing for a new opera wrap, such a gift, rather than a piece of jewelry which she doesn't need, and perhaps would not fancy. Even the woman with a well-stocked wardrobe could not resist an evening wrap on the order of the one shown in the illustration. This is an imported model, but there are hundreds of similar ones shown in the shops. The color is the latest on the color chart—in fact, it is so very recent that it has not been tabulated by its new title. The "Nell rose" tint is one of the rich American beauty tones and was selected by Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson as the color she would prefer to bear her name. As Miss Wilson is an artist her selection was a clever one, which she made personally, and its brilliancy and beauty will undoubtedly make it a popular one. A stunning wrap in this vivid tone of velvet, which was recently shown, would make an ideal present for that lucky individual, the true blonde. It was a simple cloak, skilfully draped and trimmed with chenille fringe fully eighteen inches long. All in the one coloring with graceful, becoming lines it caught every eye, dancing with envy, and held it fascinated.

Quite as effective and wonderfully smart are the new brocade wraps. The entire garment may be fashioned from this delectable, supple material, softly draped to the side opening and perhaps enhanced with fur, or it may be combined with velours or velvet, as is shown in the photograph. It is almost sure to be trimmed with fur, for the touch of fur is the hallmark of this season. It is everywhere from the filmly frock of chiffon to the heavy top coat of a shaggy fabric. While sable is the most choice fur, ermine is this year a serious rival, and moleskin has the charm of novelty to enhance it. White and blue fox

are very much in demand, also seal and skunk. Bands of the white unspotted ermine were used to distinguish the wrap illustrated with the tails as a bit of decoration. Caught by a Catochon.

One of the most eagerly sought gifts this Christmas is sure to be that of furs. Never has the craze for furs been as widespread as this year. It is a very modest little woman who will be satisfied with one set, or even one fur coat. There must be the coat for the motor, tigerskin if you would be right up to the minute, leopard skin or racoon. These coats are not by any means cheap fancies. For a long coat of leopard skin with collar and cuffs of the popular civet cat $225 is asked, but the coat is so well marked, so very well cut and so awfully stylish that it is well worth it. If you would have the wolverine collar and cuffs—a fur which is very much in favor this year—the coat will cost you $295. To top it there are the most fetching hats of leopard skin. These hats are deliciously soft so that they can be crushed and pulled down as one would wish. A similar one in civet cat, which is so wonderfully effective, costs $24.95, and when worn with stole and muff of the same fur it is positively irresistible.

For the street there are smart-looking coats of seal, caracul and moleskin. One of the smartest coats of moleskin costing $500 has the strips of the fur arranged to give the much desired draped effect. Some of these coats boast a collar of ermine, others have the collar of the same fur. A good moleskin coat ranges in price from $250 upward, but how is one to be well dressed without one this winter?



No. 8. These two smart walking costumes display many of the new style features. The gown at the left is fashioned from a taupe-colored broche crêpe trimmed with ermine which matches the draped muff. The costume at the right shows a skirt of chocolate Menier moiré, with a jacket of a much lighter shade in velours de lamé, trimmed with a collar of ermine. Narrow strips of the ermine outline the vest.

The moleskin sets are sure to be down on every Christmas list. There is the widest diversity in these sets from the trig little tie with its jaunty ends to the long graceful Empire scarves which are carelessly draped over the shoulders with that abandon which is the despair of the uninitiated. One of the most becoming styles is the stole with the long draped ends to be worn with the new draped muffs. In one of the new sets the moleskin was cleverly combined with the ermine, which appeared as an edge. On another collar of moleskin the ermine was introduced as revers, with just an edge of it appearing at the neck. On the muff the ermine and moleskin were again blended.



No. 7. A wrap in the new "Nell Rose" velvet, with a fullness held by a band of moussian fur.

EFFECTIVE NECK FIXINGS.

The fluffy, frilly neck fixings share the popularity of the fur sets. There are days, many days, when the collarette of marabout or ostrich is more comfortable than that of fur, hugging closely the neck. Where could you find a daintier or prettier gift for $5 than a collar of marabout in one of the lovely soft colorings, pink, blue or lavender, combined with satin, the ends softened with an edge of ostrich. To give it just the right finishing touch it would be well to add a dollar more and buy a pretty cluster of shaded crêpy flowers to nestle amongst the marabout at the neck fastening. The collarettes of fur or ostrich combined with the satin are of course more expensive, but some very fetching ones can be secured for fifteen dollars.

For the woman who has everything, a bit of neckwear is always appropriate, for one can never have too many of these dainty fixings to freshen up an old frock. There are such pretty designs in the delicate shadow laces. One novel idea showed a vest effect of net with tiny buttons and edged on either side by deep falls of the lace. This handsome piece, quite elaborate enough to dress up the entire front of a blouse, was attached to a stock of the lace with discreet touches of the black velvet. Neckwear of this type can be bought for $8.50. For $1.75 there are all manner of Robespierre collars in net simply embroidered or hemstitched with jabots of plaitings. For every-day usage these collars are very desirable. For the morning also the severe stocks of black and white for $1.75 are wonderfully good to look upon, neat and trig, and not too mannish to lack the feminine touch.

The wise woman delights in the little fixings, the saucy little bows which add such distinction. The price of these trifles is a mere nothing, but they will be most acceptable for the Christmas stocking. Take, for instance, the sets of four little ribbon bows with the tiny flowers of a contrasting tone in the center which sell for sixty-five cents, or the straight, small pump bows in queer artistic colorings with fancy buckles.

THE LURE OF THE SCARF.

In this age of draperies the scarf is sure to have its innings. Scarves there are of every variety, from the simple little shirred chiffon affairs to the more beautiful ones in net exquisitely embroidered. For the evening these embroidered scarves are positively entrancing. They blend perfectly with the sartorial picture, for it is difficult to find a ball gown which has not the touch of silver or gold somewhere in its makeup. Considering the fine hand embroidery the prices of $12.50 and $15 asked for these scarves is remarkably cheap. Such a scarf would form a delightful accessory to the dinner gown of voile de soie embroidered in silver, shown in the photograph. The soft drapings of the scarf would take away from the severity of this frock, which might be a bit trying if the wearer were not blessed with a perfect figure.

For the street there are very good-looking scarves of silk in



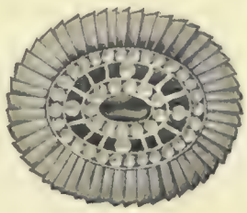
No. 6. Old blue brocade and velours have been cleverly combined in this evening wrap, with trimmings of ermine.

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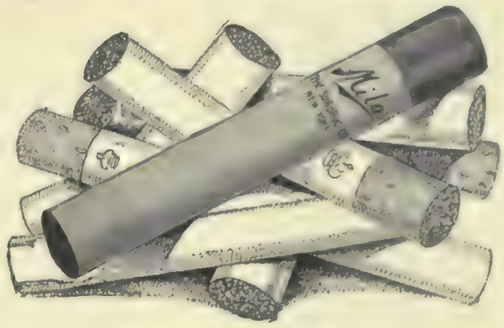




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all the popular shades, blue, red, brown, mauve and of course black and white, which are draped at either end and weighted with a long black silk tassel. To curl around the throat on one of the mild days which break out every once in a while during the frosty months such a scarf will be most acceptable, and the price of $4.50 brings it within the pocketbook of everyone.

HER EVENING FROCKS.

The woman to whom Santa Claus is planning to bring a nice fat cheque is sure to spend some of it, at least, on one of the alluring evening frocks. With balls, dinners and the opera, and in these days the theatre, where full-dress is now the rule, rather than the exception, numerous evening frocks are required. They may be of chiffon such as the charming gown in the photograph. On this frock there is a tunic of creamy chiffon exquisitely embroidered in tiny gold sequins and crystal beads which catch the light and toss and throw it back again with every movement of the wearer. These tunics can be purchased separately and are a boon to the woman who desires to use a satin frock of yesteryear as the foundation for a new evening gown. To procure the new motif of the season's modes—drapery—it is a comparatively simple matter to use more chiffon or tulle as is so well illustrated on this gown. The tunics range in price from $12 and $15 up to $50 and $100.

The entire range of brocaded fabrics—brocaded satin, crêpe de chine, velvet and taffeta—are all corraled for evening gowns. You can tell just how effective the brocaded satin is from the photograph of the poppy pink brocaded gown. Here black tulle was used to lend the desired draped effect, and lace formed the principal trimming. Many of these brocated fabrics are so decorative in themselves that they require practically no trimming, a little lace perhaps, a touch of fur, or the softening drapery of chiffon. Velvet is another highly favored fabric for the handsome evening gown and such regal trimmings as gold or silver lace, ermine or sable, and garnitures which sparkle with thousands of precious stones are strongly featured. All of these handsome stuffs, however, cannot oust from favor the filmy chiffon, plain or embroidered. There is a world of allurement in this diaphanous fabric which drapes so softly around the figure, and hangs in such sinuous, revealing folds.

THE SMARTLY GOWNED WOMAN ABROAD AND AT HOME.

For the best street costume—and in these days every well-dressed woman knows that at least three street costumes are necessary—velvet and moiré are prime favorites. The broche stuffs are likewise extensively used. The moiré costume photographed for this article is a simple one but characterized by all the distinguishing points. The skirt gives the lines of the straight and narrow silhouette, yet there is a decidedly new note sounded in the tucks in the front which are stitched to below the hip line. As we should expect, this suit is trimmed with fur—the taupe fox—which is one of the season's novelties. There is almost a negligé air conveyed by the coat, but this is the appearance which the Russian blouse lends, and it is one of the smartest of the coat styles, vying with the cutaway fronts for first place.

For the little afternoon gowns there are modes of every description, from the simplest little creations which owe their distinction to the color of the belt or the cut of the sleeve to elaborate creations of the broche materials, velvets and satins. Not all women know that they can buy for the small sum of $19.75 a pretty frock of black charmeuse with the fulness of the skirt draped to the front, and a dainty white hemstitched lingerie yoke. For $10 more there is a good-looking gown, also in black charmeuse with the drapery of the skirt caught low at one side. The waist has one of the new vests of white satin flanked on either side by black velvet bands simulating revers. A color note is struck with the amber buttons which are one of the fads of the year.

The numerous plays revolving around Japan and the Far East has created a vogue for everything Oriental. One of its most comforting phases is the new house costume. This consists of a skirt, preferably a plain black silk skirt, accordion plaited if desired, and a Japanese robe beautifully embroidered. These robes can be procured as low as $12.24 and run up to $56.50. Very often the mandarin coats are chosen in preference to the Japanese robes and these range in price from $12.89 to $97.50. There is a world of comfort in this arrangement which is different from the usual run of house gowns, and, therefore, appealing to the woman whose artistic instincts permit her to dare a bit and wear something individual.

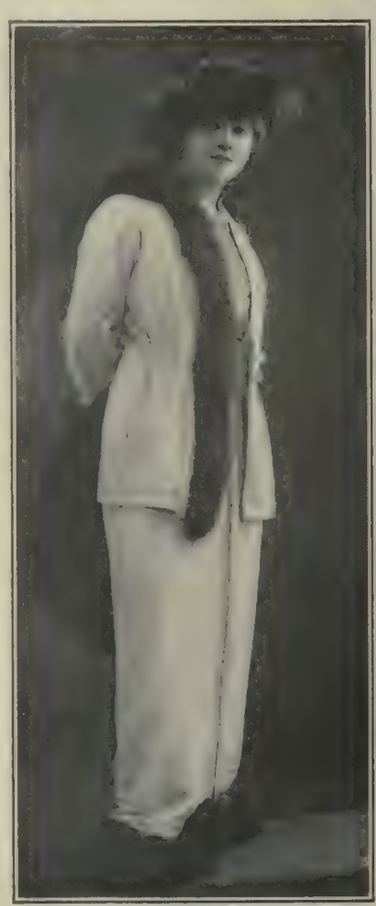
THE LITTLE ACCESSORIES AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

To get something new in the way of a headdress is the desire of every woman who longs to be considered well gowned. With her, the new headdresses from across the seas will make an instant raid upon her pocketbook. There is a velvet band so generously embroidered with jewels that it gives the effect of an entire band of sparkling, glimmering stones. This bit of decoration, so bright, so alive with color, is caught with a queer buckle, one of those unusual French conceptions of a tiger's head. From the first glance one would know that this was an imported novelty, although the price of $15 might not signify it. The same shop is making a specialty of tiny aigrettes and gourahs mounted with jewels. Against the feathery blackness the jewels stand out in all their brilliancy. $25 and $30, according to the jewels, are asked for these effective bits of headdressing.

For opera bags the newest are the double bags held by bracelets to be worn on the wrist if desired. They are very appropriate Christmas gifts, and are inexpensively priced at $25.

The woman who is searching for a novelty in gloves will be delighted to hear of the so-called Robespierre glove with its turnback cuff of another color, or faced with lace, which sells for $2.50.

There never was a woman who didn't delight in silk stockings and who didn't hail a gift of them with glee. This year you may buy for her the new shot silk stockings which give such a bewitching changeable effect. These come in all silk for $5, with the shot effect reaching to the calf, thus



No. 3. A stunning reception costume can be fashioned from old blue moiré. The skirt, which has its plainness broken in the front with two tucks, is finished around the bottom with taupe fox. This fur forms the collar of the coat and edges the fronts. There is the suggestion of the Russian blouse in the folded belt, which appears at the sides and in the back, caught with large crocheted buttons.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased.
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A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail o read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

CHENEY SILKS

For Winter Wear

With the advent of the social season silks play their most prominent part in fashionable attire. Satin Charmeuse is deservedly the most favored of all the season's silks, for it is unusually well suited to present dress requirements.

Crêpe de Chine, Crêpe Meteor, Liberty Satins, Failles, Bengalines, Moires, Satin Empress (a new Cheney Silk), Toile de Soie, and a new line of Brocades (in dark and evening shades) are all very fashionable and all are included among the many kinds of Cheney Silks sold by better stores. Prudence, however, and a desire to secure the genuine Cheney Silks should remind you to look for the name which is stamped on the end of each piece and on the label.

Cheney Silks are of superior quality, and include practically every kind of goods made of silk—whether for dresses, millinery, decoration or upholstery, the haberdasher or manufacturer. Man or woman.

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with its purity and fragrance is a toilet necessity—an aid to beauty.

It is a complexion soap of the most delicate texture. It lathers freely, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the skin cool, smooth, refreshed. Made in this assortment:

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10 cents the cake **50 cents the box of 6** **At Your Druggists**



$1.00 Each



50 Cents Each



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Wholesale Prices Quoted

The American Girl Tailored Bow or Neckwear in Velvet on Pin, Trimmed With Hand Made French Ribbon Roses, Fifteen colors. A smart trifle to complete the costume.

H. SAMUELSON, Dept. A, 225 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

giving a more elastic upper part, for $4, and in a wool and silk combination for $2.50. Or you may select for $6 one of the new gray silk stockings which are quite the newest idea in stockings. There are numerous designs from the clocks in black or white to more complicated combinations of black and white embroidery. These gray stockings can likewise be bought in the best French lisle for $1.75 to $2.50. The gold silk stockings to wear with the stunning gold tissue slippers cost $2.50. There are also wonderfully effective stockings to be worn with these slippers of gold in black silk embroidered in gold sequins for $10.50. Bowknots outlined in rhinestones bring a black silk stocking up to $9.75. Lace inserts in the stockings make an exceedingly dainty stocking which can be purchased for $5.25, while the fish nets command $2.50.

One of the very daintiest and prettiest gifts for the débutante and her older sister is the clasp holder of pearls—French pearls of course—which does away with all the fuss and bother of tying a bow. In this season of bows such a clasp is a friend which few of us can do without. You merely have to fold your bow and close your pretty little clasp around it. It matters not whether the bow is for the neck or the hair, or the slippers. This clever novelty sells for the ridiculously small price of twenty-five cents, and for seventy-five cents you can secure with it the attractive pendants of French pearls. You can even procure a maline bow with the holder for fifty cents, while for a dollar an effective butterfly bow in the French pearls can be bought attached to a maline bow. The bows on the ribbon for the hair or slippers cost $1.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES.

Music hath its charms to drive away carking care, but it is no more subtle in its appeal than perfume. There is a close connection between the two, so close, in fact, that one of the most alluring extracts has been named for a celebrated composer. This perfume is a bouquet odor, but as delicate, as fragrant, as delightful as the music with which this gifted woman has won so many hearts. The perfume is such an intimate, personal thing, a part of one's very soul, as it were, certainly of one's individuality, that it is difficult to choose it for another There is, however, an appeal made by this extract which is at once so refined, so cultured, if one may thus express it, and so enticingly sweet, without being heavy or insistent, that one need not fear the criticism of the most fastidious of women. It is packed in a soft brown box, in perfect keeping with the modest nature of the scented liquid, and makes a most attractive gift for $3.50 to $7.



No. 6. The vogue for the black and white gown is illustrated by this afternoon frock of white charmeuse with trimmings of black velvet. The drapery is caught directly in the front by a strap of the velvet. A novel effect is produced by facing the overskirt. The high-waisted line of the bodice is marked by shirrings. The revers of the material and the low shoulder seam are two features of the season's modes.

A cream may seem a homely gift at Christmastide, but it will be assuredly a welcome one, particularly if the cream is of the best quality. It is far from easy to find a cream which does not have some detrimental ingredients. It may be the preservatives which will harm delicate skins, yet in creams which must keep fresh in drug stores for many months preservatives are necessary. There is one cream which does not require any preservative, because it is only sold by the master of the compound. You have thus the satisfaction of knowing that the cream was made specifically for you and, therefore, comes to you delightfully fresh. It is a delicious cream to use, softening and whitening the skin, after cleansing it of all the tiny dirt specks which clog up the pores and give the complexion a muddy, dingy tinge. It has an invigorating effect on the relaxed muscles of the face, which in their despair give to the face that much dreaded flabby condition to suggest horrors of which we would not think. It is perhaps a little more expensive at a dollar a jar than some of the other creams, but it is well worth the few extra cents, making up in quality far more than the difference in price.

From Paris comes the jolliest of Christmas gifts for the woman who revels in the unusual and who prides herself upon possessing something a little newer than her friends. This gift is a boudoir cushion, but such a cushion, so different from anything in this country. In fact, it is so Parisian that an American manufacturer frankly admitted that he could not copy it. It is different in shape, different in stuffing, different in material and very, very different in its appeal. It is fashioned from a rosy tint of damask, and each pillow boasts a different motto. Some are enhanced with more embroidery than others. On one bearing the French notion of a cannon there was this inscription, "Vive le feu," three times, each time growing fainter. Another read, "L'Abbeff de buffiere un jour dans so jardin, attacha sa jarretière d'avant un capucin." While a third displayed "O ma bergère entre tes bras je passerai my vie." As a present for the woman on whom wealth and nature have bestowed all the blessings this should be an inspiration.



No. 4. The design embroidered in silver beads on mauve voile de soie is too beautiful to be hidden by the drapery, which is carried well to the back of this handsome dinner gown. The corsage is a simple affair of chiffon, with the draped sleeve finished by a band of marabout. A lovely bit of color is introduced in satin flowers of various mauve and yellow tints.

FOR THE MALE MEMBER.

"What shall I give HIM"? is the most perplexing question for almost any woman as the holiday season grows nearer day by day. It takes only a few seconds to cross off all the usual presents given to a man, and there remains—what? Of pins and studs and links, he already has enough to stock a jeweler's case. The triumph is to find something that he hasn't, and something that will bring real joy.

To the man who is a lover of the beautiful, and who already has all the available gifts for a man, there may be some suggestions in the lovely enamel articles. One may be forgiven for sending a pencil enhanced with a strip of beautiful enamel, where the ordinary pencil would meet with a scornful reception. A handsome gold pencil with a strip of enamel encircling the center may be purchased for ten dollars. The cleverest idea, however, is the set of red, blue and black pencils, the different colors being signified by the colored enamels, arranged in a red leather case. To be sure such a case is priced at $30, but it is such a thoroughly good-looking gift that the woman who is desirous of sending just the correct remembrance will not hesitate. There is a similar case for $40. This case when opened reveals a pocket knife, a paper cutter and a pencil. These three very useful articles are made entrancingly lovely with enamels in any color you may wish—

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JUST as the exquisite dancing of Karsavina and Nijinsky in "The Spectre of the Rose," to Weber's "Invitation a la Valse" enchanted the civilized world, so has the fascinating new Morny perfume, "La Valse," captivated the world of fashion. "La Valse" should achieve even wider fame than its well-known predecessor, Parfum "Chaminade," so exquisite and satisfying is its fragrance, and so indefinably beautiful is it in its complex modernity, its elusive intensity and its delicate and subtle suggestiveness.

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It makes an attractive addition to your library table and is a source of much interest and pleasure not only to yourself, but to your friends.

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pink, blue, red, lavender or green. The toilet sets in enamel are fascinating beyond words. There is one set in an exquisite gray enamel rimmed with white and a line of gold that is especially appropriate for a man, because all the toilet necessities are compactly arranged in a gray leather case which may be placed complete on the dressing table, and easily packed in the week-end bag when desired. As if to add a truly masculine touch there is a clock set into the front of the case, for the average man is as proverbially punctual as the woman is tardy. It is a truly regal gift, the price running well up into the three figures, but it is in perfect taste, and sure to appeal to the most critical of men.



The coat of moleskin is the fad of the winter The newest coats show a clever arrangement of the pelts which gives the fashionable draped effect. A luxurious touch is added by the sailor collar of white, unspotted ermine matching the large pillow muff enhanced with the tails. The hat is also of moleskin, with an exquisitely shaded plume displaying the yellow and brown tints.

The most effective stoles this season are those made from civit cat which may be combined with fox if desired The skins are so skillfully arranged on the muff that they simulate a design. A drap of the same fur adorns the hat of plush trimmed with a black and white fantasy

Each year a new cigarette tray is placed on the market to catch the pennies of the doting mother or sweetheart. There is much that is practical in a new case shown in one of the exclusive shops. Instead of the square, shallow box containing a hundred or so cigarettes, this new stand is comparatively high and narrow, and just large enough to hold a box of cigarettes, one piled upon the other. It is just the simplest action in the world, almost unconscious in fact, for a man to put out his hand and pick a cigarette from the top of the pile, far quicker and easier than to open a box and select one amongst a number. Its true value is apparent as soon as it is placed upon a desk, where a man smokes unconsciously while he writes. It is a graceful ornament, fashioned from silver, with pretty handles at the side, and has the advantage of novelty to recommend it.

There is something so very English and good-looking about the knitted scarves that any man would be delighted to find one in his stocking on Christmas morn. There is a variety of colors to choose from, but those in a changeable black and white, or blue and black, are particularly chic, for most men shy from vivid colorings. For $6.50 they are warmly to be recommended as this amount does not go far when one is selecting jewelry.

A decidedly personal gift, but one that will be keenly appreciated because it is sure to fill a long-felt want, is a combination manicure set. This very neat and compact set comes to us from Germany, with all that is necessary to give the nails a good polish combined in one celluloid article. The shape is suggestive of the old-fashioned buffer, and is, in fact, a buffer with a polisher at either end. Over one end a preparation is spread which gives an excellent shine to the nails, to be smoothed and polished off afterwards by the chamois piece on the other side. If one has the nails manicured once a week it is a very easy matter to keep them perfectly groomed with this ingenious contrivance. It is such a blessing to have all the necessary paraphernalia combined in one apparatus, for many precious minutes can be squandered in hunting for the salve, the powder and the buffer, all sure to be in the various corners of the room. The size of the article determines its price, the smallest ones selling for $1.50, with the larger ones at $2.50 and $3.

There is nothing, except perhaps its compactness and convenience, that marks it as more appropriate for a man than for a woman, but it is so difficult to discover practical gifts for the lords of creation that anything which might appeal to their common sense is eagerly seized upon. For this reason the traveling clocks with the radium hands and dots of radium at the hour figures are sure to be warmly welcomed by the man who is fortunate enough to receive one. These clocks are made just like the other clocks sold in leather cases for traveling, their distinction lying in the fact that they will prove as true a friend by night as by day. The clocks sell for $18 or $20, depending upon the leather of the case. There are also watches in gun-metal with the same radium illuminating powers which can be secured for $8. Just think of doing away forever with that bromidic excuse, "it was dark that I couldn't tell the time." For the early bird who would catch the financial worm there is an alarm clock, whose radium hands will point out the hour before dawn if necessary. $10 is the selling price of these small alarm clocks.

Truly Feminine Gifts.

Every woman dearly loves a piece of real lace, and, despite the fads and fancies of fashion, the delicate, effective Irish lace, particularly the baby Irish lace, never loses caste. When one is giving a gift of this lace, however, she is very anxious to procure the genuine, for though the imitations are clever, the lover of real laces can detect at once their value. It is well worth while, therefore, to learn of a shop—and on the Avenue, too—where real Irish laces may be purchased at bargain prices. Imagine a deep sailor collar in baby Irish lace with cuffs to match selling for $3.50. Why, it would bring $9 in almost any shop. A most effective jabot of the sheerest of French lawn generously trimmed with the baby Irish lace and insertion can be secured for $2, whereas it would cost at least $3.50 anywhere else. For $1.95 you can possess a V-shaped yoke and attached high collar of baby Irish with the popular rose design brought into bold relief, and no one need to be ashamed of sending a friend a bow knot of baby Irish which costs only ninety-five cents. The owner of this shop imports his laces directly from Ireland, saving a middleman's profit, which thus enables him to offer his customers a most attractive reduction in prices. In addition to the neckwear, he sells the loveliest of blouses and underwear, many of them enhanced with lace insets. For the very modest sum of $1.50 it is possible to buy there a night-robe with an Irish lace crochet yoke and short kimono sleeves finished with the Irish edging.



Ermine scarf trimmed with sealskin. Small toque in ermine and sealskin.

Laces and jewels are synonymous in many women's minds. Both of them are lovely in themselves, but far more entrancing when they are adorning the fairest of the feminine sex. This season there is a renewed interest in the watch. For several seasons it has dangled in miniature form from the chain around the neck; this winter it has found a resting place on the wrist. The first watch bracelets to receive recognition from the fashionable world were those in

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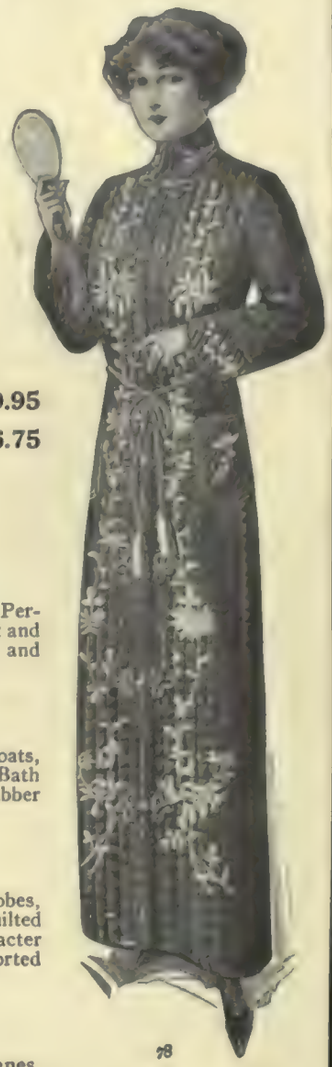
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78

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"While riding on Fifth Avenue, I was struck with the sameness in dress. From the girl of sixteen to the woman of fifty, *there was no distinction.*"

The expression of a famous French actress during her visit to New York.

It is that for which we turn to Paris—for that *distinctive touch* which we Americans are prone to neglect.

The creations of the French couturiers are built with the unceasing care and attention to minute details which the artist uses in the painting of a masterpiece.

L'Art de la Mode is called "The Undisputed Authority on French Fashions." Its models are reproductions of the creations which bring such fabulous sums.

While the original idea is always maintained—yet, in cases where a trifle extreme, modifications are made without impairing that *elusive French air*—the stamp of a Parisian creation.

That is why the woman who studies the art of dressing—*who dictates the making of her gowns*—depends upon L'Art de la Mode as her fashion adviser.

Although a fashion publication of acknowledged authority, L'Art de la Mode is a woman's magazine in every sense of the word. Subjects of interest to the average American woman are regularly discussed.

The subscription price of L'Art de la Mode is $3.50 a year. But that you may have the excellent help which this authority will give you in the planning of your gowns, it will come to you for the *next four months* for **$1.**

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By EDWARD WATKINS

(Formerly with the Mrs. Osborn Company)

THIS little handbook has been compiled from a series of twelve articles which were published in **L'Art de la Mode** during the year, and which attracted widespread attention.

¶ Mr. Watkins is an authority on the art of tailoring and dressmaking, a subject in which he has had a long and practical experience. This little book presents the clearest and most concise treatment of the subject ever published and is printed in large, legible type, fully illustrated and attractively bound in dark red cloth.

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At Carnegie Hall, on November 17th, Mr. E. M. Newman began his new series of travel talks with "Holland—the Venice of the North." Mr. Newman's description of the country of dykes, of art, of sturdy fishermen, of liquid streets, of the homes of the first settlers of New Amsterdam, of the world's peace tribunal, and of Edam cheese, is very fascinating. To those who have never had a clear conception of Holland's characteristics, and have visited the country eternally menaced by the North Sea, the tour reveals many things of unusual interest. The journey starts on the coast among the Zeelanders, and a comprehensive series of views shows the people and their industries, the curious headdresses and the delightful landscapes of that section. Thence onward through the canals to Rotterdam, the great seaport, and to Delftshaven. From that point the journey continues through The Hague and its art galleries.

Mr. Newman will present his traveltalks in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Baltimore and Washington during the latter part of January and February; in Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee and Detroit during the latter part of February and March.

Victor Red Seal Records

A STRAUSS VOCAL WALTZ BY SEMBRICH—"Tales from Vienna Forest Waltz." It is with great pleasure that the Victor is able to announce another popular vocal waltz by Mme. Sembrich, whose "Merry Widow" has been such a success during the past few years. The number chosen by the diva for her new record is that famous old-time number by the Waltz King, Johann Strauss, and which is commonly translated "Tales from Vienna Woods."

A SACRED NUMBER BY HOMER—"Come Unto Me"—Willem Coenen. Mme. Homer has selected for her December contribution a beautiful serious song by Willem Coenen, whose lovely "Fruhlingslied" has been a concert favorite.

ANOTHER ENGLISH DUET BY GLUCK AND HOMER—"Oh, That We Two Were Maying"—Ethelbert Nevin. The charming "Whispering Hope" by these two singers has been one of the most successful of the Red Seal issues, and a chorus of requests something like this has been sent in: "Please ask Miss Gluck and Mme. Homer to give us *more!*"

A FAVORITE CHOPIN BALLADE BY DE PACHMANN—Ballade—Chopin.

A SHAKESPEARE SONG BY MCCORMACK—"Take, Oh Take, Those Lips Away"—Shakespeare-Bennett. Mr. T. C. Sterndale-Bennett, who is, we believe, a descendant of the famous English composer, William Sterndale-Bennett, has written a very effective setting of the well-known verses of Shakespeare, and Mr. McCormack has in it a number that suits him perfectly.

POWELL PLAYS THE LOVELY MOSZKOWSKI SERENADE—Serenata—Moszkowski. Brilliant as is the technique of this most famous of women players, it is in simple melodies such as this that the majority of her hearers prefer her. This delightful serenade is given by her with a beauty of tone and tenderness of expression which will make a powerful appeal to every hearer.

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